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FROM

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CONTENTS.

STORIES.

Doings in the Dale. By the Rev. David Bearne, S.J.	PAGE
Prologue	9
CHAPTER I. Professional Gossip	12
II. An Article in <i>The London Review</i>	16
III. Ridingdale Hall	90
IV. "Sweetie"	97
V. Return of Croesus	129
VI. A Confession	132
VII. The Sequel of a Scene	136
VIII. Boys and Birds	205
IX. Notes of Interrogation	210
X. Young Mr. Simpkit's Puzzlement	230
XI. Enchanted Ground	254
XII. The Looming of the Birch	259
XIII. Retrospective	321
XIV. Friends in Need	326
XV. The Sports of the Snags	360
XVI. The Doings of Mr. Kittleshot	364
XII. From Play to Prayer	370
XVII. All Among the Hay	419
XIX. The Doings of the Doctor	423
XX. An Orchestra in Embryo	428
XXI. Mrs. Byrse's Discovery	474
XXII. Thoughtless Thoughtfulness	481
XXIII. Mr. Kittleshot's Resolve	530
XXIV. Comings and Goings	538
XXV. Mr. Kittleshot's Proposals	590
XXVI. The Story of Willie Murrington	594
XXVII. Kindred Spirits	649
XXVIII. The Coming of Christmas	656
XXIX. Christmas Eve	660
Through the Dark Night; or, 'Thirty Years Ago. By Attie O'Brien.	
CHAPTER XVIII. "She will come in Summer"	28
XXIX. O Gathering Cloud!	33
XXX. The Fenians	73
XXXI. You are Cold or Hard	77
XXXII. Big Bill	79
XXXIII. The Good People	152

	PAGE
CHAPER XXXIV. The Black Case in Danger	159
XXXV. A Meeting	161
XXXVI. Another Warning	190
XXXVII. The Struggle	192
XXXVIII. Awakening	195
XXXIX. Nell saves the Fenians of Monaleena	236
XL. Vincent leaves the Country	241
XLI. Ruin	246
XLII. Reaping the Harvest	299
XLIII. Capture and Escape	302
XLIV. The Sentence	307
XLV. After Long Grief and Pain	337
XLVI. No more Parting	342
Davie Moore's Lifting. By Frances Maitland.	457
The Jew's Test. By Eleanor Donnelly	613
A Christmas Elopement. By Frances Maitland	625

SKETCHES OF PLACES AND PERSONS.

Our Lady of Consolation. By Eva Billington	52
Our Lady of the Wayside. By the Same.	146
Newry and its Literary History. By David J. O'Donoghue	200
Easter Tuesday at Frascati. By Kathleen Balfe	265
Glimpses in the West. By Dr. Montagu Griffin	281, 349, 407
Fanny S. D. Ames. Notes in Remembrance	311
The South Munster Antiquarian Society. By James Coleman	
John Windle of Cork	182
Rev. M. Horgan, Abraham Abell, etc.	314
Sir John Gilbert, LL.D. In Memoriam	376
" An American Obituary	548
" List of his Works	611
Mary Furlong In Memoriam	609

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.

Known by Fruits. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P.	21
Some Notes on Macbeth. By Dr. Montagu Griffin	57, 169
The Irish Catholic University Question. By Mr. Justice O'Hagan	113
Dora Sigerson's Poems. By James Bowker	123
Table d'Hôte Neighbours. By Susan Gavan Duffy	382
All about the Robin. By the Editor	393 and 662
The Hundredfold of the Devout Life. By Fr. Thos. Burke, O.P.	466
More Borrowed Thoughts about Style. By M. R.	490
A Sunday Outing. By Magdalen Rock	595
Squirrels. By Madge Blundell	499
Father Finn's Stories. An Australian Appreciation	501
"Sonnets on the Sonnet." Criticism and Aftermath. By M. R.	513, 561
Priedieu Papers. By the Editor. No. 14. Christian Liberty	603
The Irish Poems of Aubrey de Vere. By R. P. Carton, Q.C.	569
"Helbeck of Bannisdale" and its Critics." By Charles T. Waters	646

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS..

Dora Sigerson's Poems.—Songs of Sion.—Life of St. Augustine.— Illustrated Explanation of the Mass.—Coming Events Cast their Shadows.—Angels of the Battlefield—Monsgr. Molloy's "Shall and Will."—Lionel Johnson's Poems—American Stories for the Young.— D. J. O'Donoghue's "Clarence Mangan."—The Rise of Democracy.— Islam before the Turk, etc.	44
Life of Blessed John of Avila.—India, A Sketch of the Madura Mission.— The Clongownian, The Mungret Annual, The Mangalore Magazine.— American Authors 1795-1895.—Data of Modern Ethics.—That Mad- cap Set at St. Anne's.—Manual of Temperance.—Confession and Communion.—Retreat Conferences for Convents, etc.	107
Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia.—A Noble Revenge.—Fairry Gold.—The Second Spring, etc.	166
Passion Flowers.—Tabb's Lyrics.—Fidelity.—Formation of Christendom.— Irish Phrase Book.—My First Prisoner, etc.	220
Trinity of Friendships.—Guide to Indulgences.—Genesis and Science.— The New Utopia.—Three Lectures on Gaelic Topics.—The Five Marys.—Father Dominick, Passionist.—Devenish, Lough Erne.— Virgo Prædicanda, etc.	274
Yattendon Hymns.—Père Monier's Ward.—The Prodigal's Daughter.— The Romance of a Playwright.—Notes on St. Paul,—Mariolatry.— St. Francis de Sales as a Preacher.—Notes on the Baptistery of St. Ignatius, New York.—Miss Erin, &c	332
The Wind in the Trees.—Cardinal Wiseman's Characteristics.—The Humours of Donegal.—When Lint was in the Bell.—Franciscans in England 1600-1850.—Gladly, most Gladly.—St. Anthony Saint of the Whole World, etc.	387
The Wind in the Trees.—Early Dublin-printed Books.—Sancta Maria.— Castleknock College Chronicle.—Clongownian, etc.—The Psychology of the Saints.—St. Stephen Harding.—The Philosophy of Law, etc... .	435
Julie Billiard, Foundress of Sisters of Notre Dame.—Memories.—Christian Philosophy.—Cyril Westward.—Strong as Death.—Memorial of the Sacred Heart.—Alcohol and Suicide, etc.	505
Clerical Studies.—Girlhood's Handbook of Woman.—Beyond the Grave.— Consecration of Melbourne Cathedral.—Meditations on Christian Dogma.—Kathleen's Motto.—The Mother and the Son, etc.	563
St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary.—The Duenna of a Genius.—Clerical Studies. —Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects.—Jerome Savonarola, O.P.—Oxford Conferences.—St. Vincent de Paul.—Fate of the Children of Uisneach.—Two Little Girls in Green.—Directorium Sacerdotale.—The Ladies of Llangollen.—The Gartan Festival.— New Testament Studies.—The Green Cockade.—Bayma's Striving after Perfection.—St. Juliana Falconieri.—The Structure of Life.—Our Lady and the Eucharist, Our Lady of the Rosary, etc.	616

	PAGE
Lady Gilbert's "Nanno".—Father Sheehan's "Triumph of Failure".— Historic Nuns—Cybele Hibernica.—More Baby Lays.—Fantasies from Dreamland.—Chequy Sonnets.—Brief History of California.—Cardinal Baronius.—Monasticism.—Authorship of "The Imitation".—Seraph of Assisi.—Father Anthony.—When Love is Kind.—Slater, S.J. de Justitia.—The Christian Housewife.—The Victim to the Seal of Confession	666

POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

Mairend. By Rosa Mulholland Gilbert	1
A Dream at Dawn. By James Bowker	20
It is Morning. By M. J. Enright	28
Lough Bray. By T. H. Wright	38
Over the Hills. By Magdalen Rock	39
The Elf-Child. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan	72
Regrets. By Mary Furlong	86
A Batch of Irish Learics. By the Editor	87
Calamray. By Alice Esmonde	102
Last Words. By John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.	122
Francesca Romana. By Frank Pentrill	141
The Three Josepha. By M. R.	142
To S. M. S. By P. A. S.	146
A Prologue to "Aladdin." By G. O'N.	160
A Song for March. By Magdalen Rock	163
Sonnets of Travel. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan	180
He Knoweth Best. By M. J. Enright	189
Little Pilgrims. By Alice Morgan	199
The Divine Artist. By Alice Esmonde	204
The Prayer of Mary Queen. By Lady Gilbert	226
Rosa Mystica. By Gerard Hopkins, S.J.	234
Leaves. By Mrs. Hinkson	249
Mary's Month. By Magdalen Rock	264
At Twickenham By John Hannon	272
The Vision of Grainne. By the Rev. C. J. Brennan	294
Sickness. By K. D. B.	310
Almond Blossoms in the Snow. By Constance Hope	313
My Oratory Lamp. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan	320
In Kilbroney Churchyard. By Rev. George O'Neill, S.J.	330
The Liffey Unsung. By M. R.	347
The Fountain. By F. R. A. O.	369
Morning. By Alice Esmonde	376
An Arrow. By Jessie Tulloch	380
For Those who Suffer. By Josephine Loretz	386
United Still by Prayer. By S. M. S.	391
The Death of St. John the Evangelist	416
Buttercups. By Joseph Macnamara	432
The Drummer Boy. By Alice Morgan	451

	PAGE
Allaire. By Eleanor Donnelly	465
Isolation, from Lamartine. By F. C. Kolbe, D.D. ..	473
Beyond the Bourne. By W. A. Craig	494
Jemmy and Betty. An Ulster Conjugal Eclogue ..	524
The Land of Nod. By J. W. Atkinson, S.J. ..	543
The Cloud, a Reverie. By Louisa Addey	544
The City of Desire. By Alice Morgan	547
A Writer of Fiction. By John Hannon	553
Swallows of Allah. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan ..	601
A Song. By A. G.	589
He Laughs who Wins. By Rosa Mulholland Gilbert ..	636
A Rose. By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. ..	646
The Washers of the Night. By Frank Pentrill ..	647
Mulier Fortis. In Memory of Mother Baptist, San Francisco ..	663

Clavis Acrostica. A Key to "Dublin Acrostica." 42, 104, 164, 219, 273, 331, 381, 434, 489, 552, 608, 665.

Pigeonhole Paragraphs	227, 452, 510, 554
Winged Words	56, 891



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JANUARY, 1898.

MAIREND.

SCENE—*The grassy bawn in front of the Fort of Flann,
an Irish Prince.*

Flann.

Here cometh she who will deliver me
(I hear her laughter) walking in the sun
With our young babe upon her shoulder, while
Her kisses smite the small red mouth that lies
To hers as bud to rose. Sweetheart, my wife!
Thy lover, sore perplexed with fret of war
And scourge of plague and famine in the land
Increase of foes and Druid's warning threat,
Knows but one saving counsel. Couldst thou find
The master-soothsayer, him who works his spell
Deep in the forest amid magic fires—
Hark, how the wandering harpers sing of him!

Voices with harp-notes.

“ Master of earth and air
Is the soothsayer.
Every region he doth know,
Heaven above and earth below.
Of the living and the dead
All the secrets he hath read.
Healing balsam 'he hath found
For mortal wound.
He can paint the violet
Washed of purple by the wet
Kiss of rains that spoil the spring.
He can mend the broken wing
Of the amber butterfly,
And hush the howling thunder in the sky.”

Flann.

His secret whisper in thine innocent ear
 Would give back kingly power to this right hand.

Harpers more distant.

All hope and all despair
 Wait on the soothsayer ;
 Forth from his circle of fire
 Cometh the heart's desire !

Flann.

The harp notes fail like notes of sleepy birds.
 Wilt thou go forth, my Mairend ?

Mairend.

Have no fear
 But I will go and bring thee faithfully
 The wizard's secret counsel.
 Thee my babe
 I give awhile from out thy mother's arms
 Unto thy bed of thyme, and cover thee
 With woven bog-down, grown in the wet plain,
 And fill thy tiny fists with poppies drest
 In silken scarlet, red as modest shame :
 So may thy sleep be long and undisturbed
 By low of cattle from the grassy bawn
 Or ring of metal workers when they shape
 The arrow-heads to pierce the foes of Flann.
 Farewell, my heart's dear love. Thy Mairend goes.

SCENE—*The bogland on the verge of the forest.*

Mairend, travelling.

Across the mighty bogland leans the sun.
 Sleep well, my babe, and grow, whose prattle sweet
 No mortal yet hath heard. Keep hid those eyes
 As blue as were thy father's ere the wars
 Filled them with gloom. Within thy little hands
 The ruddy-skirted poppies hold as fast
 As Flann doth grasp his sword when foes are named.

Now sail the weary plovers, winging home
 O'er yonder waste, with bleat like thy soft cry
 Stirring my heart ; and now the stooping sun
 Reddens the still brown pools, as though his fires
 Kindled in the bog's heart the warmth it breeds
 To light the hearth-flame.

'Neath these ancient oaks,
 Where the thick-knotted foliage weaves a roof
 That darkles in the sky, while out beyond
 Glimmers around the moon a gold cloud-sea,
 I'll find the entrance to the forest's heart.

SCENE—*The heart of the Forest.*

The Soothsayer.

In purple cavern hollowed amid boughs,
 With flooring ever green, my mystic fire
 I kindle of the sun, and gather here
 From myriad tongues of flame unwhispered lore,
 So may I breathe what no man else hath known
 To him who dareth question. Sealéd hearts
 Lie open to my gaze, and nature's knots
 Unravell'd are to me. Undreamed-of worlds
 Reveal their night and day, and all that man
 Born unto them doth work or may endure,
 For thoughts of all the gods flash in the blaze
 That enters my illumined brain.

Mairend.

At last

These sombre woods, that are so densely green,
 Give vent for me, and in an open space
 I see the circling fires.

And yonder stands,

Waving his wand, the enchanter soothsayer.
 As he doth weave his spell, the harpers sing.

Harpers.

Master of earth and air
 Is the soothsayer.
 Is there a broken wing
 Down through ether a-wavering,
 Or bird-heart oversick to sing ?

He hath a cure for all
 Meshed in his golden thrall.
 Doth the limpid pool run dry,
 Licked by a burning sky?
 He can set the droplets going,
 Hissing, bubbling, sparkling, flowing,
 Until the flow'rets laugh as erst,
 And no more is thirst.

Chorus of Harpers.

Master of earth and air
 Is the soothsayer
 Forth from his circle of fire
 Cometh the heart's desire!

Mairend.

O Master, hear me counsel ask of thee
 Who dost know all things; tell me truly now
 What thing is urgent to the need of Flann,
 Since war and treachery endanger peace
 And safety in his kingdom?

Soothsayer.

Sacrifice.

To that thing by his heart's love held most dear
 Death or destruction.

Mairend.

I am sudden blind.

The birds that sang so sweet did sing my dirge,
 This sombre forest is my grave, and I
 Shall look no more on Flann. O master dread,
 Is there no other way? I am his wife.

Soothsayer.

Art thou his best beloved?

Mairend.

I am sure,

And would not be unsure to win my life.
 Yet would I stay with Flann to be his joy
 When wars are done.

Soothsayer.

The land hath need of Flann
And Flann of thee. Thou hast thy answer. Go!

Mairend.

I will be brave and die for Flann. My love,
'Tis but to sleep and see thy face no more!
In darkness, may be I shall all forget
How he doth miss me from his arms. Forget?
That's worse than woe. My heart would rather pray
That it may wake and grieve eternally.
Flann will be king of Erin. All rude foes
Will kneel to him, and I not know, not care!
O cruel gods, I will not go to death.
Spare me and bid another sacrifice!

SCENE—*The way to Flann's Fort, through fields and woods.*

Mairend.

Here in this golden glassy pool, with boughs
Of darkling green o'erhung, I see my face—
The face beloved by Flann; dear lips and eyes!
I will come back to him with better cheer
Than hideous message of his Mairend's doom,
For Flann doth love his sword, let that be broke!
Oh, yonder is a lamb that seeks its dam
With anguish of a babe that's motherless!
I have not seen my babe for many days,
And he doth look for me with great blue eyes
All wet with tears, and passion in his cries.
She cometh, my sweet babe, thy mother who
Hath dreamed a gruesome dream. Dear lamb, I see
Thy dam who runneth toward thee. Now she meets
And comforts thee as babes are comforted.

Shall I be less a mother than this ewe?
My boy whom Flann doth love, and who will be
Another man like Flann! Have I not seen
Such love of him within Flann's eyes that I
Did weep and say he loved thee more than me.
Doth Flann then love thee best? My boy is lost,
Doomed by that love supreme, and I shall live?
Not so. I come, my babe, to succour thee;
Thy mother was loved first, and ever best.

SCENE—*Flann's Fort.**Flann.*

Sweet wife, what message doth thy true heart bring?
 What secret hath the wizard whispered thee
 To heal the land's disease and triumph give
 Unto Flann's sword?

Mairend.

His sword! O warrior love,
 Thy sword's thine idol. Say thou lov'st it more
 Than wife or child.

Flann.

I love it not, my love,
 But use it for our need. The secret?

Mairend.

Dear,
 The secret is mine own; yet rest thee sure
 That Flann's good sword shall triumph, and the land
 Be saved from hunger and from pestilence.
 But tell me one thing truly ere I cease;
 For, as I travelled through the lonesome woods,
 A cruel pain beset me lest our boy
 Might win thy love supreme away from me
 And leave me but a second place within
 The heart that was all mine.

Flann.

O foolish dream
 That hath put sorrow in my Mairend's eyes
 And whitened her sweet lips, be scared aloof!
 Dear love, I love our babe as babes are loved—
 Thee and thee only doth thy lord adore.

*Mairend swoons.**Flann.*

Ye gods! I have o'erstrained the gracious strength
 Of her fleet limbs with travel for my sake.
 Long years of tenderness will scarce repay
 The debt of her devotion. Wake, love, wake!

SCENE—*The open moor, in the dawn.*

Mairend.

I left my love on purpose for his weal
Yet know not where I go, or how to work
My own destruction for his triumph. Gods,
How can I tell the thing that Flann doth love?
Bind ye my trembling hands and blind mine eyes
And lead my ignorant footsteps in Death's ways.

Harpers singing from the forest.

Broken is the spider's line?
He can mend the cobweb fine.
With many a thing he can
'Witch the heart of man:
Turquoise filched from summer skies,
Sun-flame caught from maidens' eyes,
Damask rose and peacock's feather,
Sea-pearl belched in the foul weather
Up from ocean cist; a spell
Winning love to prison cell.
Trick to cheat the trick of Death
When spent life grows short of breath.

Master of earth and air
Is the soothsayer.
Forth from his circle of fire
Cometh the heart's desire.

Mairend.

The moon doth look on me from her high fields
With eye that doth not weep, and yet she might
Be pitiful of my babe's cruel loss.
She is the mother of the little stars
And watcheth them all night.

Alas! what dread,
What loathsome thing is this that crawls along
Half hiding 'neath the hedge? Some beast of prey
The gods have sent in answer to my prayer.
Foul horror that doth shake my trembling limbs
And wrest the courage from my love's resolve.

How shall I move to meet thee? Now it creeps
 Out from its shelter! 'Tis the skeleton
 Still living of a man who's left his flesh
 Behind him in the grave he's burrowed from.
 The famine! Here come more of them, who live
 But have not eaten more than dead men eat
 For cruel wasting weeks. Some festering lie
 With purple shapeless faces, plague-stricken.
 Haply these die the faster!

Yonder lies
 A mother whose cold arms are holding still
 A famished babe unto her blackened breast
 Its lips might bear the poison of the plague
 And taint a foster-mother's wholesome blood,
 Yet take from her salvation.

Lifts the babe from the dead mother's arms to her own bosom.

There, poor babe,
 Take life from me, the while that wholesome life
 Runs in my veins, while I from thee gain death.
 Then sleep and grow and strengthen, without one
 Afflicting memory of her who gave
 Thee manhood, and who died by thee for Flann.
 Be faithful soldier unto him my lord,
 Who will be king in happy Erin then
 When all the plagues and famines are forgot,
 And every sword is rust. Seek thou my boy
 And serve thy foster-brother. Fare thee well!
 Slip soft into the grass from out my arms
 That cannot hold thee more. O Flann! O Death!

Dies.

Echo of Harpers from the forest.

Forth from his circle of fire
 Cometh the heart's desire.

R. M. G.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

"We will unite the White Rose with the Red."—*King Richard iii.*

"Thou hast spoken on that as if thou hadst been born in a district called Yorkshire, which men call the merriest part of Merry England."—*Anne of Geierstein.*

PROLOGUE.

My readers may spare themselves the trouble of trying to identify the Dale. It is not Wensleydale, nor Lune Dale, nor Swale Dale, nor Garsdale, nor is it any district of Western Yorkshire within easy distance of Bowland Forest. Yet it is a portion of that immense range of country where Lancashire and Yorkshire meet, and where the red rose mingles with the white. Wood and wold and water are there, and the range of the Pennine Hills.

The Dale has a strong individuality. Its manners are quaint and its speech is mixed. It is much, ever so much, more agricultural than manufacturing; yet the Lancashire element of cotton is not wanting, nor is the Yorkshire commodity of woollen unknown. Scattered up and down the Dale are many mills, but one would have to stand upon a fairly high point in order to include in one's view more than two or three factory chimneys. For Agriculture is a jealous lord, and only for the best of reasons tolerates the presence of Manufacture within the Dale.

In the very centre of this district stands Ridingle, and to know Ridingle intimately is in itself erudition. This little country town—only if you call it little within hearing of a Dalesman you will hardly be forgiven—owes its importance to the fact that it is precisely fourteen and a half miles from everywhere—that is, every town of importance. Many little hamlets cluster round it, lean upon it, and look up to it. In fact Ridingle has been looked up to for so many years that the great overgrown village is quite used to the practice of looking down upon everything and everybody not made or born within its own borders. For generations it has tried to persuade itself that its population exceeds five thousand souls, but the census figures are too much for it.

Within a mile of Ridingle town stands the tiny village

of Timington, with a population of eighty-five; three quarters of a mile beyond is the bigger township of Hardlow. Now Hardlow has a history and a factory—the latter being, in the opinion of Ridingdale, as disgraceful to it as the former is creditable. Ridingdale has never had a factory, and (though in secret it devoutly wishes that such a stroke of good fortune might fall to it) it is constantly congratulating itself upon the fact.

What Ridingdale, Timington, and Hardlow each possess is—a squire. There was a time, of course, when the squire of Hardlow was a peer of the realm. That time has gone by, and the present writer is not now concerned with ancient history. The existing squire is Mr. Kittleshot, the proprietor of the factory mentioned above. Mr. Kittleshot is not the sole proprietor, but he is his father's partner and the owner of Hardlow Hall. Mr. Kittleshot's father is said to be a millionaire, and the wealth of his son is great enough to command the respect, not merely of Hardlow, but of Ridingdale and Timington. Neither of these two villages takes very kindly to the son of the millionaire, but money is money, and trade is trade, and Hardlow Hall is a place worth "serving."

The squire of Timington has been non-resident for so many years that he is practically non-existent. A silly season comes to men and women as well as to newspapers, and the "return of the squire" is at once the sea serpent and big gooseberry of the neighbourhood when the periodical dearth of rumours becomes distressing. It is no secret that Mr. Kittleshot, senior, has his eye upon Timington, and would to-morrow buy up the little hamlet with its hall and park if only Squire Rakespear's agents would sell. But they will not so much as discuss the question with the Lancashire millionaire. They assure him that Mr. Rakespear may return at any moment; but as for selling a square inch of land—words fail them at this point, and the sentence is finished in dumb show.

Mr. Kittleshot, senior, has taking a great liking to the neighbourhood of Ridingdale. He has a lordly palace in one of the prettiest spots in Lancashire, but since the death of his wife the great house has become distasteful to him. He has travelled much of late, has paid many flying visits to his son, and is expected to arrive at Hardlow Hall for Christmas and to spend the winter there.

If Ridingleale sighs in secret for the presence of a factory within its midst, it longs still more for the presence of a person of means. Its inhabitants have no quarrel with the present occupant of Ridingleale Hall; but it is undoubtedly a little hard that Squire Ridingleale should be a poor man. And, unhappily, his poverty is not of the comparative order. He is the fourth son of old Lord Dalesworth's youngest daughter, and, in the words of the Dale folk, he has not a farthing to bless himself with. Eleven of his fourteen children are boys, and after this nothing need be said. By profession he is a barrister, and if there is one man in Ridingleale, Timington, and Hardlow, or in the Dale generally, who is really loved, that man is Squire Ridingleale. Nevertheless, the trades-people are sad when they think of all that a wealthy squire might do for a town that is more respectable than moneyed.

Ridingleale Hall itself is a reproach to its owner—who, however, is not the tenant. The house is Lord Dalesworth's property, and the embarrassments of this good old man are many, and not of his own creating. His grandson, Jack Ridingleale, having committed the two biggest crimes known to civilised society—that of becoming a Catholic and marrying the penniless woman he loved—there was nothing for it, Lord Dalesworth said, but to send him into perpetual exile. So the kind-hearted old nobleman leased to his grandson the Hall and farm of Ridingleale for ninety-nine years, refusing to accept more than a (very) nominal rent, and bidding "the graceless young ruffian" take his bread and cheese from the farm if he thought he had sense enough to look after the bailiff and keep things in order.

"It's all I can do for you," the old lord added, "and it's a great deal more than you deserve. Why you of all men should have made such a double-barrelled ass of yourself, I cannot conceive. But for these two monster follies you would have had the cleanest record of any lad I know. There, go away, confound you!—and—God bless you! Never see my face again, and—if you don't look me up regularly, I'll come down to Ridingleale and horsewhip you."

Jack Ridingleale felt that the old man was trying (and failing) to be wroth with one he loved. Of all his grandchildren, Jack had ever been the favourite. The young man knew that his grandfather's heart was sore.

"But he will never have to suffer again through me," the new squire of Ridingleale said to his young wife when they had made one or two rooms of the dilapidated old hall habitable. "Whatever I can wring out of the farm he shall have—if you, dear, will help me. Are you certain, my darling, that you can look forward with content to a *life of poverty*?"

Mrs. Ridingleale's answer was: "The only thing I fear in this world is—wealth."

And in this instance language did not conceal thought.

I.

A PROFESSIONAL GOSSIP.

Which lacks food the more,
Body or soul in me? I starve in soul:
So may mankind: and since men congregate
In towns, not woods,—to Ispahan forthwith.

BROWNING.

BEFORE a man can be a thorough-going, professional gossip, he must have leisure and independence. Now the leisure of old Billy Lethers was large, and his means were at any rate sufficient. He was a retired shoemaker, or to be more accurate, clog maker; though it was his boast that he could "mek a bute to fit a fut wi' any mon i' Ridingleale," and the boast was not an idle one. He had been an honest workman and sober, and from the age of eleven to sixty-five had worked ten, and often twelve, hours a day.

Nobody, then, could blame Billy for retiring. For years he had employed a small army of workmen, and most of the cloggers in the Dale had been his apprentices. Before he gave up his business, people used to tell him that his trade would soon be a lost one; his invariable answer was,—“Not while t' Dale folk kape a' ounce o' sense in their yeds.” It was one of Billy's half-grievances that after his retirement the clog trade began to increase. But that was owing to circumstances no one could possibly have foreseen.

Billy enjoyed both his leisure and his means. He was a personage in Ridingleale and there were people who feared him.

To begin with, he knew the folk of his native town very well, and his memory was a formidable thing. More than one inhabitant would go out of his way in order to avoid a tête-à-tête with Billy. The first two or three years after his retirement he spent in collecting old debts, or trying to do so, and in this way he made himself unpleasant to a number of people. It was not nice, for instance, if you were trying to push your way out of the ranks of the common people, and had just taken a semi-detached villa on the outskirts of the town, and were entertaining a very select party of friends—it was not nice to have old Billy pushing his way into your newly-furnished drawing-room, enquiring loudly (if good-naturedly) when you were going to pay him for “them three pair o’ clogs I made for your lads seven years ago?”

You had quite forgotten that your boys had ever worn such things, and were ready utterly to deny the fact only—well, something in Billy’s eye prevented the falsehood. So you climbed the high horse, protesting against the noisy intrusion, but promising to call on Billy “at the first opportunity.”

But it was one thing for Billy to enter a house and quite another for him to leave it—without leaving something behind him in the shape of “a bit of his mind.” Taking a chair, the old man would leisurely survey you and the assembled company, and then proceed to a mental appraisal of your new furniture, talking all the time of your grandfather (who was a notorious poacher, though Billy was too good-hearted to mention this) and your Uncle Ned the hedger and ditcher, and a host of your relatives living in various parts of the Dale, most of them honest folk enough but all earning their living in humble ways, and—Billy’s parting shot—*always paying everybody for what they had*. Thus, through your own fault, you were humbled to the dust, and those new genteel friends of yours, people who had just come to Ridingle, gave you one invitation in return and then dropped you.

There was one man in Ridingle who owed Billy a small matter of eleven pounds, ten shillings and twopence. When folks asked Billy why ever he let the fellow run up such a bill for clogs, the old man would say, “That’s neither here nor there: he owes every penny on’t.” The fact was that some twelve years before Billy retired, the debtor, one Joe Spinnocks, was having a hand-to-hand fight with poverty and sickness. One of these champions is usually enough to engage the attention of a married

man, but Joe Spinnocks had for years to face the two. He had traded with Billy all his life, and the clogger knew his circumstances very well. He was a jobbing gardener, but at that time Ridingle was overdone with men on the look-out for odd jobs, and but for Billy's credit Joe's four children would have been barefoot.

Billy, to this very day, cannot stand the sight of a shoeless child, or for the matter of that a hungry one. There is a room in his house which is fitted up just like his old shop, and it is seldom that he has not a small pair of clogs in hand, destined always for orphan children, or those whose parents are in want. Yet it would never do to beg of him. "I know them as is deservin', and them as isn't," he says; and when you remember that Billy knows everybody in the Dale, you may accept his statement.

Joe Spinnocks was known to Billy. "You'll pay me some day, Joe," the clogger used to insist when the shame-faced man came to see if Billy would let him add a fresh item to the growing account, and then Joe would quote scripture and invoke blessings.

"I might a knowed 'ow it ud be," Billy often said in later years. And he would stand on the edge of the pavement and denounce "them snivelling dissenters" until he was purple. He was very unjust towards these good people, but to attempt to reason with him on the point was only to swell the flood of what he considered a perfectly righteous wrath.

When Joe's account had been running for six or seven years, the jobbing gardener got a situation at Squire Kittleshot's of Hardlow. A year or two afterwards, a series of circumstances conspired to place him in the position of second gardener. (Billy has a theory anent these same circumstances; but as I consider it libellous, I shall pass it over.) Joe's position was now a flourishing one, and every Saturday night he came into Ridingle (as most of the Hardlow and Timington people do) for "his markets." But always he gave a very wide berth to Billy's shop.

A little later it was reported to Billy that Joe Spinnocks had been seen buying fancy boots and shoes at the swell shop in High Street; so, when Monday morning came, Billy started off to transact a little business at Hardlow.

Billy could hardly believe his ears when, having handed in

his account, Joe quietly remarked :—"What's the good o' this bit o' paper? Don't you see it's out o' date? *I claim the statter o' limitation.*"

"You might a' brained me wi' a peacock's feather," Billy told his wife when he got home. "I wur that flummuxed I couldna say a word. . . . An' I niver put down owt for mendin.' Scores o' times I put new irons on his own and his childer's clogs, an' I niver tow'd thee, lass, and so in course the bill said nowt about it. . . . Statter o' limitation! Well, it beats owt. . . . But Joe Spinnocks and Billy Lethers 's got to ev' a word or two together some day."

When they did meet, all the words were spoken by Billy. Ridingdale remembers the meeting. It was on a Saturday night when the High Street is so crowded that strangers who see it for that night only are wont to carry away a very erroneous impression of the size and population of Ridingdale, greatly to the satisfaction of its inhabitants who like to look at their town through market-day spectacles.

Billy had a commanding voice, and, if his gestures were wanting in grace, they were not feeble. So that when, at the approach of Joe Spinnocks, the worthy clogmaker stood on an old packing case that was lying handy just outside the shop of the principal grocer (the very point where people most did congregate) and with a loud voice called upon the crowd to stop, he had an audience worthy of the occasion. And Joe was in their midst.

"'Appen you think this is Joe Spinnocks," Billy began, pointing to the wretched gardener, "but it aint. It's only 'is statter—'is statter o' limitation. There was a time when I thought Joe Spinnocks was an honest man, and p'raps he was. But he's become a statter sin then. Now yo canna get blood out'n a statter, can yo? An' yo canna get yer money out o' Joe Spinnocks. [Great laughter from the crowd and cries of "Go it, Billy."] Now when I 'elp a lame dog o'er a stile I don't expect 'im to turn round and bite me. An' when I gie a mon credit for a matter o' six or seven year, I dunna expect 'im to talk about statters o' limitation. But that's what Joe Spinnocks's done, and I want t' lads o' t' Dale to know it."

Billy said a great deal more than this, and cheers for the speaker, alternating with groans for the delinquent, made music in the Hight Street for a full hour. All the Ridingdale folk

who knew the story explained it to strangers, and—well, Joe Spinnocks escaped grievous bodily harm but was considerably hustled by the crowd that escorted him to the bottom of the street. He has never set foot in Ridingdale since.

II.

“As sober as a Jesuit’s house at Rome.”—*Gongora.*

In the last chapter I implied that Billy Lethers was a through-going professional Gossip, with a big G. This implication is true enough but requires explanation, if not qualification.

Billy had retired from business, as we know, but he was still an active man. His garden was big, and his several pigs required attention. Every morning between the hours of nine and eleven Billy might be seen with a pair of yokes on his round shoulders and two buckets, going to various houses in quest of hog wash, or what he called “swill.” He was proud of his pigs and they did him credit. When he “killed,” the neighbourhood knew it, and many a poor family enjoyed a royal banquet of *fry*. In his own house the week was a festive, if a busy one, and always culminated in much rendering of seam and salting of bacon.

It was commonly thought that Billy collected news and swill at the same time, and it is certain that the calling at many houses gave him a fine opportunity for gossip. Whatever interested Ridingdale interested Billy, for he loved his birth-place exceedingly. It was an open question as to whether he could, or could not, read, but he confessed his inability to write. He had occasionally been seen with a book at his elbow and a paper in his hand, but it was remarked that whenever a disputed point arose that made reference to some printed matter a necessity, Billy always lamented the unaccountable mislaying of his spectacles. This was thought to be curious in the case of a man who had the eyes of a hawk.

“If you want to know the rights on’t, ax Billy Lethers,”—was quite an old-world formula in Ridingdale, and it was more than complimentary to his tenacity of memory and accuracy of statement. It will be seen from this that our friend was not an ordinary gossip.

There were two places in Ridingle known as gossip shops, and speaking roughly, one was allotted to ladies, and the other to men. Both were of a rather high-class and exclusive character, and it was only for purposes of verification that Billy ventured to refer to either. Almost every morning of their lives two or three elderly gentlemen gave Mr. James Colpington, the chemist, a call, and it was generally understood that all great questions affecting Ridingle were settled over his counter. Whenever Billy pushed back the green baize door and appeared in the calomel-scented shop, he was sure to receive a hearty greeting, for he and the chemist and the old gentlemen chatterers were contemporaries, and had known one another since boyhood. The ladies' gossip shop was of course at Miss Rippell's, the fancy repository, Berlin wool warehouse, and circulating library over the way.

I trust I have made it sufficiently clear that both Timington and Hardlow were close enough to Ridingle almost to form a part of it, so that it need not surprise the reader to hear of Mr. Kittleshot, senior, on one of those flying visits to his son, the owner of Hardlow Hall, finding his way to Ridingle and to the chemist's shop. But it did surprise Billy to see that great person leaving Colpington's in excited conversation with old Colonel Ruggerson. Mr. Kittleshot had a paper in his hand, and from the way he referred to it, it was clear that something in the printed pages had made him exceedingly angry.

Billy would have scorned to lag behind and try to overhear the conversation, but his curiosity was much excited, and he thought that under the circumstances there would be no harm in turning into the chemist's just to say "good morning."

He found Mr. James Colpington making a certain soothing syrup much in demand by Dale people and laughing and talking to himself in a very unusual way.

"That wouldna be old Mester Kittleshot wi' t' Colonel, would it?" asked Billy, when he and the chemist had greeted one another.

"Aye, aye," cried Colpington, laughing afresh, "that's the man, and a fine state he's in, that he is."

Billy waited for the story as the schoolboy waits for a belated tea.

"He's read something in the *London Review* that he cannot

stomach," the chemist continued after a few moments of quiet chuckling,—“an article on ‘Luxury and Social Disorder,’ and it has made him furious. Why, I cannot imagine unless it is a case of the fitting cap. Unluckily, after denouncing all authors and journalists as the most luxurious livers under the sun, and the biggest hypocrites the earth contains, he asked the Colonel to look at the article and tell him if by any chance he recognised the writer’s style, declaring that he would find out the author if it cost him a thousand pounds. He went on vowing that he would surprise the scoundrel in his London chambers, or at his country seat, and denounce him as the vilest hypocrite unhung. I thought I saw a twinkle in the Colonel’s eye, and a look of intelligence in his face, but he let the great cotton lord go on until he was exhausted, and then in the old soldier’s grim, dry way he jerked out,—‘Know the writer intimately: best fellow in the world. Just going to call on him. Better come with me.’”

“And who is it?” asked the bewildered Billy, “and where have they gone?”

“Why to the Hall, of course. Everybody knows the squire writes for the *London Review*, don’t they?”

Billy answered, “yes, of course;” but it was the first time he himself had heard this bit of news, and it took him several minutes to digest it.

“I’d give a five pound note to see Kittleshot’s face when he finds himself inside Ridingle Hall. A luxurious liver, indeed! Why, there’s more luxury in young Kittleshot’s stable-yard than in Squire Ridingle’s whole establishment.”

“That there is,” Billy assented with emphasis; and then he enquired—“D’ye think, Mester Colpington, as old Kittleshot and t’ squire knows one another?”

“Never met before in their lives. The old man is never at Hardlow for more than a couple of days. They say he is coming soon on a long visit.”

“I reckon you’re goin’ to t’ Hall yorsel for t’ play?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world. ‘Bread and the games’ was the old cry you know, Billy; well the poor squire has too many mouths of his own to feed to have much bread to spare, but he gives us—something better than the Roman games.”

“’Avna missed it mysen sin he started it. An’ they say this year’s ’ll cap owt.”

Billy left the shop muttering to himself,—“What a mon t’ squire is, surely. Writes in t’ papers, does he? Ony think, now! Wonder if there’s owt he canna do!—I reckon he wunna cotton much to old Kittleshot. I’d like to see ’em tegither, that I would. T’ factory man ’ll be no match for our squire, that he wunna.”

‘The factory man’ was thinking much the same thought. He was bowling away in the Colonel’s dog-cart in the direction of Ridingle Hall, trying in vain to think of what his son had told him about the tenant thereof. And all Mr. Kittleshot could remember was that Mr. Ridingle was a very poor man. Leading questions put to the Colonel sitting by his side only elicited jerky and unsatisfactory answers, and Kittleshot had to fall back upon a survey of the winter landscape.

Ridingle Hall stood about a mile and a half from the town and was on the side that lay furthest from Timington and Hardlow. The park, always very small, was now a grazing ground for cattle. Not a herd of deer was left. The Hall itself had never been an imposing structure, but now that portions of it were shut up, or only used for playrooms in wet weather, it looked, with its many uncurtained or boarded-up windows, desolate and uninviting enough.

But as Mr. Kittleshot got down from the dog-cart and heard the many sounds of life within—a chorus of boys’ voices in the north wing mingling with peals of laughter in the entrance hall itself, the Lancashire millionaire could not but admit that a poverty-stricken house might be crammed with happy life and exuberant joy.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

A DREAM AT DAWN.

HOMEWARD at morn we took our way,
 Weary of waltz and slow quadrille—
 Thrown on the seat, gloves, fan, bouquet,
 The blossoms dead, but scenting still

The brougham that whirled us through the town,
 Whose streets were hushed in sheets of snow
 Not whiter than her dainty gown.
 The darkened houses row by row,

The lamp-lit squares, the lonesome lawn,
 The stretching roads so dull and still,
 Seemed strangely weird beneath the dawn
 That lifted eastward grey and chill

And lit the jewel in her hair,
 Above the eyes where sad thoughts slept,
 As o'er her pallid face so fair
 A solemn shadow slowly crept.

Fatigued was she at break of day,
 Tired of the dance's ecstasy,
 And of the music glad and gay,
 A surfeit of life's joy maybe?

No : in her wearied longing heart,
 Unsatisfied with pleasures vain,
 A dream of those who set apart
 Their noble lives to lessen pain

Had made her grieve o'er empty days—
 The hours that build our wasted years—
 Until a mist bedimmed her eyes,
 The harbinger of hidden tears ;

For there before us in the gloom
 We saw the dim and shaded light
 Within the Hospital's long room.
 Where, through the wearisome sad night,

From cot to cot and bed to bed
 The tireless Sisters softly passed,
 Soothing each aching little head
 Sleepless upon the pillows cast.

And I, like my companion too,
Was troubled by a vague unrest :
“ What hast thou done, what wilt thou do ? ”—
Something kept whispering in my breast :

“ Through every dingy court and street,
Crippled and bent, with footsteps slow,
Halting and lame on weary feet,
Wondering at life, the children go,

“ Sorrow and death’s pale retinue,
They pass thee as thou idlest by :
‘ What hast thou done ? what wilt thou do ? ’
In feeble monotone they cry.”

Then low in shame I bent my head ;
“ Worthless I am Thy gifts to share ;
Thou who didst touch and raise the dead,
Renew my life to work and prayer.”

* * *

Sudden a wind swept o’er the sea,
It woke the birds beneath the eaves,
And softly whispered unto me
Of harvest time, and ripened sheaves.

JAMES BOWKER.

KNOWN BY FRUITS.*

A TREMENDOUS responsibility is thrown upon us Catholics to prove to an unbelieving world the Divinity of our Faith by the divine loftiness of our lives. For men, to-day seek not for doctrines, but for deeds, forgetting, of course, that the deeds will be high and noble, or base and ignoble, according to the principles from which they proceed. The controversy runs thus between the children of light and the sons of darkness. We have a right to be the aggressors, for we have authority, antiquity, history, and every precedent on our side. And we argue thus.

We say: Behold the desolation your rebellious unbelief has made. For Faith you have substituted political economy ; for charity, you give us reports and statistics ; for Divine Providence,

* This will be recognised as only a fragment, and not designed for the use to which we venture to put it.—ED. I. M.

you give us Boards; for the monastery you give us the workhouse; for monks and nuns you have given us paid officials; and you have tried to face the world-old and the world-wide problem of how to deal with poverty, disease, and crime, by Acts of Parliament, and the laboured theories of your statesmen and economists. Have you succeeded? Is poverty less prevalent, because you can tell us to the fraction of a penny how much an in-door and how much an out-door patient costs the rates? Is crime less extended and enormous, because your penal codes have undergone revision a thousand times, and are still only worthy of some new-born civilisation? Is there perfect peace in your society, guarded by forests of bayonets, and protected by the terrors of the law? Is there no murmuring amongst the poor, no secret hissing of curses on the hearths of the labourer and the artisan? And do your millionaires sleep in peace, for the rumblings of the coming revolution are yet afar off? Have you grasped the social evil and corrected it? and have the theories of your great thinkers brought about the millennium? You need only read the ghastly statistics of your morning papers, which are eloquent rather in what they conceal, than in what they reveal, and you will find that when you rejected Christ you adopted Belial; he is your father; it is by his power you seek to cast out the devils of poverty, disease, and crime.

But your adversary will fairly retort: "True! there is no content in the land. The poor rage against the rich; labour is pitted in a desperate struggle with capital; and from the depths of our workhouses come forth the angry accents of disgust and discontent. But can you do better? Come. Show us your works for progress, civilisation, society, and let us see Christ!"

And we accept the challenge, and say: Come, we shall show you the far-flashing splendours of the Church of God; and if not blinded by their effulgence, you may enter. Behold what our faith has wrought. From end to end of Europe we have lifted up the noblest Cathedrals, we have filled them with statues of our nobility—the saints of God—and we have put into our windows colourings that match the glory of the heavens, and faces and figures of which angels are envious. Witness Cologne and Milan, Amiens and Tours, York and Salisbury; and we have crowned all our architectural triumphs in that last wonder of the world—the dome under which our martyred princes and Apostles sleep. Lift up

our eyes and behold, and admit that the Church which has wrought such wonders is of God.

But our adversary demurs to all this enthusiasm : Nay, nay, I admit that you have reason to be proud of what your zeal and poverty have wrought. It is only sublime faith could have done it. But you forget that false religions, too, have had their glorious temples, from that of Athene in Greece to that of St. Sophia in Constantinople ; and that there are pagodas in the jungles in India, whose treasures would purchase all the cathedrals of Western Christendom. Show me something else—something distinctive and unique. It is not in architectural wonders that I seek or shall find Christ.

And you answer : Come ! Behold the long line of sages, philosophers, and divines the Church has produced. From the early Fathers, whose works are treasure-stores of wisdom, down to our latest writers, who have soared into the highest regions of human thought, there is one unbroken lineage of genius, combined with sanctity, the wisdom of the serpent combined with the gentleness of the dove. Who does not know them ? Athanasius and the Gregories, Ambrose and Augustine, Aquinas and Alphonsus ? From cell and cavern, from episcopal palace and lonely hermitage, they have poured forth the treasures of their thoughts. No theme was too high for their reverential inquiries ; no office too low for their humility. Behold the long litany of our doctors and our saints, and admit that here is perfect Christianity, learning and humility, genius wedded to holiness.

But here again your opponent says : True, it is a magnificent galaxy of genius, before which the mind, even of an unbeliever, might bow down in respectful homage. Your Church has reason to be proud of her gifted children, and to raise them on her altars for your veneration and your love. But is it not true that false religions, too, have had their prophets and teachers ? And could I not quote a long litany of sages, whose genius equalled your own, and even if they are the wandering stars in the firmament, at least their radiance and lustre are unquestioned. No. Not in genius, however sublime, not in talents, however diversified, not in learning however deep and profound, do I seek Christ. Show me something else.

And you say : Well, come ! Art is immortal and inspired. Its breathings come not from men, but from God. Its inspirations

are from above. Its votaries are the chosen ones of Heaven ; its last home is the sky. God Himself is the Great Artist, and surely where His children are, there too is He. Now, behold ! From the earliest days until the Renaissance, from then till now there have been gathered into our monasteries the noblest and greatest in this great family of God. Who has not read of the nimble minds and the busy hands that have filled the Italian convents with masterpieces of painting, and made the long galleries shine with the white marvels that sprang from their chisels ? Who clothed the walls of dim chapels with the tapestries of their pencils, and made the ceilings glow in colour and form, until all the wonders of Holy Scripture came forth to be witnessed by the eye, and the horrors of the Last Judgment smote the trembling consciences of men ? Who, except those who had seen Heaven, like the saint of Patmos, could have imagined such spiritual loveliness ? or, having imagined it, who but the children of God could have created it ? Stand for a moment in that gallery of Dresden, and study the face of that Woman and Child. Confess, then, that it is only a child of Catholicity could have seen such a vision of loveliness, and only the heart of one who loved Christ could have painted such a presentment of the Child-God and His Mother !

Very true, I admit, says the world. I bow down in lowly reverence before your Angelos and Raffaelles ; I would canonise Fra Angelico, and I admit the grandeur and intensity of such faith and genius : but was there not a Phidias in Greece, an Apelles, a Praxiteles ? Alas, and must we not go back to the land of Minerva and Mercury to find the perfection of the very art you worship ? Ah no ! it is not in Art however eternal and sublime, not in painting however perfect, not in sculpture however lifelike, not in the lustrous wonder of twilight galleries or the figures that gleam in the dusky avenues of libraries, that I shall seek or find Christ.

And then, wearied but not conquered, you say : Well, at least admit that we have abolished slavery, broken the chains of captives, mitigated the severities of punishment, created reverence and piety for little children, lifted up woman from the condition of a purchased slave, and made her queen of her own hearth ; we have built the universities of the world, preserved the ancient classics, brought education to the masses of the people, and spread

the light of civilisation over the world. And what are you doing but feebly trying to restore the civilisation which, like the barbarian Goths, you have destroyed ; and trying to build on the ruins of the Church's temples and palaces the pigmy imitations of what faith and genius alone could raise ?

And again, your adversary answers : All quite true. I admit the endless and illimitable debt the world owes your Church. All historians are agreed as to the world's indebtedness to your zeal and to your faith. I admit that modern civilization is but a feeble imitation of what it has wantonly destroyed. But even here, I cannot find Christ ; for all this is but the work of human hands, and might be wrought without the intervention of Heaven. Again, I repeat that what I want is something distinctive and unique. Show me the Christ of Nazareth and Judea, Him who walked on the sands of Galilee, whose blood dyed the grass of Gethsemane and the rocks of Calvary, and I shall be content.

Then a great light dawns on our minds, and we conjecture that what the world seeks from us is not splendour and power, not genius or talent, not learning and art, but the lowly lessons that are pictured in the Gospels, and the sublime sacrifices that are expected from the faithful followers of Christ. And, wondering at our own blindness, we exclaim : True, it is the "Christus Consolator" whom you seek. Do we possess Him ? Attend and see.

Down the long dismal corridors of this hospital, where the sick toss wearily at night, and the air is heavy with the odours of decay, flashes a white cornette, the head-dress of the Sister of Charity. The wild eye of fever follows it as a star of hope, and peace sinks down on the wild, wandering mind for the calm and strength it gives. On the hot brow a gentle hand is placed, and there is coolness and delight, and the fierce blood ceases to throb in the temples of the dying, for a voice, like that which stilled the tempests of the Sea of Galilee, has spoken and commanded ; Peace ! Odious things, things too horrible to be described, salute and mortify every sense ; but there is not the faintest sign of disgust for the loathsome sights and smells, and no fainting away with horror when Nature rebels at its own dreadful possibilities. There is contagion, there is death, there is the momentary possibility that a touch will bring with it a train of dreadful issues ; yet she does not shrink. Her hands touch the awful transformations of

disease, her eyes behold the sad process of decay, and she cannot but breathe an atmosphere loaded with infection and thick with the effluvia of decomposition and death. And this is she who was reared in the lap of luxury, who saw only what was beautiful and refined, and who one day, to the consternation of her friends, stepped down from her perfumed boudoir to walk in the valley and be encompassed by the dread environments of Death.

And here your adversary bows down his head in veneration, and murmurs : Yes, that is the Christ !

And having obtained such a victory, you go a little further and say : Behold, in the asylum for the insane, the same miracle repeated. Round about are maniacs, their wild eyes seeking the phantoms of their diseased fancies, and their shrieks echoing through the midnight, startling the frightened sleepers, and unnerving even those whose nerves are steel. Here in this padded chamber is one bent on self-destruction. The warder and doctor are afraid to approach. But, behold, a frail woman advances, and at her touch the horrors of insanity cease, and there is peace. Is this not the Christ ? Aye, yes, the Christ of the tombs, at whose touch devils departed and angels came and ministered.

And you say—Here again is one from whom all hope has departed. He is the sad inmate of the condemned cell. He hears the carpenters at work upon his scaffold ; he has taken his last farewell of wife and child. His gaolers pity him. There is no hope. But that awful night there kneel by his bedside two Angels of Mercy, who breathe into his soul not only hope and resignation, but peace and joy. Is this the Christ ? Aye, yes, He who said, “ This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

But this is not enough. There is an island in the Pacific Seas, a summer isle of Eden. Yes, but alas, also, an Inferno of horrors and disease and death. Huddled together are masses of flesh and blood that you cannot take to be human, for every human lineament has departed, and you only see mutilated limbs and some awful excrescence, that could not be recognised as a human face, were it not for the sockets whence peer out through furrows of mouldering flesh the eyes of a human being ; and there they are, living embodiments of Death, their limbs struck from them by the dread disease, before the worms have out their ligatures. The warm air is sick with smells ; the huts of the lepers

are reeking with dreadful odours ; and all men are warned off by the Governmental signboard—that which Dante wrote over the gates of hell—"Leave all hope, ye who enter here." And no one will set foot on that shore of death ; for never again can he return to civilisation and life. No one, did I say ? I am wrong. The light of Heaven penetrates everywhere. So does the charity of Christ. And here is one, a young priest, who, for the sake of Christ, takes up the mangled limbs and washes and anoints them, and kisses the swollen cheek, though he knows it is the kiss of death, and habituates himself to all this corruption, until his very food smells and reeks of leprosy. And one day, he sees with a smile a white patch, not larger than sixpence on his hand. And he smiles. Why ? Because it is his death-warrant. And the days go by, and his fingers drop off, and his hands and ears ; and the dread disease eats up his face, until he, too becomes more hideous than death. And, at last, he is laid in his lonely grave, wept over by lepers, unknown and unrecognised by the world.

Is not this the Christ ? Aye, Christ of the sick and the wounded ; Christ of the maimed and the lame and the blind ; of the dying and of the dead.

Is not this the Christ ? Aye, Christ of the tombs and of the possessed, at whose touch devils departed and confessed ; and reason returned and gave praise.

Is not this the Christ ? Aye, He who said to the dying felon : "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Is not this the Christ ? Aye, Christ of the lepers and the unclean—He who became a leper to cleanse the souls of men.

* * *

"Show us, then, your works." It is the cry of the infidel. Let him be refuted and confounded by your charity. "Show us your works." It is the cry of the schismatic. Let him be put to shame. "Show us your works." It is the cry of your Catholic co-religionists. Let them be edified. "Show us your works." It is the cry of the Church. Let her be glorified. "Show us your works." It is the cry of the gentle Christ. Let Him be gratified. For has He not said : "My poor ye have always with you ; and whatever you have done to the least of My little ones, that you have done to Me."

P. A. SHEEHAN.

IT IS MORNING.

BIRD-NOTES from where the waters play ;
 A blue sky, like a benison
 Dropt downward from His hand, whose throne
 Abides amidst eternal day.

I watched the glimmer in the sky,
 And Death watched *her* with poiséd dart.
 A cry sprang upwards from my heart :
 " O Mary, lend her help to die ! "

I kissed her on the lips and brow.
 It was not life that fluttered there,
 But just the west wind in her hair.
 Sleep well, sleep well ! 'Tis morning now.

MARY JOSEPHINE ENRIGHT.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

" SHE WILL COME IN SUMMER."

As the day fixed for Ethna's marriage approached, her spirits became more variable : sometimes her heart sank within her, she thought of herself as " a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones," and made midnight resolutions to tell Vincent of her summer folly ; but the calm air of morning changed her purpose and kept her lips closed.

Vincent made a candid confession of several little love passages, and according to his own showing he went almost as far as Philip Moore had done with her. It seemed ridiculous for her to be making so much of things which he took so lightly. " He has no feeling," she said to herself, with that inclination passionate natures have to exaggerate their own and underate other people's capacity for feeling. " Men have no heart. I suppose Philip

Moore will tell his *fiancée* by and by what a fool he made of me, and laugh over it."

The days passed on, and after having prospered admirably in his enterprise, Cheap Jack announced his departure from Monalena. Among the last consignment of goods that arrived to him was a goodly assortment of firearms whose sale was not quite so openly conducted as before; those who became their possessors did not make such a display of their purchase, but conveyed them away at night to their homes, where they were placed in convenient obscurity.

The police from Beltard, and their wives, had paid several visits, and were always received with marked respect. There were some odds and ends of goods to be brought, and when the day arrived for Cheap Jack's departure, when farewells were said, and the waggons disappeared over the distant hills, a great silence seemed to fall upon the village. Idlers felt, Othello-like, that "their occupation was gone," the young people missed the excitement, but the elders of the parish felt relieved by the departure, for day or night they could get no good of their boys, and rumours of the disturbed state of the country were every day more frequent and alarming.

"I hope, Mr. Smith, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in Monalena again," said the parish priest, who, notwithstanding his cautious dislike to strangers, had been won by Louis Sarsfield's frank bearing, and had asked him several times to dine with him.

"Thank you, sir. I should be sorry to think I would not see once again friends who have been so kind to me. Father Garrett has kindly asked me to run down for a few days in summer; which, please God, I intend doing."

Nell's bright eyes were dim with tears when Louis Sarsfield left the room after shaking hands with her, but comforted herself by thinking that he seemed extremely lonely. She wandered up and down, in and out, for some hours, as though she were unconsciously seeking something she had lost, until she awoke with a start to think of Father Garrett's dinner, and became her old, busy self again, with no time to give to idle dreaming.

One night, immediately before her wedding, Ethna proceeded to her room, carrying with her various presents; among them a handsome set of gold ornaments which she had received from Henry Moore that morning.

An hour passed away. The Madam was about forgetting the cares of the wedding breakfast in a peaceful sleep, when she was aroused by the sound of sobbing in Ethna's room. After listening for a moment, resting on her elbow, she got up, wrapped her dressing gown about her, and proceeded to investigate the cause of this seeming sorrow.

On entering the girl's room she found her on her knees, weeping passionately, with her face buried in the bed clothes.

"Ethna, Ethna," she cried, horror-stricken. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I am weeping for my ruined life, for my lost youth. Oh, mother, my heart is breaking," cried Ethna, wildly.

"My darling child," cried the Madam, in great tribulation.

"I was never anything but a trouble to you, it will be well for you to be rid of me," continued the girl. "Oh, mother, I am mad with misery; why did ye make this match? Buying me a husband with your money."

The Madam knelt beside her, and put her trembling arms around her.

"Why was I ever born?" Ethna went on. "Born to endure humiliation and sorrow. How can I marry Vincent? I won't marry him, my heart would break."

The Madam's tears ceased. She stood up and sat on the side of the bed.

"My dear Ethna," she said, "no one is forcing you to marry him. There is no necessity you should marry anyone you do not like. You would wrong him very much if you became his wife with such feelings as those. It is not too late, thank God. I will write to George Taylor to-morrow, and have the marriage broken off."

This was a view of the case that had not occurred to Ethna. She lifted her wet face: "Oh, you could not do such a thing, mother, and everything prepared for the wedding."

"It will be but a nine days' wonder, my dear, and anything is better than that you should marry against your inclinations. Many a marriage is broken off at the last moment. Vincent is so young and so good that he will soon get over the disappointment."

"Oh, mother, I could not bear all the talk. I can't break it off—it has gone too far."

"Nothing is so bad as an unhappy marriage, dear. All that

will be said is, that Mr. Talbot and I disagreed about the settlements. There is no fear but Vincent will get some one else very glad to be his wife."

"Oh, no, no," cried Ethna; "we will leave things as they are. I could not bear to be upsetting everything now."

"You need not say a word. I will take everything on myself; so you won't have the least worry." And the Madam smoothed down the girl's soft hair. "I could not let it go on, my dear, knowing your feelings, as I do now—it would be dreadful to have you married to a man you did not like."

"But, mother, you mistake, I do like Vincent," said the girl, whose tears had ceased, and whose feelings had undergone a rapid change. "It was only—only"—

"Only not well enough to marry him," said the Madam.

"Yes, quite well enough," answered the girl.

"My dear," said the Madam, after a moment's silence, and there was a touch of displeasure in her gentle voice, "I cannot understand you. I don't know if you understand yourself. Is it possible your secret flirtation with Mr. Philip Moore is causing you any regrets, or making your mind waver? You say you will not marry Vincent Talbot, and you say you will not put off the marriage. What do you wish to do?"

"Oh, mother, forgive me; it is all over now." She put her arms around the Madam's neck. "You'll see no more wayward humours. I'll be as happy as ever to-morrow. I was nervous and out of spirits, and worked myself up into an agony; don't say a word to any one about it."

"But, my dearest, consider what you are about. Remember the wedding can be easily put off."

"No, no, I would not wish it; let things go on."

"Well, dear, think more seriously to-night than you seem to have done yet. Marriage is not a thing you can do and undo; and it would be a dreadful mistake of you to let false shame, or fear of talk, prevent you from putting an end to the matter. No doubt, it would be very painful and unpleasant, but it would be far better than to force your inclinations. You must be doing a great wrong to Vincent; it is a dangerous thing for a young man to get a wife that does not care about him."

After some more conversation the Madam retired to her own room perplexed and saddened. She was quite unable to under-

stand the complex emotions that had thrown her daughter into such momentary despair. She was sincere in advising that the marriage should be broken off or deferred, but she was relieved when the girl altered her anti-matrimonial resolve, for she believed marriage to be a great moral restorative; it would cure Ethna of all her megrims; she would have her house, and husband, and, by-and-by, her children to look after. She could not but be content and happy.

Ethna went to rest somewhat ashamed of her sentimental outburst. When she called out in her unreasoning grief that she would not marry Vincent, it never occurred to her that the Madam would take her at her word and show her an open road out of such difficulty. She wept for the ecstacy of the past, but she did not wish to relinquish the chance to make the present more satisfying. What would she do if she had to remain on in the solitude of Mona?—her gay city life become another dream. Vincent's affection, also lost for ever. She shuddered at such unpleasant possibilities, and fell asleep determining it was the last time she would give way to romantic outcries of the heart.

The next morning her anxious mother found all signs of sorrow had disappeared, and Ethna was more like her old self than she had been for a long time.

The wedding was private, and very pleasant. The Taylors, Mr. Talbot, two male friends of Vincent's, the bridesmaids, Nell O'Malley, and Belle Power, with two priests, composed the company.

Ethna looked very handsome in her bridal dress of white satin and lace. There had been talk of a quieter costume, but Vincent resented the idea of getting a bride in anything but white. There was the necessity for her having handsome evening dresses, so it was concluded an orthodox bridal costume would be as sensible a one as any other.

There were amusing speeches made, merry laughter echoed in the parlour and in the kitchen, where humble "well-wishers" held high revels. Then there was the usual excitement—the changing of dress, the farewells, the gay parting words, the sad passionate clinging embrace between mother and child, and all was done; the bridal party departed to catch the train in Beltard for Dublin.

The last bird had left the nest, the company who had gathered

to see it take flight took their departure.

Little Nora, wearied out with the usual excitement, had fallen asleep with the kitten in her arms, and the Madam walked from room to room collecting with loving hands garments and trifles that Ethna had carelessly laid aside.

"She will come in summer," she said. "Summer won't be long coming."

Week after week slipped away. Nell O'Malley often came to see the Madam, and filled the house with her fresh young life, Nora and she running after each other through the house and round the flower beds, which were always kept in order in expectation of Ethna. Lizzie Lynch also came to hear news of "Miss Ethna." Whenever her letters made honourable mention of Corney O'Brien, the Madam did not omit reading them, which sent the listener away with a happier heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

O GATHERING CLOUD!

The Dublin office was in a good street not far from Stephen's Green. Mr. Talbot usually had the upper portion of the house let, but it was now furnished for the young people—furnished, too, in a style that showed taste was more regarded than economy.

"It is better to get good things—they are cheaper in the end," said Vincent, a sentence that is uttered by every one who has expensive tastes, and likes to give them an appearance of the cardinal virtue.

Ethna also had an admiration for handsome surroundings, so she did not deny her husband the pleasure of disposing them around her.

"I saw such a pretty trap to-day, Ethna," said Vincent, one evening. "I'm sure it will go a bargain; it belonged to an officer's wife; she used to drive it herself. What would you think if I bought it? I must get a horse; we are losing as much in cab-hire as would keep one."

Ethna thought it would be a very agreeable arrangement; and a pleasant picture of herself driving down the city presented

itself before her mental vision. The trap was bought and placed in the coach-house which was attached to their residence.

Vincent was on the look-out for a horse to occupy the stable, when one night Corney O'Brien came up to him in great excitement.

"Mr. Vincent," he exclaimed, "we have a chance of the grandest horse in Ireland."

"How—where?" said Vincent.

"Do you remember Mr. Smith, sir, and Seagull down in Monalena? Who did I meet but him, and I going down Dame Street; and he'll give you the loan of Seagull if you take him."

"The loan of him," said Vincent. "Why should he give me the loan of him? Perhaps he would sell him. Where is he? Where can I see him?"

"Here is his address, sir; and he said he would call at the office as soon as ever he had time. O Lord! if we had Seagull, I would not call the king my cousin. He won't sell him, though; he won't part him for ever. But he says he has to leave town, and he would give him to you, for he knows you would take care of him."

"I would give a hundred and fifty for him," said Vincent. "I will look him up at once. Do not be out when I come back."

Vincent went down town and called at Louis Sarsfield's hotel. He found him within. He appeared to have doffed the *role* of speculative trader in imperfect chaneyware, and now seemed to be a gentleman, assuming by right the position of one.

The young men had a long talk about many things. The affair of the horse was satisfactorily arranged. Vincent was to take charge of him, and make any use he pleased of him while his owner was out of town.

"By Jove, Ethna, we are in luck," Vincent exclaimed when he entered his own room about twelve o'clock. "You have the best horse in Dublin at your disposal, Joe Smith's Seagull; and he is coming to dine with us to-morrow."

"Which animal—the horse or the man?" asked Ethna.

"Both, my dear girl—biped and quadruped respectively."

"Is Mr. Smith a nice person to ask to dinner?" said Ethna.

"He is no end of a nice fellow," answered Vincent, "and seems to be a thorough gentleman. He is doing the swell now at all events. You could never associate him with Cheap Jack

of the voluble tongue."

The machinery of Ethna's life moved now without emitting any discordant creaking. She was surrounded with luxury ; she was handsome ; she dressed beautifully, and she became the fashion. Vincent had a good many friends or acquaintances, as the only child of a father supposed to be wealthy usually has. They called upon his wife, and handsome Mrs. Talbot was considered quite an addition at many social reunions.

She assiduously cultivated her fine voice, and at those small, pleasant suppers they were in the habit of giving, would sing the national melodies with a spirit that would wake some of her hot-headed listeners into the wildest enthusiasm.

Ethna thoroughly enjoyed it all—the excitement, the admiration, the notoriety. The knowledge of being appreciated stimulated her into brighter and wittier development, and she became a most entertaining woman of fashion.

She did not at all agree with Longfellow about that "stillness" which he says "best becomes a woman." Nor did she dream of "sitting by the fireside of her husband's hearth to feed its flame." It did not occur to her simply. In the beginning Vincent was inclined to stay indoors at night if she were not going out ; but she would take a book, answer him abstractedly if he spoke to her, until he would get up and say he "might as well go out for half an hour to see what was going on at the club." She would give a sigh of relief when he was gone, make herself more comfortable in her armchair, and lose a consciousness of all external things following the fortunes of some wayward heroine of modern romance.

In the merry month of May they paid the promised visit to Mona. The freshness of spring lingered in the breath of the young summer, the hedges were white with scented blossoms, the face of nature was softly breaking into smiles, into colour and radiance, and the world looked young and lovely.

In an ecstasy of joy the Madam received her daughter, and gazed on her with delighted eyes. How improved she was—her skin so beautifully fair, and her complexion as fine and clear as ever ; her hair so becomingly arranged ; her clothes fitting so perfectly. Why, actually she seemed to have grown taller.

"My darling Ethna, what a grand lady you have become !" exclaimed the Madam. "How can I put you up at all ?"

And Nora stroked down the silks and velvets with her fat little hands.

Ethna brought many presents for her friends, and a box of books to help her to while away the time among them. On Sunday she caused a good deal of distraction in church by the splendour of her appearance, and the country people exclaimed as she drove away from the gate :

“Glory be to God ! didn’t Miss Ethna grow up the fine lady ? ”

Lizzie Lynch often came over to see her, and, after some hesitation, made known to her that she was very anxious to get something to do that would relieve her father of the expense of supporting her.

“There is a houseful of us there,” said Lizzie, “and ’tisen’t easy to be providing the dinner and the breakfast for us from year’s end to year’s end. ’Tisen’t so much the wages I think of as to have the weight of me off him, and little Mary is well able to take my place.”

“Why, Lizzie, I’ll take you myself if that is the way,” answered Ethna. “You will be the greatest use to me to look after everything.”

“Oh, Miss Ethna, if you did,” exclaimed the girl, with a delighted face, “I’d be made for ever ; I won’t ask a halfpenny wages, or anything but the bit I’d eat ; I’d be as happy as a queen.”

“And you would be near Corney,” said Ethna, with a smile.

“Ah, then, maybe that would be no harm,” answered the girl, simply. “They say young men often take to wild ways in the city, and a friend that would speak the word of advice might be listened to, if she was near.”

“There is no fear of Corney, Lizzie ; he is a very steady fellow. Mr. Vincent has the greatest confidence in him.”

“There is worse going than him,” said Lizzie ; “he never gave much trouble to those over him. ’Tis often Willie and Dan wishes he wasn’t so good entirely ; for father is always holding him up as a pattern.”

It was arranged that Lizzie should return to Dublin with Ethna. The Madam quite approved of the arrangement, for her trust in city servants, and in her daughter’s capacity for managing them, was of a very wavering nature.

The first ten days passed away pleasantly enough : we enjoy

having old acquaintances see us in a new phase of our existence. There were many visits received and returned. Some days were spent between Mr. Talbot and the Taylors in Beltard; but after that Ethna began to feel the dulness somewhat oppressive. It was a relief when Nell O'Malley announced one evening that Mr. Joe Smith was coming to them next morning for a few days.

Seagull had established intimate relations between him and Vincent, and they had become excellent friends. He often dined with them in Dublin. He was irreproachable in manners and appearance; and in city society people do not have time to examine so closely into the circumstances of those they meet as in the country, where they stand like the houses, apart, and afford a view of every side. Ethna desired her mother to ask them all to dinner immediately, which rather surprised that good lady.

"I don't know what family he is," said Ethna, in answer to the Madam's inquiries. "Is not one Smith as good as another, when he comes from America? But he is a gentleman, certainly, and knows ever so many; he was an officer abroad. I dare say his going about with Cheap Jack was a freak; he seems to be well off."

The Madam did as she was directed, and quite agreed with Ethna, when she had entertained Joe Smith; "he was excellent company," she said, "she only regretted that he could not spend another evening at Mona."

He remained a week at Monalena. Father Garrett had become strangely thoughtful; he and his guest had long, earnest conversations, which seemed to have no enlivening effect on the spirits of either of them. Nell felt the days fly by on wings of light. She had a little supper prepared almost every night; for the guest had a curious habit of lingering on the mountains to watch the pale stars steal out on the summer skies. Father Garrett would remain up for him, however tired he might be, and Nell was never weary. Who cares to sleep when he is happy? Who would shut his eyes when the dawn of a new day appears above the horizon of his life, and a sunrise of supernal glory streams from the holy heavens?

A consciousness had come upon Nell and upon the visitor that made them a little uncomfortable in their relations. While Father Garrett was present, they could look at each other frankly, laugh and speak with the readiest utterance, but when they

happened to be alone they were inexplicably confused and awkward; the girl rushed into conversation, giving a good deal of rather uninteresting information, blushing the deeper from the knowledge that she was blushing; and the young man walked about the room, taking up and putting down books and papers after a painfully objectless fashion.

The visit came to an end. Louis held Nell's hand in his after wishing her good-by. He hesitated as if he were going to say something, then suddenly pressed her hand to his lips and left the room.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

(To be continued).

LOUGH BRAY.

AS some drain deeply the Circean bowl,
 Till rosy vapours cloud the dome of thought,
 Blotting its frescoed splendours, so I drink
 Of lucid joy and many-hued delight,
 Of silence undisturbed and tempered awe,
 From this pure chalice set amongst the hills.
 Cold is the draught, as though from caves of ice
 The streams were drawn that fill this ancient cup,
 Chased round with quaint device of twisted stem
 And form extinct rough-hewn in boulder rude;
 And yet it breeds a rapture far removed
 From riotous mirth. Reason undethroned
 Holds sovereign sway; while Fancy roams at will,
 A sportive faun, till rapt Imagination,
 Awakening from her swoon of tranced sleep,
 Spreads her broad wings and soars with eyes intent
 On the white orb, undazzled, undismayed,
 To heights where Reason totters. No such plumes
 Sustain fond Fancy's flights. She, like the swift,
 Circles near home, or, if she cleave the blue,
 Drops, like the arrowy lark, sucked back to earth.

T. H. WRIGHT.

OVER THE HILLS.

IT is an autumnal Sunday morning, and whosoever would hear Mass in the remote little mountain chapel of S——, must be stirring soon after the white mists have lifted from hill and hollow, so we toss one of our company—a young man arrayed for the first time in full masculine habiliments, and self-conscious as a Lord Mayor appearing for the first time in his robes of office—to the front seat of an eminently useful and equally inelegant dogcart, and clamber to a position by him. Our driver cracks his whip, and away we go, with much jolting, down a rocky incline for a hundred yards, and then come the hills rising one above the other with humble homesteads clinging to their sides, or built at their bases. The small fields are bare now; the corn and wheat have been harvested and garnered as the carefully thatched ricks tell. One can imagine how gay these same fields would be in the summer days with the gorse fences all aflame, and the amethyst-tinted spots of heath yielding their fragrance to every passing breeze. The mists are all dispelled by the amber sunshine, and a clump of trees on a hill many miles away is plainly visible against the soft blue of the western sky.

The road is a narrow one, fenceless in some parts, in others bordered with straggling hedgerows that were white with haw blossoms, and hung with roses earlier in the year. The sunshine turns the fading lines of the ferns and brackens into gold and orange; the leaves of the blackberry bushes are of vivid colouring; the hardy white convolvulus struggles on its vagrant way; the blossoms of the thistle are turning from purple to grey. At the crack of the whip a whole colony of small birds start from their ecstasie contemplation of crimson berries and ruddy haws, with much rustling of boughs and fluttering of wings. Our small companion would fain possess one of them, and we instruct him in the legendary mode of capture by throwing salt on their tails.

We have ascended three or four hills, and now the road stretches level before us, flanked on one side by an expanse of half moor, half meadow land. A brood of late swallows are fluttering over a dark-looking pool. Their relatives have long since journeyed to summer climes. There are plenteous stores of nuts on the

hazel bushes, and the clustering berries on the nightshade are jet black, while a mountain ash by a homestead near shows its crimson branches through leaves of still delicate green.

From every lane and *boreen* the country people come—the old men clad in coats of the cut of half a century ago, the elder women in blue cloaks or thick woollen shawls. The younger folk make a brave effort to follow the prevailing fashions; and the little maid who emerges from a winding path to the roadway, is fully satisfied with her own appearance in her new dark green frock. We give and receive cheery salutations, and occasionally catch a fragment of the conversations going on. These refer mostly to the prices of agricultural produce, or to new methods of labour; nor do these latter receive universal approval. We are very conservative in most things among these hills, and if there is loss in that conservatism there is also solid gain.

And now we take a swift turn to the right, and the sound of a miniature waterfall breaks on our ears. Another turn again to the right, and the little church is in full view. It stands back on a slight elevation from the highway, and is a plain unadorned edifice, built in times when Catholics were aliens to public positions throughout the land. On the opposite side of the road the steep acclivity covered with larches and Scotch firs rises to the height of twenty feet. A little mountain stream comes, sometimes laughing, sometimes brawling, down its rocky bed. To-day it is in merry mood.

There are fewer loiterers than usual in the chapel grounds, and the jarvey who is leading his heated steed up and down the roadway is from the town of C——, some eight miles away. From this we infer that the Canon himself has come to see to the well being of the most outlying part of his parish. He has been here a good hour before the time appointed for the celebration of Mass, and he has not been idle. There have been confessions to hear, and disputes between neighbours to settle.

Two or three women are filling large bottles at the holy water font, and, after a moment's delay, we pass up the narrow aisles to a front seat. Inside the church everything is perfectly clean. There are fresh flowers on the altar, and before the statue of the Blessed Virgin; and the full glory of the morning sunlight comes streaming in through the tall eastern windows. In a little while

of Faith, Hope and Charity are read and Mass begins.

Now and then there is a low murmur of fervent prayer to be heard, and one instinctively recalls Aubrey de Vere's lines :—

“ The long wave yearns along the coast,
With sob suppressed like that which thrills,
When o'er the altar mounts the host
Some chapel 'mid the Irish hills.”

After Mass has been celebrated, the Canon has a few short practical words of advice for his parishioners. Short they must necessarily be, for three miles away another congregation is assembling for second Mass. When we emerge from the chapel, he is starting on the way we came. Our charioteer is in waiting with horse and trap, and we follow in his wake down the hills. Our rate of progression is greater on our homeward way. Farm houses, and fields, and hedgerows with ash saplings denuded of their leaves, flaming beeches, and russet oaks, flit by in quick succession. Our small companion is in high good humour, but—alas, and alas, there is always a “but”—he has his grievances. There are no pockets in his waistcoat, and the Canon never once noticed that superb and lately donned garment.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

PART XI.

THE answer to No. 19 is "Brown Study"; and the lights are *bis, regret, ormolu, wound, neology*. With what ingenious laconism Mr. Kirby made these all rhyme together! The first line of his quatrain of course refers to the Ancient Mariner and to Brown, Jones, and Robinson. As usual, he has recourse to Shakespeare to shadow forth the second "upright."

No. 20 pairs together Blondin and Leotard. This Magazine will be read by some antiquarian, poking in the British Museum towards the end of the Twentieth Century, who will need to be told that Blondin crossed the Falls of Niagara on a tight rope, and that Leotard, I think, wheeled a man in a barrow across a rope near the ceiling of a lofty building. But, looking again at the lines in which a learned Lord Justice has enshrined the marvellous acrobats, I doubt the accuracy of my note. The "lights," very delicately shaded, are *bill, base, Orinoco, night, duenna, incisor, and Ned*. A lease falls in when the people named in it die off; yet who but a poet-lawyer would call a lease "the silent record of a man's demise?" In the sixth line, why is the carping cynic credited with having an incisor, rather than the genial optimist? Any reference to "incisive" remarks?

C. T. W. guessed these last acrostic words, but the lights were for him only darkness. Beside our ordinary competitors, the Rev. Dr. McCartan of Wallsall kindly sent us the true solution of No. 19.

Before we hand over the next two Acrostics to the ingenious reader, we may mention that two friends enlightened us as to the "bookish theoretic" that Judge O'Hagan contrasted in No. 18 with the simpler "rule of thumb." One writes from Plymouth: "Look at Othello, Act I, Scene I (I think). The words are Iago's, used to depreciate Michael Cassio's knowledge or experience in military matters."

No. 21.

To have me robbed a jovial rout cried,
Who deeply drank, and just as deeply lied.
To keep me full—a task found ofttimes vain—
The rival party-chieftains fiercely strain.

By big-wigged Doctors scorned, and overthrown,
By cotton Lords I'm fostered as their own.
I'm quick to calculate, I'm apt to speak—
I think in figures, and I dream in Greek.

1. Brightest of jewels, most resplendent,
From blackest negro I am pendent.
2. If Ali Baba had a Roman been,
This number on his corps you would have seen.
3. Ills I foretold ; but men withheld belief,
And for their scorning often came to grief.
4. Two armies met, and charged in mortal strife,
They changed a dynasty, I lost my life.
5. Where sunny Isles lie scattered on the Sea,
Each maid's heart fluttered as she thought of me.
6. "I bet five pounds upon it!" "Done! you win,"
Again. "Now, sir, you lose; I save my tin."
7. A grim old castle, ghosts, a rattling chain,
Mysterious sounds, with awful shrieks of pain.
8. Free me, Ye Powers, from Fenian plots I pray,
And Yankee filibusters keep away!
9. In this fierce contest, and at Epsom too,
Was well avenged the fight of Waterloo.

H.

No. 22.

A lawless, robbing, wandering life hath led
My second—but I quote a daft Divine.
Like Omphale with Hercules, light thread
Leads my strong first—I crown the custard fine.

1. I follow on the frolics of the knight.
2. The bar can ne'er forget my noble light.
3. Poetasters me both last, and least indite.

K.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Several years ago we began our notices of the books of the month with the following remarks :—

“The space allotted in our pages to the notices of the books sent for review has always been utterly inadequate to the worth and importance of many of these books. Some of them, if fitly examined, would occupy fully a third of our entire space. We have been obliged to stint ourselves to a mere paragraph or two, describing generally the plan and scope of the book in question, and giving our opinion of its execution. We can claim for these book-notices the merit of sincerity, neither praising nor dispraising extravagantly or capriciously. The books for which we could not conscientiously venture on even the most cautious praise, we have, for the most part, passed over altogether, not thinking it quite right or Christian to amuse ourselves or others by trying to poke fun at even any particularly silly book that happened to stray across our path.”

These remarks still hold good. This month especially there are several new publications which we should wish to review at considerable length. The one that we place first will soon be the subject of a separate study; and the volume which follows it has already been introduced by anticipation to our readers.

1. *The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems.* By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter.) John Lane : London and New York.

This volume of true poetry is brought out in a very artistic form. Its hundred pages contain about half as many poems, making the average a leaf for each poem. The one singled out for the title-page had hardly a right to expect such an honour, though it, too, has the note of quaint freshness and originality which marks the whole work. The majority of the pieces have an emphatically Celtic tone; and, even where the themes are old, there is a winning novelty about the treatment of them. But, fresh and youthful as they are, there is a depth of earnestness and maturity which shows a great advance upon “Verses by Dora Sigerson,” published (we are surprised to find) five years ago. In a very eulogistic review of the volume before us in the *Westminster Gazette* many detached stanzas were given to justify the critic's praise. Such fragments seem to us very unsatisfactory. More adequate samples will be furnished in the extended review which we have promised above, and which will show that in “*A Fairy Changeling and Other Poems*” the poetry of this closing century has been enriched by a volume of true and high inspiration,

none the worse for its marked Irish accent.

2. *Songs of Sion.* By Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D. (Dublin : Browne and Nolan).

This is, externally, the handsomest volume that Dublin has produced for many a day. The ample page, the fine typography, the artistic binding, and the beautiful illustrations give it the appearance of an *édition de luxe*, so that, while holy enough to be read in a convent chapel, it is dainty enough to be laid on a drawingroom table. The verses of S.M.S. are true and highly finished poetry. The most poetical are some of the tributes to the memory of departed friends. We shall make sure to refer to the criticisms passed upon this holy and beautiful volume : but for the present we must content ourselves with declaring our belief that it is fully worthy of the daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy.

3. *The Life of St. Augustine.* By the Rev. Philip Burton, C.M. (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son)

This is the third edition, greatly enlarged, of one of the most solid and excellent books that Catholic Literature owes to Irish priests. Father Burton spent two years amid the scenes of St. Augustine's life in order to prolong his own ; and he made use of this opportunity and his enforced holidays to study the life and writings of this great Saint on the spot. In a space of time, very short for so large a volume, especially for one published in Ireland, a second edition was asked for ; and now a third has been issued with very valuable additional matter. Not only Catholic critics but Protestant writers like the contributors to *The Church Quarterly Review* have given unstinted praise to the labours of the Irish Vincentian Father. Fortunately his excellent matter is set forth in a clear and unaffected style. The extracts from St. Augustine's sermons will be read with delight by the devout faithful, and few will blame the printing for being (as it is) too large and legible. A map and an index make the book still more manageable. This and the late Father Mac Namara's numerous and excellent books, which he reserved for the close of his life, form an important contribution on the part of the Irish sons of St. Vincent de Paul towards the fulfilment of the second great object of his institute as indicated by the Church in the collect of his Mass.

4. *Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass.* By the Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. (Benziger : New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago).

The devout faithful will appreciate, we trust, this excellent work which is brought out very differently from a work of the same sort which dates back more than a hundred years—Glover on the Mass.

Indeed the type used in this and some similar popular treatises seems needlessly large. A somewhat cheaper get-up would increase their sphere of usefulness. The late Archbishop of New Orleans, Dr. Janssens, recommended Father Lanslots' book in a brief and earnest preface. The pictures of the Priest in the different parts of Mass are very unlike the primitive little woodcuts that adorned the prayerbooks of long ago. There is at least one mistake which will probably never be noticed if not now: the position of the priest's hands, and indeed of the burse, shows that the printer has transposed the labels of "At the Epistle" and "At the Post-Communion." In place of "A. M. D. G." at the end, there is "U. I. O. G. D." These initials puzzle us.

5. *Coming Events Cast their Shadows. A Tale of a Past Day.* By A. A. Hyde. (London: Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row).

• Dr. Johnson very properly scolded Miss Sophia Thrale for not giving her christian name in full. The omission on a titlepage leaves one in doubt as to the author's sex, and we are uncertain whether we are to thank Mr., Mrs., or Miss Hyde for laying the date of a tale of a past day no further back in the past than the year 1870. The persons concerned in the story are chiefly English, with a French hero, but the scenes are laid in France. The style, indeed, is much too Frenchy. Long descriptions and long narrative paragraphs are written in the present tense, and an immense number of words and phrases are left untranslated which ought certainly to be in English. But there is merit in the story and a good deal of interest. The publisher's name is a guarantee that it is more than harmless, and that it is excellently produced.

We may name here two new Editions issued by the same Publisher. Cardinal Manning in 1867 prefixed a beautiful little preface to the Life of St. Francis of Assisi translated from St. Bonaventure by Miss Lockhart, sister of the well-remembered Father William Lockhart, and herself the author of an excellent Life of St. Teresa. In thirty years it has reached a fourth edition. Some one is greatly to blame for letting the titlepage be disfigured by the impossible phrase "Legenda Santa Francisci." It is a very holy book written by a Saint about a Saint.

In a shorter time the "Solid Virtue" of Father Bellocius, S.J. has reached a fifth edition. It is a very solid book in every sense of the term. The preface of Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, has helped the success of this translation, which we owe to an Ursuline Nun of Thurles.

The name of the same Publisher is on the titlepage of a very tiny "Life of St. John of the Cross, Founder of the Carmelite Reform," by

a Religious of St. Mary's Convent, York. with preface by Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

6. *Angels of the Battlefield. A History of the Labours of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the late Civil War.* By George Barton. (Philadelphia: Catholic Art Publishing Company).

The author of this stately volume begins his preface by stating that its object is "to present in as compact and comprehensive a form as possible the history of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the late Civil War." The comprehensiveness is more evident than the compactness, for the story is told in three hundred of the largest pages of royal octavo and in sufficiently economical type that compresses much matter into a single page. The details gathered together with pious industry are most interesting and edifying, and they are arranged very skilfully. There are some twenty full-page illustrations extremely well executed. Many of these, and indeed a good part of the volume itself, will appeal more emphatically to American readers. But the work as a whole is excellent in every way, and deserves the patronage of Catholics in all English-speaking countries.

7. *The Irish Difficulty: Shall and Will.* By Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc. (Blackie and Sons, Limited: London, Glasgow, and Dublin).

Monsignor Molloy has arranged in a very clear and agreeable manner materials gathered together with great industry and discrimination. With regard to the substance of the work, he has more than obeyed the nine years dictum of Horace. The great mass of examples and illustrations which he has marshalled so skilfully in groups are most interesting for their own sake. The reader who consults the book with the practical object of learning when to use "shall" would do well to follow the advice given in page 62, which calls attention to the three chief rules and gives the consoling assurance that these can be easily mastered in an hour, even by one who could not follow the minute collation of the various translations of the Bible as regards their use of these twin auxiliaries. A particularly interesting item is Lord Coleridge's letter at page 92 about his famous *Would you be surprised to hear?* in the cross examination of the Tichbourne Claimant. Many Irishmen have grown up to men's estate without having ever once summoned the auxiliary *shall* to their aid. Dr. Molloy very properly advises such to stick to their old *will* unless they are quite sure that *shall* is right; for a *shall* in the wrong place has more of the air of ignorant affectation. We shall watch with interest the reception accorded by the Saxon critics to this scholarly and ingenious work of an Irish priest.

8. *Ireland, with Other Poems.* By Lionel Johnson. (London: Elkin Mathews).

We have kept Mr. Johnson's previous volume of "Poems" beside us for many months past in the hope of introducing it to our readers. Mr. Johnson, though a very young man, is very favourably known as a critic in the literary world of London; and, when he in turn gave the critics a chance, they had nothing but high praise to bestow upon him, as will be seen in the last four pages of the new volume which are crammed with extracts from *The Times*, *Saturday Review*, *Academy*, *Athenæum*, and two dozen other journals of England, Ireland, France, and the United States. We of course rejoice all the more at this hearty recognition of the young poet because he puts forward in the front his devotion to the Catholic Church and Ireland, though he was born in neither. Some readers will be somewhat repelled at first by the classic austerity of his poetic style, but no one can fail to perceive his superiority to most of the verse-writers of the day in the nobility of his themes, the stateliness and refinement of his diction, and the fervour of his inspiration. His nature has a great capacity for various enthusiasms. Some of his best poetry is linked with Julian the Apostate and Cromwell, with Oxford and London, while he begins with Ireland and reaches, if not his highest, his very sweetest, in "Our Lady of the May."

9. Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, are now, as far as our knowledge goes, the most active and most spirited of all Catholic publishers on either side of the Atlantic. Of their last batch of publications, the most interesting is one that does not seem to be for sale but is a mere advertisement; namely, their "Portrait Catalogue of Catholic Authors," which they say they will be glad to send free by mail to any address. It is indeed confined to the authors whose publications appear in their own list. Of each of these a life-like vignette portrait is given, evidently from authorised photographs, with the autograph signature underneath. Seventy-three authors are thus represented; and in addition, apropos of their emphatic approbation of Benziger's unabridged edition of Hunolt's Sermons, we have portraits of sixteen Cardinals and Bishops, Irish, English, and American. In the nine instances of which we have personal knowledge of writers or prelates, we can testify to the fidelity with which features and handwriting are reproduced. The place and date of birth are given, except in the case of a few ladies; and altogether this mere publishers' Catalogue is quite an interesting literary gallery, which many will be glad to peruse.

Amongst the recent additions to the Benziger collection are three books translated from the German of Emmy Giehl, whom the aforesaid catalogue states to have been born in 1837 at Munich where she still resides. Besides her two short Stories, "The Three Little

Kings" and "Master Fridolin," we have here a substantial volume translated by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Indianapolis, "Blossoms of the Cross, dedicated to my dear companions in sickness and suffering for their pious entertainment." The commendatory preface of Dr. Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes, is dated February, 1894. A second edition has since been called for, while in Germany the first edition was exhausted, not in four years but in four months. It is a very interesting and edifying book and will comfort many a suffering soul, especially chronic invalids like the Author, who begins her preface with these words:—"It is twenty-five years since God placed me on this bed of sickness which I have not since left."

Both the stories that we have just mentioned have a special Christmas flavour about them. Still more is this flavour discernible in "Buzzer's Christmas," by Mary T. Waggaman, a very pleasant and pretty little story, which we almost prefer to the more ambitious effort of the same author, "Tom's Luck-pot." Why had not Mrs. Waggaman the humility and good sense to get some Irish friend to correct the brogue of her "apple-cheeked Irish nurse?" No Irish peasant says *swate* for *sweet* or *howly* for *holy*; he may transform *priest* into *preesht*, but never into *praste*; and why is *sure* spelled here *shure*, as if Mrs. Waggaman or anybody else pronounced it without the aspirate?

Another name in Benzigers' Portrait Catalogue is Marion Ames Taggart, to whose clever "Blissylvania Post-office" we lately gave the heartiest praise. Miss Taggart's new booklets, "Aser the Shepherd" and "Bezaleel," are of a very different kind from her previous work, and appeal to the mature taste. Aser is a five-year-child on the first Christmas night, and tells us what he saw then and afterwards; Bezaleel is the young man on whom Jesus looked with love but who went away sad because he had great possessions. *He* leads us on to Calvary. These elegant little quartos have frontispieces engraved with that softness and finish that we are used to in the best American magazines; and the stories are very feelingly and gracefully written. But we plead guilty to an aversion for all tales that introduce gospel characters, and we have never been able to read Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," which is said to be the best of them.

The last volume in Benzigers' list this month is "The Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin," written in German by the Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B., and "adapted" (better often than translated) by the Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. It consists of nearly four hundred pages of solid and excellent matter, excellently printed and bound, and illustrated copiously with good pictures of scenes in Our Lady's life.

10. We led our readers some months ago to expect Mr. David J.

O'Donoghue's work on the *Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan*. It has now appeared in a fine octavo volume, placing first on its titlepage the Edinburgh firm of "Patrick Geddes and Colleagues" which has lately attracted notice by the very artistically produced "Evergreen" and other very original exponents of the Celtic Renaissance. The present work, however, is altogether of Irish manufacture, and associates with the Professor-Publisher, M. H. Gill and Son, and some American firms. The author was lately styled in *The Sun* "the amazing bookman," and indeed, the variety and minuteness of Mr. O'Donoghue's bibliographical knowledge are amazing. He has gathered together from the most recondite sources every little fragment of information bearing upon the career and character of the author of "Dark Rosaleen." His work and Miss Guiney's recent collection supplement one another and give us all that is necessary—some think more than is necessary or desirable—about our gifted but unhappy countryman. The frontispiece is the Poet's portrait with his exquisitely neat autograph signature. We have also pictures of the house in which he was born, the house in which he worked as a scrivener, and Sir Frederick Burton's drawing of his head after death, which is now in the National Gallery of Ireland.

11. *Baby Lays*. By A. Stow and E. Calvert. (London: Elkin Mathews).

We do not wonder that this book of rhymes and pictures has already reached its second thousand. The rhymes are very funny, and the pictures are funnier still. Some of them are really very clever and produce a great effect with a few strokes. In the joint authorship the initial of the first name, we believe, stands for Adah, but we are not sure that, as regards "E. Calvert," we are right in expressing our expectation and desire to meet Miss Calvert soon again.

12. *The Rise of Democracy*. By J. Holland Rose, M.A. (Blackie and Son, Limited; London, Glasgow and Dublin).

This is the first of the Victorian Era Series which it is proposed to publish in monthly half-crown volumes, and of which the object is "to form a record of the great movements and developments of the age, in politics, economics, religion, industry, literature, science and art, and of the life-work of its typical and influential men." The general editor of the series is the author of this first volume. He treats in a very interesting manner of Radicalism, the agitation for parliamentary Reform, chartism, freedom of the Press, and other cognate subjects. In his preface he apologises for not treating of Irish affairs, and promises that this and other topics will be handled in future volumes of the series; but though eleven of these volumes

are mentioned definitely as in preparation; there is no reference to Ireland in any of them. The names of some of the authors guarantee excellent work.

13. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington alone, or in conjunction with the Catholic Truth Society, have published several interesting and edifying works. Some of them are reprints, such as "The Diurnal of the Soul, or Maxims and Examples of the Saints for every day in the year," which Ambrose Phillips de Lisle translated from the Italian some fifty years ago.

Another new edition is Father Bertrand Wilberforce's Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan. The name of the Art and Book Company alone appears on the titlepage of "The Apostle of England, a sermon preached at the Centenary Celebration, Ebbs Fleet, September 14th, 1897," by the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B. Bishop of Newport.

From the same firm we have "Sister Apolline Andriveau and the Scapular of the Passion," translated from the French by Lady Herbert. Sixty pages are given to the Life of the holy nun, and twice as many to her Letters.

Amongst the special recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society the most important is "To Calvary through the Mass" by the Rev. Eric William Leslie, S.J. This very original and pious treatise is made more interesting by a very effective story-like setting in which Father Eskdale, Michael O'Gorman, George Bold and others figure. Other additions to the C. T. S. literature are a lecture on Paris for use with the magic lantern, and a very beautiful homily on the Immaculate Conception.

14. Our diminishing space forces us to group together two or three unbound pamphlets, of which the most interesting is No. 1 of a home magazine for Australian Children of Mary, called *Madonna* and edited by the Rev. Michael Watson, S.J. Another is a Full Report of the Proceedings at the Irish Literary Festival held in the Rotunda, Dublin, May 17, 1897. Dr. Douglas Hyde's ode and Miss Norma Borthwick's prize essay are given in Irish, and a great many other similar items which we are alas! unable to particularise, as they are written in an unknown tongue. Bernard Doyle, Ormond Quay, Dublin, prints and publishes the preceeding as well as "Songs and Ballads of '98," several of which are in the Irish language, and, finally, "The Catapult, or Anti-Humbug up to date," by B. Magennis, dealing chiefly with politics and personalities into which we are forbidden to enter.

15. Our concluding paragraph can do little more than name three books issued by three separate publishers not named as yet in these book-notes. Fallon and Co. of Dublin publish the "Thrd School

Reader" in the School and College Series edited by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J. It is quite an admirable book, giving a great deal of sound knowledge of various subjects in a most attractive style. A pretty frontispiece, many very well executed pictures through the book, and fine type set all off to advantage. Burns and Oates give for two shillings the best and most readable edition of the New Testament that we have ever seen. Lastly, the *Ave Maria* Press of Notre Dame, Indiana, has issued in book-form Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's graphic biography of St. Antony under the title of "The Wonder-worker of Padua."

After we had written the word "lastly," we received "Islam before the Turk, a Narrative Essay," by Mr. Joseph J. Nunan, Ex-Scholar R.U.I., and Blake Scholar, T.C.D. Mr. Nunan has condensed into sixty pages a great mass of facts bearing on his theme. He might perhaps have treated it more effectively by more judicious selection of matter and a more strenuous effort after order and simplicity. In a grave historical disquisition the rather frequent snatches of verse seem out of place. This very meritorious *opusculum* could not have a more tasteful form than its publisher, Mr. Edward Ponsonby, Grafton Street, Dublin, has given to it.

OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION.

IN that same sunny land of Provence where the angels used to come and visit Saint Mary Magdalen, on the coast, overlooking the Mediterranean, there is a shrine of the Blessed Virgin Mary, known as Our Lady of Consolation. There it stands, on the crest of the olive-crowned hill, looking down on the quiet little town of Hyères, with its nest of old houses clinging together up the side of the opposite slope, until the view is shut in by the ruins of the old castle on the top of the rock. From the other side it is quite a different sight that meets our gaze, for below us lies the wondrous blue sea, and here and there are dotted the golden Isles of Hyères, shining out like jewels from the sapphire hue of the waters. It is with this blue sea that the legend of Our Lady of Consolation chiefly has to deal.

Many centuries ago, all Europe was ablaze with a noble fire ;

there was a breath of enthusiasm in the air, searied with noble in ardour to be among the first to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels. France, having at her head her saintly king, Louis IX, responded nobly to the call. Quiet villages were awakened by the clang of arms and all the preparations of a warlike departure. Hyères was not behind, for was not its zuzerain, Charles d'Anjou, own brother to the king, and to him belonged the lordly castle on the hill? In the August of 1248, the brave warriors set out, leaving many an aching heart to watch for their return. Two years swept by, and wives and mothers wept as they heard first of the ravages of the pest, then of the captivity of the King. There was one among them, who, when she knew that her son was a prisoner, turned her thoughts and hopes above and earnestly entreated Our Lady of Consolation to hear her prayers. There was then no church crowning the hill-side, but many a weary day, with aching feet, and still more aching heart, the faithful mother toiled up the steep and rough roadway, for it was from the summit that her eyes could search the great Mediterranean, ever expectant of that white sail which was to restore to her her beloved son. As she emerged from the shut in path, and saw the blue vista that spread out before her, the sight must have brought to her hope itself. It was then that her heart turned to that other Mother who had stood for three long hours beside the Cross during the agony of her Divine Son; fervently she implored her to restore to her her child, and made a vow, that, if her prayer were answered, she would erect a church in her honour on that very spot, and call it "Our Lady of Consolation." Her faith met with its reward; she was one of the happy few who was to know, while still on earth, the blessedness of those words: "Ask and you shall receive;" for her prayer was answered in the very way she begged. We do not know where the glad tidings found her; if it was down below, on her knees in the old parish church, or at her usual post, gazing out to sea. Perhaps she was the first to spy in the far distance the ship with its precious burden; and what suspense until she knew her son was among those on board, and that the weary watching had come to end at last! With him was the holy King and his band of brave Crusaders; and earnestly they thanked God for His goodness in rescuing them from so great perils by land and sea. This joyful return took place on the 12th July, 1254. Once more

the mother climbed the hill, but this time not alone ; and without doubt it was the good king himself who marked out, with his own royal hands, the place where the future church was to stand. Soon it rose, bringing with it hope and consolation to all those who live under its shadow. It was a privileged spot, when Our Lady loved to answer the prayers of her children. Many miracles took place ; in their every difficulty the inhabitants of Hyères invoked with confidence their Lady of Consolation, the good Mother they love to call her. Princes and nobles brought her costly offerings from afar. Most of these treasures disappeared in the troubled times of the great Revolution. Our Lady's shrine was not spared by sacrilegious hands, but the miraculous statue was placed in safety. The church at the present time is adorned with innumerable ex-votos, dating from 1612 and continuing without interruption, even through the terrible years of the end of the eighteenth century, up till now. The walls are lined with these little pictures, in which the humble artist has naively depicted the scene of the miracle : children saved from the flames, men in imminent danger of being run over, the sick brought back as it were from the grave. The lack of skill would make us smile, were it not for the great faith the pictures evince, and each has a touching significance all its own ; for does not each one point to some bitter moment in a life's history, when all would have perished, had not Our Lady stretched out her hand to rescue ? In all of them she is visibly represented, as if to show us that it is to her the donor owes his favour. Here, again, are tokens of a different kind ; little boats carefully carved, telling their tale of peril by sea ; there are crutches, happily no longer needed ; a little farther on, a memento of the happy day of a first communion ; then, a chaplet of orange blossoms, we wonder if it was placed there in thankfulness by a bride of earth or a bride of heaven. Several times, when the neighbouring towns and villages have been menaced by some great scourge, the inhabitants have come to the shrine in solemn pilgrimage, and it has not been in vain. Thus it was in the cholera years, 1835, 1854, and 1865. Also when there has been a great drought, as in 1818 and 1868. An old chronicle tells us, that in 1768, the want of rain was so great that the wheat was dying in the ground. Processions were ordered ; on the 17th May, they came in solemn pilgrimage, both men and women barefooted, and as they turned out of the parish

church to ascend the hill, chanting plaintive litanies, a gentle rain began to fall—the good Mother had had pity on her children.

They have now placed her statue above the porch, facing Toulon; it can be seen from many miles around, the hands outstretched with a gesture of protection; and to all who raise their eyes to it, it stands as a sign of hope. On the feasts of the Annunciation and the Assumption solemn Mass is sung. Crowds come from all parts around; there is hardly standing room in the church. The miraculous statue, dressed in magnificent garments and adorned with jewels, is taken down from its place by the altar put at the bottom of the choir steps, within easy reach of the pilgrims who press around, each bringing his offering of a candle or a bouquet, until the ground is piled high with the fragrant flowers of the South.

On other days it is quite different, and the pilgrim who comes to kneel at the feet of the Holy Mother and Her Divine Child, hears not a sound or a murmur to disturb his prayer. Gradually the infinite peace of the holy place steals into his heart, he lays his life's burden at Our Lady's feet and rises comforted. The road to the shrine is an image of life itself; very rough and steep, cheered here and again by several flowers, but ever rising steeper as it nears the goal. So it is with us. But when the last moment comes, when we have finished for ever the bitter life-struggle, and look out with wondering eyes on the great sea of Eternity, may we then, like the pilgrim, find Our Lady of Consolation awaiting us! With her beside us we have nothing to fear, for she will take us by the hand and lead our faltering steps to Him who has opened for us the gates of Heaven,—her own dear Son.

EVA BILLINGTON.

WINGED WORDS.

It is hard to do one's duty for duty's sake. Before, I had Love to help me.—*M. G.*

The world is every day growing more worldly ; it ties us down by more and stronger cords, and to break them requires bolder and more assiduous effort.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

God sets the soul long, weary, perhaps impossible tasks ; yet is satisfied by the first sincere proof that obedience is intended, and takes the burden away forthwith.—*Coventry Patmore.*

People think those the wisest who agree with themselves.—*Rosa Mulholland Gilbert.*

Grief that is most unselfish is always hardest to bear. A selfish heart will comfort itself with the little mercurial compensations which life is ever providing ; but the heart that aches for another cannot even relish peace while evil has hold of the one beloved.—*The Same.*

Responsibility educates.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.—*George Eliot.*

I avoid looking forward or backward, and try to keep looking upward. What I have and ought to do is very distinctly laid out for me ; what I want and pray for, is strength to perform it.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Civilization is not dominion, wealth, material luxury ; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread,—good though those things be. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering ; chivalrous regard and respect for women ; the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion ; the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world ; the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile ; ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for peace.—*Lord Russell of Killowen.*

The art of forgetting is a blessed art ; but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And, if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness.—*Anon.*

FEBRUARY, 1898.

SOME NOTES ON "MACBETH."

I.—"THE LYCEUM IDEA."

"FOR a critic to say anything of Shakspeare that has not been said already is about as hard as it would be for a poet to sing a new song about the sun." Nevertheless, by a rearrangement of old impressions we gain a new sense of life. Something may yet be done in Shaksperian criticism through a selection of what is greatest, and an endeavour to harmonize or render coherent the mass of opinion apparently diverse, of those minds whose differences of thought are mainly due to their having approached their subject from different sides.

Yet it is not for this reason I would say anything on the play of Macbeth. So far as I know, none of the great tragedies have been less the subject of varying opinion amongst Shakspeare critics, either from the ethical standpoint, or from the view of character study: and what is true of its exponents in the study seems to be also true in the main of its exponents on the stage. The acting of Shakspeare, more than the criticism of his works, has been overlaid by a mass of tradition, the value of which it is impossible now to estimate; but one may fairly doubt whether stage tradition, as a conventional force, has helped us towards a closer realization of Shakspeare's intention. This would be an interesting question to examine, had one the material available, but having alluded to it we may let it pass. To me it seems that the character of Macbeth, as handed down by stage tradition, and expressed by the acting of this century, has been of all Shakspeare's chief rôles the most stereotyped in the manner of its presentment. Hamlet, from the earliest days of Shaksperian criticism and acting alike,

has been acknowledged a sufficiently baffling study to discover and set forth the main motives of his action or inaction, "to know his stops, to sound him from his lowest note to the top of his compass," or "to pluck out the heart of his mystery." But to judge from writing and stage tradition, Macbeth has not so puzzled either critic or actor. To show the ruin, moral and physical, of a brave soldier once honest and loyal to his king, caught in the toils of ambition and spurred on to murder and regicide by an evil woman has contented actor and critic alike for two centuries. Enough for the actor if, in the earlier scenes, he could enlist sympathy by splendour of courageous bearing, and then by swift collapse into a besotted criminal, give us the sense of tragedy and catastrophe. So much has this been the case that from the stage point of view the play of Macbeth for life or death depended hitherto not on the acting of the title-rôle, but on the acting of Lady Macbeth. If only a great genius, a Siddons or a Ristori, could be found to play the wife's part, any average actor, granting him to be sufficiently "strong in the part," to use a stage expression, was counted good enough for the title-rôle. We all know the amount of intellectual analysis required for the part by stage tradition: a man full of animal courage, but duped by witch-craft and ruled by a terrible wife: a part which gave great chances to the actor who reserved his powers for the telling scenes of melodramatic interest—the murder of Duncan, the scene with Banquo's ghost, the "cauldron scene" as it is termed on the stage, and the good "ding-dong fight" at the close, which, if sufficiently prolonged, made the pit to rise, and brought down the gods:—a scene to delight the heart of Mr. Vincent Crummies himself. Such, baldly stated, would seem to have been the stage tradition of centuries.

If such a view of the part be justified by the text, the play as a whole must degenerate into the least ethical of Shakspeare's tragedies. That a man, loyal at heart, fresh from a battlefield where he has fought for his king, and conquered through his immense bravery, should suddenly at a hint from three old women, and the urging of his wife firing his ambition, plunge into a very debauch of murder, is so crude and revolting an idea that to accept it as being justified by the text is as much as to doubt whether the work is from the same hand that had fashioned Hamlet and was about to create Lear. Or on the other hand to

accept the belief that such was Shakspeare's intention would amount to saying that in this one play he was content to abandon this earth and all therein to Hecate and to Lucifer. And it is precisely because in none of his plays is Shakspeare at such pains to rescue us from this opinion as he is in *Macbeth*, it will be of interest to note the method by which he does so, and thus perhaps to come to something like an estimate of the genius of the great living Actor, whose exposition of the part has done more to place the play as a whole on the ethical level which it deserves, than has the writing of any or of all the critics taken together.

On the spiritual significance of the Witches, Professor Dowden has brought us of any of the critics nearest the central idea of Shakspeare, and for our study it will be well to quote him in full. But before doing so I will note one significant element in the tragedy, its atmosphere. Elsewhere Shakspeare has been at pains to create for us atmospheres in which spiritual forces become manifest. In the wood without the walls of Athens, or rather in the woods of Charlecote Hall by Stratford, we may dream of Oberon, Titania, and Puck, those wayward and delightful "shadows" that smile to us a farewell as they tremble and melt into the first sunbeams of the morning. By the murmuring surge that chafes around the magic island of Prospero, the doers of Ariel's bidding foot it featly on the yellow sands or fill the isle with noises. Yet they are but the creations of Prospero's magic, and if we question him as to their substance, he tells us that we ourselves are little more than they—"such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded by a sleep." Upon the starlit platform of Elsinore the veil between us and the spiritual world is lifted; and Shakspeare for the time gives an adherence to the doctrine of Purgatory. The Ghost in *Hamlet* is reality, we are not allowed to question whether he is only the creation of the Prince's disordered brain, he appears to Horatio and to Marcellus; yet he is not materialised, he is invisible to the Queen. But when all is said, it must be confessed that this creation is no confession on Shakspeare's part of belief in a spiritual world existing without us, and sending at times into the world of matter faint whispers or startling manifestations; he is the Ghost of an artist only, not necessarily of a believer. When Shakspeare sets himself to confess his belief in the existence of spiritual powers without us, he incarnates them in tangible material. He will not let us explain away their

existence with the aid of any scientific or metaphysical subtleties. A woman sainted by wrong and sorrow patiently endured, sleeping and dreaming upon her deathbed has a vision of angels, who show her the crown that is in store for her : it may be but a dream, yet Shakspeare brings the angels before our eyes as we watch her. But the fact as Shakspeare sees it is the ecstatic smile that plays upon the dying Queen's lips.* The powers of evil are abroad in the air, the gates of Hell stand open, but the embodiment thereof are the three Witches of Macbeth. There on that blasted heath of the northern land which nurtures to this day a race who still strive to peer into the twilight of the Unseen, and create among themselves an atmosphere of the occult world, Shakspeare has made his confession of faith in the existence of a spiritual world that acts upon us for good or for evil, and he has embodied his belief in the persons of these three hags.

"It need hardly be once more repeated that the Witches of Macbeth are not the broom-stick witches of vulgar tradition. If they are grotesque, they are also sublime. The weird sisters of our dramatist may take their place beside the terrible old women of Michael Angelo who spin the destinies of man. Shakspeare is no more afraid than Michael Angelo of being vulgar. It is the feeble, sentimental-ideal artist who is nervous about the dignity of his conceptions, and who in aiming at the great, attains only grandiose ; he thins away all that is positive and material in the hope of discovering some novelty of shadowy horror. But the great ideal artists—Michael Angelo, Dante, Blake, Beethoven—see things far more dreadful than the vague horrors of the romanticist ; they are perfectly fearless in their use of the material, the definite, the gross, the so-called vulgar. And thus Shakspeare fearlessly shows us his weird sisters, 'the goddesses of destinies' brewing infernal charms in their wicked cauldron. We cannot quite dispense in this life with ritualism, and the ritualism of evil is foul and ugly ; the hell-broth which the witches are brewing bubbles up with no refined, spiritual poison ; the quintessence of mischief is being brewed out of foul things which can be enumerated ; 'thick and slab' the gruel must be made. Yet these weird sisters remain terrible and sublime. They tingle in every fibre with evil energy, as the tempest does with the electric current ; their malignity is inexhaustible ; they are wells of sin springing up into everlasting death ; they have their raptures and extacies in crime ; they snatch with delight at the relics of impiety and foul disease ; they are the awful inspirers of murder, insanity, and suicide.

"The weird sisters, says Gervinus, 'are simply the embodiment of inward temptation.' They are surely much more than this. . . . We move through the world subject to forces of evil and of good outside ourselves. We are caught up at times upon a stream of virtuous force, a beneficent current which bears us onward towards an abiding place of joy, of purity, and of self-sacrifice ; or a counter current drifts us towards darkness, cold and death. And therefore no great realist in art has hesitated to admit the existence of what Theologians name Divine Grace, and what Theologians name Satanic Temptation. There is in truth

no such thing as 'naked manhood.' . . . And between the evil within and the evil without subsists a terrible sympathy and reciprocity. There is in the atmosphere a zymotic poison of sin; and the constitution which is morally enfeebled supplies appropriate nutriment for the germs of disease; while the hardy moral nature repels the same germs. Macbeth is infected; Banquo passes free."*

"Observe," Professor Dowden goes on, "that the last words of the witches in the opening scene of the play, are the first words which Macbeth himself utters:

'Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air. . . .'

Macbeth.—"So foul and fair a day I have not seen." Shakspeare intimates by this that although Macbeth has not yet set eyes upon these hags, the connection is already established between his soul and them. Their spells have already wrought upon his blood."† I believe that Shakspeare means even more than this. He means to indicate that in the atmosphere created by these evil ones the guilty soul of Macbeth becomes sensitised to phenomena and impulses from without, and responds to them even before he is mentally conscious of the agents who produce them. On the other hand, whilst Macbeth stands gazing in wonder into the clouded elements of foulness and evil that enwrap them, the stronger moral nature of Banquo is unaffected, he is the first to see the witches, and he sees simply the three women, grotesque, bearded and hideous, just as they are materially, standing in the chill and mist-laden air of the north. "To Banquo they are objective. They are outside himself, and he can observe and describe their strange aspect, their wild attire, and their mysterious gesture."‡

Macbeth is lost in the vague sensation we feel when that which is strange seems to be familiar, and to have happened before. He doubts their objective reality and his first words are an entreaty: "speak if you can; what are you?" It is on the third "hail!" of the witches naming him as the future King that Macbeth "starts," and the 'start,' is of such a nature as to provoke the comment of Banquo. It is the start of terror, not of surprise. "It is a full revelation of his criminal aptitudes that

* Professor Dowden, *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*. p. 244 and seq.

† Ibid. p. 249.

‡ Ibid. p. 250.

so startles and surprises him," says Mr. Hudson. "And besides this," adds Professor Dowden, "Macbeth is startled to find that there is a terrible correspondence established between the baser instincts of his own heart and certain awful external agencies of evil. . . . Shakspeare does not believe in the sudden transformation of a noble and loyal soul into that of a traitor and murderer. At the outset Macbeth possesses no real fidelity to things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely. He is simply not yet in alliance with the powers of evil. He has aptitudes for goodness, and aptitudes for crime. Shakspeare felt profoundly that this careless attitude of suspense between virtue and vice cannot continue long. The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force. Those who lack energy of goodness, and drop into a languid neutrality between the antagonist spiritual forces of this world, must serve the devil as slaves, if they will not decide to serve God as freemen." *

In the face of a thought such as this, so beautifully uttered, it will appear only a paltry impertinence to say that this was not Shakspeare's intention at all. Yet the object of this paper is to say so, and it must be said. Shakspeare does not need his great critic's apology for having suddenly converted Macbeth into a murderer, since he clearly tells you that there was no conversion whatever, for the reason that Macbeth was a murderer at heart before he met the witches; and if you will only carefully follow the text you will see this without a doubt.

Is there not too much stress laid on Macbeth's loyalty? He, next but one in direct succession to the throne of Scotland, fought and killed in battle the rebel MacDonwald, and afterwards (so says Ross) beat back the invasion of the King of Norway, aided by the traitor-thane of Cawdor. As a matter of fact, the scene† in which Macbeth's prowess is told is not from Shakspeare's hand: Macbeth has vanquished Cawdor and in the very next scene Shakspeare makes him to say—"the thane of Cawdor lives, a *prosperous gentleman*." How the discrepancy crept in is not of moment: but Shakspeare did not at any rate interest himself with either Macbeth's loyalty, or with his bravery. We may readily grant him the fierceness of physical courage in battle, but that is no virtue, whatever Mr. Ruskin may say. Macbeth's loyalty amounts to that of a

* Ibid. p. 250.

† Macbeth, Act I., Scene II.

man who sees the chances of his own succession to the throne at stake : and to sit on the throne of Scotland had become the master-passion of Macbeth's existence before the play opens. This passion of ambition he had shewn to his wife ; in her presence he had sworn that if time and place gave him the opportunity (and to achieve his end he would make both) even the necessary murder of the King would not deter him from going onward to the goal of his criminal ambition. Returning from his victories against the invader and rebel, he meets the witches, and is awe-stricken at the discovery that the agencies of evil, outside himself, are acquainted with the criminal intention to which he is dedicated. We must suppose that Shakspeare intended him to be ignorant of Cawdor's revolt and execution, until Ross and Angus, the King's messengers, reveal the fact to him in the same scene, by informing him of his investiture with the condemned rebel's thaneship. This fulfilment of the witches' second prophecy is to Macbeth earnest of the fulfilment of the third, promising him the crown : the powers of Hell are working on his side ; but, to borrow Professor Dowden's words, his guilty intention has made him the slave of evil, and no longer a free agent to resist. Added to this he is fronted immediately by the opportunity to murder the King, which he had sworn to make if time and place did not of themselves serve ; the King proposes to visit him in his castle at Inverness.

Macbeth is not heroic in evil—he does not possess a mastery over the modes of villainy, nor a mastery of self before the opportunities for compassing them which fate, as he calls it, has set before him. He stands aghast at the sight of shadowy agents of the metaphysical world suddenly ranged up to compel him to the course which, unaided by them, his own courage would perhaps never have compassed. He broods not in resisting the temptation but in analysing his sensations.

Macbeth—"Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock as my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings ;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Banquo—Look how our partner's rapt."

The passion of ambition for which Macbeth has bartered away his soul has yielded place to the obsession of a single idea. Brought face to face with the means of committing the crime he is sworn to, the physical image of the murder, which he carelessly faced in the abstract, confronts and terrifies him. He becomes whelmed in the idea of Duncan lying in his blood; he feels the soft resistance to his dagger-point of the old man's breast; with haggard face, and eye fixed on vacancy, the phantoms of his brain arrange themselves into all the sickening details of murder; the powers of evil are at work within him, and he yields to their suggesting as a man does in a hypnotic trance. In other words, he becomes a prey to the malady known to Charcot and other medical psychologists as *l'idée fixe*: it is the first stage of monomania. These fits of abstraction are the *petits maux*, or warning signs of the oncoming storm of that fierce epilepsy of crime into which he is about to fall. To his slaves the devil is a hard taskmaster, he drives them with the lash.

For such a state of demonic obsession what chance remains of rescue? Spiritually speaking there is none, Shakspeare would seem to say. The souls of such are already in the outer darkness and must "dree their weird." And yet, before the final consummation of his guilt, the human hand of Macbeth reaches out to grasp another's. There is nothing so piteous in the whole of Shakspeare, so terrible in its irony as the fact that Macbeth loves a woman, and is loved by her in return. It only wants on her part a practical refusal to countenance his intention, and the evil spell under which he has fallen will be broken forthwith. It requires from her no ardour of virtue to accomplish this; a practical recognition of the ultimate futility of his designs to bring him satisfaction, and a few plain words from her will suffice. Half hoping they may be given, half hoping they may be withheld, Macbeth sets out before the King for Inverness, to apprise his wife of his guest's approach. But in the turmoil of unrest and shadowy fear that has taken possession of him, he dreads to meet the steadfast face he knows so well. He sends messengers on before him, the first with a letter which tells her of the meeting with the witches and their prophecies, the second with the verbal news that the King is following him to be his guest. The news will tell her all his soul shrinks from discussing; in her face, when they meet, he can read her resolve, and learn

his fate.

It is here that the irony of Shakspeare rises to its highest flight of truth. The hand, that might have stayed Macbeth on his downward and headlong rush into crime, is thrust forward to accelerate his fall. But this fact is only the bitter fruit of his own misdoing. He has long since cut himself adrift from human succour by having dragged his wife with him into the depths of criminal desire and intention, in which he has lived for some time before the opening of the play.

It is Lady Macbeth who once stood in that middle state where extremes of virtue and extremes of vice were possibilities in her nature. And the determining cause which sways the balance in her case on the side of crime is not any tendency towards criminal desires, nor even towards ambition for herself, but is the passion of her woman's heart for the man who is her husband. Love is the sole ardour of which she is capable, and the ruler of her existence; she possesses a conscience, but it does not govern her actions. Like every woman who loves passionately, she has formed her ideal of Macbeth; and she has not yet been disillusioned. She holds Macbeth to be "too full o' the milk o' human kindness to catch the nearest way" (i.e. to grasp the crown by murder). She anticipates Macbeth's shrinking from the actual commission of the crime, and attributes it to the workings of his conscience. "What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily." Though unswayed by spiritual fears herself, yet such workings in the nature of the man she loves are part of him, and she does not despise him for being partly influenced by them. For herself she has no ambition other than to see the fruition of her husband's desires. There is only one line in the play in which she speaks of herself as a future Queen, and then it is as coupled with Macbeth. She knows that Macbeth will never be content unless his desire to possess the crown is gratified, and that is a motive stronger with her than any vision of Queenship. She reads in Macbeth's letter the fulfilment of one prophecy of the witches and the promise of the other, and she is filled with a fierce exultation. But the fulfilment of the first prophecy is not to her a guerdon of surety that the throne will fall to his grasp in inaction and by waiting: she longs for his approach that she may spur him on to work out the promised destiny.

“ Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.”

Straightway as she utters these words the second messenger arrives with the news “the King comes here to-night.” The news is so tremendous that it breaks down all her self-control, and forces from her the cry “Thou’rt mad to say it!” But the news is true and her mind sweeps on without hesitation to the awful climax which it portends.

“ The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.”

To neglect so stupendous a fulfilment of the desires that have shaken Macbeth’s peace for so long would amount to an iniquity in her code of ethics. There is no pause with her to analyse her sensations; it only remains for her to consecrate her soul and body to the work of death. Even “the curse” of Lear is not so terrible as that speech in which she cuts off from herself her better nature, and “palls her in the dunnest smoke of hell;”—as Professor Dowden says:—“Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism.” And so this delicate and fragile woman becomes an abiding place of hell. “According to my notion,” says the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, who reached the height of her art in this part, “Lady Macbeth’s beauty is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine; nay, perhaps even fragile.” Dr. Bucknill about the same time, but ignorant that Mrs. Siddons held a similar opinion, wrote, “Lady Macbeth was a lady beautiful and delicate, whose one vivid passion proves that her organisation was instinct with nerve force, unoppressed by weight of flesh. Probably she was small; for it is the smaller women whose emotional fire is the most fierce, and she herself bears unconscious testimony to the fact that her hand was little.” Such is the nature, warped by the contamination of his own evil which Shakspeare’s irony places awaiting the vacillating and excitably imaginative mind of the criminal Macbeth, to guide and direct him.

Only those who have witnessed it can imagine how beautifully the whole situation is told when Irving's Macbeth meets the Lady Macbeth of Ellen Terry. The haggard pallid face with the haunted shifting eyes cannot meet the steadfast gaze of the wife, who, after the first outburst of loving and triumphant greeting, becomes strangely quiet and apprehensive as she watches him, and strives to compel his glance to meet her own. Husky, from the dry throat of agitation, the first words of Macbeth come slowly, and with pauses in between.

"My dearest love

Duncan comes here to-night."

It is the crisis of his soul. It is to discuss this subject with her which he most fears and most desires. But the weird change that has come upon Macbeth since she saw him last, the blight cast on him by the absorption of spiritual miasma in the witches' presence have chilled somewhat the wife's exultation. In a pause she waits to hear more; but the silence grows. She will bring him to the point before she speaks further. Quietly in distinct undertones she asks the question—"And when goes hence?"—Irving starts, a furtive look of fear crosses his face, and he answers—"To-morrow." . . . sharply. There is in reply to this a quiet and chilling withdrawal of contact from him on the part of Ellen Terry. The cowardly spirit of Macbeth feels the human sympathy he needs slipping away from him, and he hastens to drop the innuendo that sets the seal of finality on the death of his soul. . . . "as he purposes."

Lady Macbeth—

"O, never

Shall sun that morrow see! *

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters."

I have heard a great critic say once that Irving in this character over-emphasized the *superstitious side* of Macbeth's nature. I think he mistook for an expression of superstitious fear, that spiritual inward strife against shadowy horror and fixed idea which no actor, living or dead, has ever expressed with a like weird power and intensity. The acting of Irving in "*The Bells*," "*Louis XI.*," "*Eugene Aram*" is only a key as it were to his finer and more subtle method of expressing the same element in Macbeth. As I

* Note the effect here of the unfinished metre of this line, and the emphasis, first made, and so frequently repeated, on the countenance of Macbeth.

have said elsewhere, no artist except Dickens has in modern times got within the murderer's soul so completely as Irving, and this amounts to saying that, next to Shakspeare, in this respect, Irving and Dickens stand alone.

Macbeth's last chance of rescue gone, he feels no comfort nor conviction. His mind still reaches after the means to escape from the necessity which evil has thrust upon him, and he answers but sluggishly to the lash. His nervous system is too worn out to grapple with the problem of ways and means for committal of the crime; and to discuss it with his wife is, to him even, revolting. He defers the evil hour:

Macbeth—We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth— Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me.

The truth is that a new phantom is added to the shadows against which his disordered imagination is at strife. The delicate beauty of this highly strung nervous woman whom he loves has placed her as a thing apart from and above his rougher nature. Without the ardour of virtue against which his unprincipled egotism would have revolted, he has found help in the keen intelligence, and comfort in the quick sympathy, with which she has met his plans and aspirations and discussed them. But even for a criminal like Macbeth, it is one thing to see the woman he loves approve a crime in the abstract, and another to find that on the spur of the emergency she is more prepared than he is, inured though he be to the sight of slaughter on the battle-field, to discuss and plan its sickening details. The affection that exists between them has not been fraught with any of that severe reticence of tenderness such as exists between a strong soul wedded to a weak; strange as it may seem, the high-strung nervous energy of this woman who sees things in their clearest and most definite outline, has not told on Macbeth's mind, where fact forever disappears in the dim atmosphere of surmise, to compel him to the reverential homage which the weak soul feels for the strong to which it is mated; only her fragile beauty has affected him, and she is his "dearest chuck." He has seen her with his child at her breast; and now. . . . The eagerness with which she has dedicated herself to the uttermost service of hell has appalled him. Instead

of the pallid agitation which he knows has painted his own face, he finds the flush of exultation and the baleful light of murderous determination in hers. She has joined the army of shadowy terrors that hold his soul in siege. He flies both the event and her, and, noteworthy fact, leaves her alone to greet the King and welcome him to her threshold.

The night has fallen, the darkness that is paramount in the play, and the glimmer of the torches lights up the still set face of this woman who unassisted stands at her castle's entrance to greet the King and kinsman she has doomed to death. The acting of Ellen Terry in this scene created one of the finest moments that the modern stage has seen: the outward charm and dignity of her bearing, and yet the nervous contraction of her lips and brows with the tense tones of her voice told so fully the strain within kept under by the indomitable woman's will.

Later in the night, from the supper room where his victim is feasting secure, wan and haggard, Macbeth staggers into the castle hall. He has been unable to determine on anything, in his shaken mental state all details, save the pictures of his crime and its consequences, elude his grasp as he strives to clutch them. The sight of the old King whom he is sworn to slay makes him a prey to physical sensations which he cannot endure, and he steals from his presence into solitude to dispel with reasoning, if he can, the fell impulse to murder that, in spite of all its terrors, is still raging at his heart. But there is no element of remorse in Macbeth's struggles. It is the same here as with Faust. For those who are his slaves the Evil One has no gentle wooings. He spares them nothing in the enormity of their guilt, even before their crime's commission. Though with their own words they may paint on their souls its full blackness, yet he drives them on. Macbeth sees the triple treachery he is about to be guilty of—the murder of kinsman, guest, and king. But the motives that make him shrink from it are not those of abstract revolt against the sin, but the fear of how it will appear to others, and affect his safety. The virtues of Duncan, of which he speaks, do not appeal *to him* for "pity," but he knows how they will appeal *to others*, "and blow the horrid deed in every eye." It is all the fruitless reasoning of a criminal at heart who shrinks from crime only because he cannot see a way towards its safe committal. In his duties as host he has not yet had that further speech with his wife which he had promised

himself. As she now enters in search of him, he strives to summon up a show of final decision to leave things as they are, and enjoy the honours won and given him, rather than risk their loss.

Macbeth.—We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside too soon.

But here the irony of Shakspeare shows us Macbeth at odds with a force of evil of his own creating that he had not reckoned with. In days gone by he has infected this woman with the poison of his ambition and criminal desires; the evil seed has grown and now bears the fruit of death; all the force of her intellect and woman's anger is hurled into her words, and the weaker nature of the man shrinks back appalled at her indignation and scorn.

Lady Macbeth.—

Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeared
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteamest the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?

The word "coward" is like a whip-lash in the face of the man who can feel its stinging truth. He answers to the blow with a fruitless boast.

Macbeth.—

Prithee, peace!

I dare do all that may become a man!
Who dares do more is none.

But the boast has no effect. This woman who for love and love's ambition has unsexed herself and pawned her soul in self-dedication to the powers of evil, sees the object of her ambition slipping from her grasp, whilst the man who has debauched her moral attributes draws back and would lay claim to virtue where only cowardice is at work. Her whole proud nature revolts at the injustice, she will rend the veil of self-complacent rectitude in which he has wrapped himself, and having shown him to himself in his true image she will show herself also.

Lady Macbeth—

What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprise to me ?

When you durst do it, then you were a man ;

And to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. *Nor time nor place**Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :*

They have made themselves, and that their fitness

Does now unmake you. I have given suck

And know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have dashed the brains out, *had I so sworn**As you have done to this !*

The fountains of the great deep are broken up : the truth and fulness of Macbeth's crime and meanness are told ; naked and ashamed, his evil soul stands trembling and a culprit before the soul of the woman he has ruined. In a hoarse whisper he confesses himself.

Macbeth—

If we should fail !

Lady Macbeth—We fail.

She knows she has won the game ; his spirit is plastic as clay in her hands ; but she knows also that his recantation was chiefly due to inability to plan the details of the murder, and perhaps her woman's intuition tells her the piteous pathos of the fact that a lingering sentiment of the romance that once encircled their love has made him shrink from soiling her sensibilities with any such discussion. With pity she seats herself beside him, and, taking the weary haggard face to her bosom, unfolds the plot by which, when she has drugged the grooms of the King's chamber, the old man may be slain and the crime laid on his sleeping servants. The words are as wine to the parched soul of Macbeth ; as the simplicity and effectiveness of the plot are unfolded, it is with the cry of a primordial nature and of a savage he embraces her.

“Bring forth men children only :

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males !”

All doubt and hesitancy are for the time cast aside. This woman whose urgings to evil had added but one more to the list of shadowy foes, has for the moment, by the force of her intellect and nervous energy, swept all the shadows aside—the human aid

he has sought for is his, and a flash of light, as the lightning plays across the storm, illumines the darkness of his soul. But the light is the pallid flame of hell, and the rhyme of his words is the laughter thereof.

Away ! and mock the time with fairest show.
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

MONTAGU GRIFFIN.

(To be continued).

THE ELF-CHILD.

“MOTHER! is this the storm-fiend, swooping down to seize me ?
He hath slain all my autumn leaves with his lightning sword.”

Nay, nay, my little one, 'tis angels' fingers straying
In some wild midnight voluntary on the organ of the Lord !

“Mother ! stars are hidden, and the great cloud-billows
Pile their big battalions o'er the flying moon ;
Will she be o'erwhelmed, and rise no more to cheer us ? ”
Nay, nay, my little one, 'tis moon-dance to storm-rune.

“Mother, list ! the death-watch, tapping, tapping, tapping ;
Is this my little coffin that they're nailing, plank to plank ? ”
Mother's tears are falling, pitifully falling ;
Mother's heart is sinking in the midnight, drear and blank.

But she whispered : Nay, my child 'tis angels' fingers swaying
The woodbine's long, lithe tendrils against the window pane ;
Sleep, my child, thy little couch is canopied and fringed
By the locked wings of angels against the storm and rain.

Slept the weary elf-child ; slept the mother weary ;
Angels folded ermine wings, like cope of kneeling priest ;
Then upwards through the storm-blast, on their white breasts cradled,
Passed the sleeping elf-child to the Child-God's natal Feast.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FENIANS.

ETHNA TALBOT'S visit also came to a close. Once upon a time she used to indignantly condemn those whose love of nature was unenthusiastic, who felt no "rapture by the lonely shore," and doubted the exhilarating effect of breezy mountains; but at the end of a month she was weary of them, and went back thankfully to city ways.

She returned to her life of pleasure, she was to be seen at social gatherings, sometimes with her husband, as often without him, matronising her gay young friends. She and Vincent were well known in the park, where Seagull attracted the notice of anyone who had a knowledge of horseflesh. She was rarely at home in the evenings except when they were giving one of their brilliant little supper-parties, where politics were largely discussed and patriotic songs were sung very well, rather than wisely.

Ethna never questioned her husband as to the manner in which he spent those midnight hours that were apart from hers. They were like divers who took momentary rest side by side upon the shore, before plunging again into the great deep; they thought not of each other, but of the possible pearls beneath the glancing tide. They were both good-tempered, they had excellent animal spirits, and they never disagreed. If one had to yield to the other, the innate selfishness of Ethna's nature asserted itself, as usual, and she did exactly as she pleased.

Lizzie Lynch in her secret heart did not approve of the *ménage* in which she became a most useful personage, and sometimes opened her mind to her lover.

"Ah, then, isn't it a pity the mistress wouldn't stop at home?"

she would say. "And where does the master be at all? Last night he came in so pale and tired. Dear knows but he gave me a turn. 'Tis the wonder of the world she would not stop within and see after him."

"I suppose you will never take your eye off me when you have a houl of me," answered Corney. "The master is able to take care of himself."

"I don't like some of your ways, no more than another," said Lizzie. "You aren't the boy you were—out at night, walking the world, when you ought to be in your bed. 'Tis a droll way of living—in bed when we ought to be up, and up when we ought to be in bed. And how will the master stand at all, and the way money is going?"

"There's no fear of his money, Liz. Sure his father is made of money, and there's no one there but himself. You fret yourself about everything, you foolish girl. 'Tis well for me I'm in for such a sensible wife."

"God give us all sense," said Lizzie; "I'm in dread we haven't much of it."

But beneath the smiling surface of society there were forces at work which were gradually upheaving—ugly rocks to startle those who sailed about in their little pleasure boats, and alarm those who had a good deal to love on board. The fall of Richmond closed the American War; the Federal armies were disbanded, and the Irish regiments were set at liberty. Numbers of gallant officers, who had nothing in particular to turn to, were only looking out for a cause to which they could give sympathy and assistance.

The Fenian leaders concluded that the long-wished-for hour was come—the hour to emancipate Ireland and regenerate her generally. Arms were imported. American officers came over in every steamer, the earliest being established in Dublin. The Government well knew of the conspiracy, but knew not where to lay hold of it; military were poured into the city, which gave additional impetus to balls and parties; and excitement, both pleasurable and painful, prevailed everywhere. The Fenians were beginning to assert themselves, and were not afraid to come occasionally into collision with the Nationalists at public assemblies.

The hours that Ethna devoted to dancing graceful measures

upon waxed floors were spent by Vincent and Corney O'Brien at Fenian meetings, where Louis Sarsfield, *alias* Joe Smith, was high in command—hot-headed, enthusiastic meetings, where there was patriotism, courage, and unselfish purpose in abundance, impossible aspirations for ideal liberty, and impersonal aims; but where there was neither reason, common sense, nor that discretion which is said to be the better part of valour—the mass being leavened by a goodly number of those warlike spirits who have a natural taste for conspiracy—conspiracy being, in the mind of man, somehow opposed to the necessity of his having to work honestly for his livelihood.

Louis Sarsfield was about the only sensible man among the conspirators; he entirely disapproved of having recourse to arms for the present; he “was altogether misled,” he said, “about the organisation, and would never have come over, had he known the unprepared state in which the country continued; but he had got into the swim and should submit to higher and unwise authority.”

Corney O'Brien, with a great number of the Monalena boys, had been inflamed by Cheap Jack's brilliant pictures of “New Ireland,” if her sons had the courage to fight for her, and had been sworn in by him, while he was decorating the maternal “dresses.”

Though most of the national leaders—those, at least, who were best known to the people, the chiefs of the 'Forty-eight movement—censured and kept aloof from the unconstitutional scheme, the promoters of it were fortunate enough to secure the services of some men of rare abilities and invincible courage. One of them—a student who had graduated at the Queen's University, and taken out his medical degrees in the Queen's College, Cork—was a friend of Vincent's, and it did not take him a very long time to confuse the boy's ideas about the duties owed to the “higher powers,” and fill his mind with arcadian visions of a free and a happy land.

Ethna knew nothing of her husband's movements; she knew as little about the Fenians; she gave them no deep thought; but with her natural tendency to go to extremes, she defended them with great animation.

“Pshaw, I am ashamed of my country,” she exclaimed, scornfully at one of her suppers. “Such puny attempts at liberty!

Why would not men fight for their country and be done with it ? ”

“ It’s not a wise thing to tread on a lion’s tail if you have no weapon to kill him, Mrs. Talbot,” replied Louis Sarsfield.

“ Tread on his tail ! ” she repeated, mockingly. “ One roar from him a mile away is enough to make an Irishman run. We women must give the keys of the pantry to our husbands and take the guns from them.”

“ I always saw you put your fingers in your ears whenever you knew I was going to fire one,” said Vincent.

“ Oh, I would get over that in the excitement and glory of fighting in a great and noble cause. But Irishmen expend all their energies plotting over pots of whisky in holes and corners; they have no strength left to face the enemy. I never would expect anything of them since the day thousands of them stood by and saw Robert Emmet hanged.”

Day by day the excitement increased in the city, and one morning it was electrified by the intelligence that those who were suspected to be Fenian leaders were safely lodged in prison. There was a great tumult. Houses were searched and ransacked; mothers were in terror about their sons; wives about their husbands. No one was certain who was or was not concerned in the movement, and those who had a timid organisation anticipated a general massacre. It was the same way all over the country: midnight arrests, wild flights, perilous escapes, and panic. Then there was the capture of the great Fenian chief; causing the upper and business classes to exult, the lower ones to mourn. And hardly had the excitement of his arrest abated when the public was again thrown into convulsions by the tidings of his escape from prison. Utter consternation prevailed among the peaceful portion of the community. Unknown horrors were anticipated. Cavalry scoured the country in all directions. Police scattered through the city, searching suspected houses, tearing down wainscoting, ripping up floors, examining garrets, presses, and coal-cellars; but without avail. And the inhabitants of the city remained in a state of uncertainty as to whether they would be blown up individually or collectively.

Meanwhile, Vincent Talbot and Corney O’Brien attended to the business of the office more attentively than they had done for some months, and escaped suspicion. Louis Sarsfield had dis-

appeared ; and after a time people began to draw their breaths, and to hope that, after all, they might not be precipitated so suddenly into the other world as they expected.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“YOU ARE COLD, OR HARD, OR SOMETHING.”

“I wish you remained at home to-night, Ethna,” said Vincent one afternoon. “I can’t go with you, I have business to attend ; but I would be in early.”

“Stay at home,” she exclaimed, “after getting a new dress and promising to take the Weldons ! Can you not put off your business ? It is sure to be a pleasant ball.”

“No ; I have made an appointment. You ought to be tired of balls and parties now. You are a dissipated character.”

“So I am tired of them sometimes, but we must be at something or we would get into the blues.”

“I wonder how do people manage who never go to balls ?” said Vincent.

“Fight with their husbands and wives, perhaps,” answered Ethna, “and sulk through the evenings. I daresay there are many who would condemn our mode of living and expatiate on the beauty of domestic habits, and all they do themselves is to stay at home and make themselves very unpleasant. Did you ever remark how disagreeable some virtuous people are ? They act up to the letter and give free scope to the spirit. There is no one agitates my bile so much as a Pharisee ?”

“Ah, did you ever meet a lax person who did not denounce the Scribes and Pharisees ?” said Vincent, laughingly. “They flatter themselves that there is an honesty about their own sins that deserves consideration, hypocrisy alone is the damnable one.”

“It is hard to know who is good or bad,” said Ethna. “I see people who, I am sure, fancy they are admirable, as envious, uncharitable, and worldly as a timid little demon might be who got the run of the world for a while and wished to keep up appearances.”

“Oh, you are always rushing to extremes,” answered Vincent. “You can excuse the sins of a sinner, but you cannot have

patience with the imperfections of a good Christian ; when you become well behaved yourself, nothing will do you but hair shirts and flagellations."

"That would be a great change," she said. "I hate mortification of any kind ; and I like to be amused."

Vincent had finished his luncheon ; he laid down his napkin and leaned his head upon his hands.

"Do you know, Eth," he said, looking meditatively at her, "I think you are fonder of amusement than you are of me ?"

"How do you make out that ?" she replied, a little surprised. "Am I not very agreeable—for a wife, you know ?"

"Yes, you are not disagreeable, but you are cold, or hard, or something, like as if you kept me on the outside of your nature rather than near your heart, and I would be very fond of you if you let me."

"You foolish fellow, we are old married people now, we could not be always spooning."

"But you never spooned. I sometimes think you took more interest in me before we were married or engaged, than you did since ; I might be getting my head in a halter now for all you know."

"Indeed you deserve a better wife. I acknowledge that. Was there a button off your shirt to-day, to awaken doubts of my conjugal love ?"

"No, the buttons were all right, for which I may thank Lizzie," he answered with a smile ; "but often, Eth, in the evenings when I see you looking so handsome and admired, I think if you were a strange girl, what a great case we might have, and how we might be awfully in love with each other."

Ethna laughed.

"You ought to have more sense," she said, "and rejoice that you are spared romantic agonies for evermore. Moderate emotion is safer than ecstasies."

"Oh, you are a great philosopher," answered Vincent, standing up. "But I have something to do now besides discussing the tender passion ; so good-by to you."

That night Ethna moved softly to the inspiring strains of a band, beautifully dressed, and surrounded by admirers ; while Vincent presided at a Fenian council within locked doors, where weighty matters were discussed concerning the good of the country.

Next day Vincent and Ethna drove to Kingstown to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Moore, who were staying there. She went now with none of the misgivings that agitated her in the time gone by. She was no longer the awkward country girl, but the fashionable young matron, certain of her position, her appearance, and her ability to conduct herself according to the laws of polite society. She no more seemed at a disadvantage beside the calm English lady, whom she evidently surprised; and she was quite able to discuss those topics—those current subjects of conversation—her ignorance of which heretofore had seemed to place such an immeasurable distance between them.

Henry Moore was delighted to see her, and with great pride showed her his little son, who was an inhabitant of this vale of tears for six months. A strange yearning awoke in Ethna's heart as she watched the mother bend over it with unspeakable affection, and she thought to herself, with a sudden feeling of despair, that it was her doom to be always kept from the happiness of a great love.

They told her that Miss Butler was engaged to the Honourable Charles Leslie, and that Philip Moore had some idea of exchanging into another regiment and returning home.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BIG BILL.

"I don't like the ways of this place at all, if I could help it," said Lizzie Lynch, placing Corney O'Brien's dinner before him. "The mistress thinking of nothing but dressing and dancing, and you and the master out, the Lord knows where; are you sure 'tis to safe places ye go, Corney?"

"Listen to her," answered Corney. "Was there ever such a little *onsha*? You won't leave a bit above on your bones, fretting about nothing; of course we go to safe places, and we'll make everything safe yet, please God."

"I misdoubt everything," said Lizzie, "place and people, even the policeman, civil-spoken as he is."

"You needn't be listening to his civil speeches," replied Corney, sharply. "I'd put a stop to his coorting on this beat while

I'd be looking about me, the ill-looking *strammel*."

"He's not so bad at all, as far as looks go," said Lizzie, "but I don't like him for all that."

"You don't," answered Corney, "but you like a bit of divarsion, I suppose; if you told him, like an honest girl, that you were bespoken already, he'd drop his soft talk."

"'Tis soft talk that tries to pick out of me," said Lizzie. "He is very anxious entirely to know where Mr. Smith is, and does the master expect him to come back to town soon? and he wanted to know did you keep me company in the evenings? Right well I knew what he was up to with all his plaumausy."

"I'll blacken his eyes and put a stop to his spying," exclaimed Corney. "I have the patience of the world and to stand by, seeing him make up to you; but who knows—I'll have it out of him yet, please God."

"Have sense, Corney, and don't be so near your temper," said Lizzie; "he's watching more than me, or I'm greatly mistaken. The Lord knows the life does be frightened out of me. I know the way it was with the boys in Monalena since Cheap Jack came there. I thought you'd be safe when you came to Dublin; but, sure, 'tis like as if we were walking on a mine, and I wish we were back in the country, so I do. Where were ye last night?"

"At the theatre, to be sure, where there was the grandest play in the world. I'll tell you the story of it when I am done; there was a pair in it fond of each other, like yourself and myself."

"Ah, if you were so fond of me, you'd give ear to what I say," said Lizzie, with a sigh; "you'd give up night-walking those troubled times, and mind nothing but the business; and, if the mistress stayed in, so might the master. But, where's my use in talking?"

A yard ran out at the rere of the house and opened on the end of a narrow lane, which, a few paces or so farther on, led round to the main street, and in the other direction backwards into a "wilderness of sin," a tangle of dirty, evil-looking houses—a place where one might naturally expect to see the ugly head of vice leering out of the battered doors and frowning windows, if unaware that he as often sits smiling behind pillared porticos and plateglass.

A large wooden door in which was a little wicket gave ingress

and egress to Vincent's horse and trap; and here it was the wont of Lizzie Lynch to watch for Corney when he was out later than usual.

One night she stood listening at the gate—the Talbots had gone to an entertainment, the other servants were in bed—listening to the sounds of the city as they slowly died away. It was a blowing night, heavy clouds drifted across a cold full moon, and the masses of ivy growing on the old wall above the gate clashed their leaves together. There seemed to be more noise than usual down the lane, and with a beating heart, Lizzie bent her head to listen. There was a publichouse, much patronised by soldiers and outcasts of society, in the locality, and incompatibility of temper over their drink often ended in open warfare.

Lizzie opened the wicket and gazed into the outer darkness, but closed it again rapidly, for the uproar was evidently increasing in and about the publichouse.

Suddenly it broke forth into the wildest excess. Shrieks and curses filled the air; evidently the publichouse ejected its unruly inmates, and a free fight was being finished in the lane. Lizzie held the bolt of the wicket in her hand ready to let in Corney the moment he came. The noises were coming nearer, cries of pain, passion, and blasphemy mingled in a hideous tangle of sound; her strained ears caught the sound of running footsteps, there was a stumble at the door, which shook it, and an awful oath in the suppressed voice of a woman.

"Where am I?" she said, "he'll kill me, blast him, why did ever I let go my hands off his neck?"

She clung close to the door, which vibrated with her smothered pantings.

"Where is she?" cried out the furious voice of a man, "let me at her till I stick her an' send her to hell; I'll tear her limb from limb, the blasted villain. Give her up or I'll have yer life."

"He'll find me," muttered the woman; "but I might as well die here as anywhere else."

With a sudden impulse Lizzie drew the bolt.

"Come in," she whispered.

The figure crept in through the half-opened wicket and fell inside, while the girl fastened it again. Scarcely was it done when the crowd was outside.

"Thry in the dark," cried the man. "She's drunk, the she-

devil; she can't go far. When I come up to her, she'll never go a step farther."

He struck the door in his rage, evidently with a knife, and, finding nothing, ran on, followed by the others.

A moment more there was a cry, "Police, police!" Footsteps were heard flying back again, and in five minutes no sound remained but the regular tread of the policemen.

The woman drew her breath.

"That knife would have been in me if I was outside," she said, "an' a good deed when I didn't send it through him when I had it. I might as well die like a stuck pig as by the river."

"God pity you," said Lizzie.

"God!" answered the woman. "Is there a God at all? I know there is a hell, because I live in it, an' tis the place that matches me. But you saved my life this night, and only that the Lord wouldn't listen to me I'd ask Him to bless you, for I'm afraid to die—I'm afraid to die."

She rocked herself to and fro, with her hands clasping her knees.

"The Lord will listen to you," said Lizzie. "Doesn't He listen to us all, and who hasn't to ask His pardon? While there's life there's hope."

"There's no hope for the likes of me," answered the woman. "I'm damned here and hereafter; and I was once good and innocent like you, earning an honest bread. Oh, may him that put a hand in me first never see the light of God," she continued, falling on her knees. "May the tongue that tempted me stiffen in his mouth. May the hands that led me astray wither off him, may everything he has melt from him, till he feels the shame, and hunger, and despair he brought on the top of me. Let me out; 'tis time for me to go."

She stood up.

"Maybe 'tisn't safe yet," said Lizzie, trembling at the woman's passionate denunciations.

"'Tis as safe as ever 'twill be," answered the woman. "He ran from the peelers. I'll come up to him yet—see, if I don't. I was hungry, too, when he struck me."

"And you haven't eaten since."

"Where would I get it? We gets enough to drink and half enough to eat. When the fight riz, it took the hunger off me."

"Wait one minute and I'll bring you a bit," said Lizzie.

She ran into the house, took what she had ready for Corney's supper, and brought it out. The woman took it silently, ate the bread and meat, and drank the tea. The tears ran down her face as she gave back the bowl, but she repressed her sobs.

"You are the first that gave me a kind word this many a day," she said; "and may I never die till I can do some turn for you."

"Sure you won't go to any bad place to-night?" Lizzie said, hesitatingly. "Here is a shilling to pay for your bed. I'm afraid to let you out at all into the lane."

"If you let me out any other way, I'll disgrace the house," answered the woman, "if any one seen me."

Lizzie thought for a moment. She had an old waterproof cloak which had been superseded by one Ethna had given her; she intended to have brought it home when next she went to Mona, but, thank God, no one at home wanted it so much as this miserable wretch. She went into the house again and brought it out. It covered all the woman's tawdry finery, and, with the hood drawn over her head, she was hidden and had a decent appearance. Quietly they crept into the passages. She opened the hall-door and let her into the main street.

"You saved my life, you fed and clothed me," said the woman. "I won't forget it."

"May the Lord speed and save you," answered Lizzie, closing the door.

The next moment she heard Corney's gentle signal at the wicket, and went out to admit him. She told him of her evening's adventures.

"You did right, Liz," he said. "The kind act is never thrown away; and if the Lord of Glory only gave good things to those who deserved them we'd be all badly off."

Lizzie saw the woman a few weeks after, when she and Corney were walking home from the church. The lamplight shone upon the tawdry finery and the worn, pinched face. Lizzie instinctively drew closer to the young man's side, but the woman turned away as they advanced and did not pretend to recognise her. She followed them, however, at a little distance, and muttered to herself:

"I'll know him again; he's her sweetheart."

The next week the girl stood at her old post watching for her lover; she opened the wicket slightly and saw the woman lingering in the lane. The moment she observed the aperture she glanced about and rapidly advanced.

"Bid the one you're waiting for beware," she said. "There's more watching him than you."

"Who is watching him?" asked Lizzie, in alarm. "Why should he be watched?"

"He knows that himself, maybe, better than us. Have you any call to him?"

"We're to be married," said the girl, simply, "whenever we can. But who is watching him?"

"Tell him to mind himself of big Bill, that's all."

"Big Bill, the policeman?"

"Bill, the spy. But maybe I'm as good a spy as him. I'll pull the windpipe out of him before he hurts a hair of your sweetheart's head. But bid him look sharp, an' mind the road he takes to certain places."

"Ah, my God," said the girl, "what will I do? And he won't be said by me, and stay within."

"There's no fear yet. Spying Bill hasn't the right end of the thread. Look here, if ye gets into any trouble, write a bit of a line and put it into that hole there in the wall. I'm able to read, an' I may be able to give a helping hand. I know a good deal and we'll do spying Bill. Shut the door; I hear steps."

She stooped down as if to pull up her stocking, and then went away down the lane, with two policemen quietly sauntering after her.

Corney took the advice sent him so peculiarly, and became more domestic in his habits. He and big Bill bestowed a friendly greeting on each other when they came in contact; but Lizzie trembled at the sight of him, and made their accidental interviews as short as possible.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

(To be continued).

REGRETS.

SO palely, faintly blue the skies
 Wherein each separate cloudlet lies
 Like silver fleece or seraph's wing,
 With all the poesy of Spring.

The hills are clad in azure sheen,
 The grass beneath my feet is green,
 And ruddy gold the beeches sway,
 November hath the smile of May !

The grey house standeth in the sun.
 While grasses grow and waters run,
 These green fields and this house were ours,
 Its beechen trees and garden bowers.

But ours it is no more, alas !—
 To strangers the old place will pass,
 For them will bloom the daffodil,
 The roses by each window sill.

Young children's voices, sweetly shrill,
 The silence of the rooms may fill,
 Where late the Requiem was said
 Twice in three months above our dead.

Beloved Dead, the place would be
 All holier for your memory.
 The things familiar to your eyes
 And sacred with your touch we prize.

Our heavy loss were less complete
 In the old ways that felt your feet,
 The aching in our hearts less sore—
 But these shall know our name no more.

Yet when the household fires are quenched,
 The darkling panes with cold dews drenched,
 Our dreaming souls will come again
 In half-delirious joy and pain ;

And in the ghostly, moon-lit gloom
The shadowy corner of each room,
Shall give to us a shadowy face
That hath not lost the human grace :

The sister who had shared our play
In many a happy long-lost day,
And he, whose name we may not speak
Without the tear upon our cheek.

(Our mother's coffin lies on his
In the deep grave where silence is :
God made her mourning time be brief,
Whose widowed heart was crushed with grief).

Our dreaming souls will hardly know
In such dim hours that this is so.
He seems but sleeping in his chair,
She's busy on some household care.

And in our sister's hands are flowers
That are not gathered many hours
For love and dreams can bridge the years,
The long, dim sea of bitter tears.

Dear God, there is a home above
Within the household of Thy love,
Where all shall reunited be
Through the long, glad Eternity.

MARY FURLONG.



A BATCH OF IRISH LEARICS.

FIRST of all, what is a *Learic*? A *Learic* is not a lyric as pronounced by one of that nation who joke with deefficulty; but it is the name we have invented for a single-stanza poem modelled on the form of "The Book of Nonsense" for which Mr. Edward Lear has got perhaps more fame than he deserved. His funny pictures helped his funny rhymes very cleverly. We have not seen it noticed that these nonsense-verses copy the metre of Lady Morgan's "Kate Kearney." It is a very *amphibrachian* metre, to coin an epithet for the occasion; namely, the "foot" that predominates is an amphibrach, consisting of a long syllable between two short ones, like *eternal*. The whole stanza is made up, first, of two lines consisting of three amphibrachs, then two short lines consisting each of an amphibrach and an iambus, ending with a fifth line the same as the first two. Mr. Lear's verses are largely geographical. Here is his nonsense-verse about almost the only Irish town that he has thus honoured:—

There was an Old Person of Newry,
Whose manners were tinctured with fury;
He tore all the rugs
And broke all the jugs
Within twenty miles' distance of Newry.

The following will fix on the youthful mind that the spot which determines our first meridian is pronounced *Grinnitch*.

There was a Young Lady of Greenwich
Whose garments were bordered with spinach;
But a large spotty calf
Bit her shawl quite in half,
Which alarmed that Young Lady of Greenwich.

It will be perceived that Mr. Lear uses one rhyme twice. It seems a more skilful feat to find three distinct rhymes; and the more 'difficult the rhyme the better, if the difficulty be fairly overcome. "Winchelsea" is hard enough; but we see no special force in the concluding line.

There was an Old Lady of Winchelsea,
Who said, "If you needle or pin shall see
On the floor of my room,
Sweep it up with a broom,"
That exhaustive Old Lady of Winchelsea.

With this explanation we venture to print an original batch of Learics on Irish men, and women of letters. The reader is supposed to know that Mrs. Cowden Clarke wrote a Concordance of Shakspeare, and that Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is the closest parallel for Miss Barlow's Lisconnell.

I.

The Author of "The History of Dublin."

Thy marvellous lore, Sir John Gilbert,
Can crack the most obdurate filbert,
And many a mystery
In Erin's dark history
Has been by thy critical skill bared.

II.

The Author of "Vagrant Verses."

Lady Gilbert, once Rosa Mulholland,
Weaves stories most deftly of all, and
Her "Verses," though "Vagrant,"
Are pure, fresh, and fragrant—
Oft drawn from the *Acta* of Bolland.*

III.

The Author of "Irish Idylls."

The Gaskell of Erin, Jane Barlow,
Dwells nearer to Dublin than Carlow.
Irish life with its side ills
Shines out in her "Idylls"
With much of the pathos of Marlowe.

IV.

The Author of "A Fairy Changeling and Other Poems."

Thy name, Dora Sigerson Shorter,
(Not always pronounced as it *ort ter*,†)
Matrimonially rounded,
Can now be compounded
In this amphibrachian mortar.

V.

The Author of "The Art of Conversation."

A Greek (not a Turk) is Mahaffy;
Of his Hellenist lore more than half he
Has amassed on the plan
Of that muscular man
In Cymric song famous as Taffy.

* St. Barbara, St. Brigid, etc., in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists

† The *g* "ought to" have its hard sound.

VI.

The Author of "Hurriah."

I wish that Miss Emily Lawless
In her studies of Ireland saw less
Of dark ugly shade—
The sketch she has made
Is surely not truthful or flawless.

VII.

The Author of "A Cluster of Nuts."

Katherine Tynan is now Mrs. Hinkson,
But her maiden name pleasantly links on
To that wonderful throng
Of story and song
Which amazes the more that one thinks on.

VIII.

The Author of "The Mystery of Killard."

I knew you a boy, Richard Dowling,
And, though there's a good deal of howling
In your thrilling romances,
Most gentle your glance is,
And your face always smiling, not scowling.

IX.

The Author of "Shakspeare, his Mind and Art."

In matters Shakespearian Dowden
Is a glorified Mrs. Clarke (Cowden).
He has mixed in the melée
That rages around Shelley,
But he cares not for Lingard or Plowden.

X.

The Author of "Maime o' the Corner."

Mrs. Blundell, self-called "M. E. Francis,"
As bright and as keen as a lance is.
Her plots are well knit,
And a delicate wit
The charm of her stories enhances.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

III.

Ridingdale Hall.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead :
 Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

WORDSWORTH.

MR. KITTLESHOT'S first impression was that he was entering a boys' school in holiday time ; yet the full strength of the establishment was not, at this moment, to be found in the entrance hall. The music that came from the north wing was so full (as well as sweet) that it could not have been produced by less than a dozen fresh, clear voices. It arrested the visitors on the threshold and made them pause.

The pause, however, was only one of a few seconds. Four or five of the younger Ridingdales had caught sight of the Colonel, and it at once became clear to Mr. Kittleshot that whatever his own presence might be, that of the old soldier was a perfect joy. The tiny troop of *infantry* bore down upon the gallant man with a rush and a cheer and effected his complete capture. He offered terms for his own release—terms liberal and succulent. These were unanimously scouted—possibly because they had been inadvertently left in the dog-cart. And they knew the Colonel's tactics. An old fighter in the hand was worth two in their father's den, and sweets or no sweets they would not let him go.

The Colonel bent down and whispered into the ear of the eldest :—

“He is a stranger, and I must introduce him to your father.”

The forces were drawn off slowly and regretfully, but even the little ones understood what was due to a stranger whose presence they had not even noticed.

“I'm always making a mess of something. Worst day I could have brought you. Not that Ridingdale will mind. Promised him I'd run you in as soon as possible. Bit noisy— isn't it? Play

to be acted, you know, this afternoon. *And this evening.*"

Mr Kittleshot was bewildered. An incessant hammering was going on behind the curtain of a large stage at the top of the hall. Several boys were putting finishing touches to the decorations of the auditorium. Music still sounded from the north wing.

"Can't see Ridinglee anywhere," the Colonel said, returning from behind the scenes. "Of course, though; what a goose I am! He's rehearsing the chorus."

But the little troop of children had rushed off to tell their mother that the Colonel had brought a stranger, and before Mr. Kittleshot was out of reach of the noises, he had been introduced to Mrs. Ridinglee. The Colonel saw that his companion was growing apologetic.

"My fault entirely, Mrs. Ridinglee. Don't listen to him. Wouldn't have brought him if he hadn't been a bird of passage. Known him for years, myself, and knew you would like to meet him."

Mr. Kittleshot put a hand in the side pocket of his overcoat and tried to make his copy of the *London Review* less obvious by giving it another fold. The pocket only bulged a little more and made its contents entirely evident. The owner of the pocket felt disturbed and at the same time charmed. He was thinking that Mrs. Ridinglee's voice was the sweetest he had ever heard, and the richness of the musical echoes that still floated in from the north wing no longer surprised him.

But the millionaire was as embarrassed as if his hostess had been an empress. She was tall and stately, and her self-possession was perfect. Even great ladies were not wont to be so kindly and so *condescending* towards Mr. Kittleshot. Mrs. Ridinglee was courtesy itself, but her manner did not include the smallest shade of deference. Yet the absence of anything approaching to coldness was marked.

All her life through Mrs. Ridinglee had been an adept in putting people at their ease: it was some time before she succeeded in the case of Mr. Kittleshot. For though she smiled so graciously and spoke so easily, he felt that she was studying him. He might almost have read her thoughts:—

"I fear we have very little in common"—was running in her mind, "but I like you more than I care for your son. You are overbearing—when you dare; but there is a vein of frankness in

you that redeems a rather commonplace character, and you are not incapable of improvement."

The now distant sounds of singing ceased and Mr. Ridingle appeared. The Colonel again jerked out verbal scraps of explanation, and in a few minutes the little party of four had begun to talk on the big question of Christmas in the country. They had reached the drawing-room by slow stages, and Mr. Kittleshot tripped in his speech because he was engaged in mental arithmetic. He was thinking that ten pounds would be a large sum to pay for the contents of this 'reception-room,' and yet—but then of course a woman like that with half a crown's worth of drapery would transform a barn into a boudoir. The apartment annoyed him, however, a good deal. It was so exasperatingly cosy and so undeniably pretty. It was more. Elegance and good taste began to declare themselves before you had been seated ten minutes, and at the end of half an hour you were inclined to think it the only entirely satisfactory room you had ever seen.

"As for that"—the Squire was saying in answer to some rather absent-minded, and too obvious remarks of Mr. Kittleshot—"I should say the country is the only place for the keeping of any festival whatsoever. But"—Mr. Ridingle laughed very good-naturedly here—"my prejudice in favour of the country is a deeply-rooted one."

"Born with you most likely," the Colonel remarked. "These things are sometimes."

It was good for Mr. Kittleshot that Mrs. Ridingle took up the conversation at this point. The millionaire had made a discovery and was incapable of speech. He had found out that there was scarcely anything in the little *salon* in which he was seated that, according to his ideas (which were those of the wholesale furnishers) ought to have been there. On the other hand, there was much that, according to the same authorities, ought to have been elsewhere. Surely it was the most unconventional drawing-room in England! Every picture was in black and white, and each was a copy of some great masterpiece. They were few in number, but each stood forth and pleaded to be looked at and meditated upon. There was not a knick-knack to be seen. Was this the secret of the glaring originality of the scheme of decoration? There was a bust and one statuette, and there were vases, all filled with flowers; there was a piano and much music; there were books by the hundred.

"Perhaps it is not a drawing-room after all." Mr. Kittleshot said this to himself not knowing that he was staring steadily at his host. The Squire was an interesting study as he lay back in a low chair, a little tired with the long rehearsal, but with the pleased and contented look of a man who possessed everything his soul could desire. He was much above the average height, and when Mr. Kittleshot recovered his own seeing power he admitted to himself that the Squire of Ridingle was a noble-looking personage. For a time, indeed, the millionaire forgot the puzzle of the apartment and joined in the conversation.

"The country is—whatever you like to make it,"—the Squire had just replied to Colonel Ruggerson, who in order to provoke a friendly dispute was trying to hold a brief for town life.

A rush of racing boys passed the windows making a noise that suggested a charge of cavalry.

"Ah!" continued the Squire, "what would our young barbarians be doing in town on such a day as this? There are the parks, of course;—but do London boys play hockey in the snow?"

The party had gone to the windows to watch the contest, now some distance off. Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle stood hand in hand at one window; the Colonel and Mr. Kittleshot at the other.

"Surely all these lads are not Ridingle's?" the millionaire asked in a low voice.

"No. He has only eleven. Some of 'em not big enough for hockey. One or two of 'em are visitors: several have come to help in the play. One is an adopted son."

"Adopted!" exclaimed Kittleshot in a horrified whisper.

"Yes," replied the unmoved Colonel. "And from what I gather he is about to adopt another."

Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle were laughing and chatting together at the next window, like two happy grown-up children.

The rush and tumble of big and little lads advanced a trifle nearer to the house. Mr. Kittleshot put up his *pince-nez*.

"But all these lads in clogs?" he asked, looking puzzled, "They are from the village, no doubt?"

"All the clog-shod lads are Ridingles. That's one way of telling 'em. Never wear anything else out of doors. Healthiest fellows in Yorkshire. Coughs and colds unknown. Sensible man; Ridingle."

Mr. Kittleshot gasped. What manner of man had he encountered? He had come to rebuke a sybarite and had discovered—no, scarcely a Spartan. The millionaire began to think vaguely of socialism in connection with the Squire of Ridingle; but it suddenly occurred to him that quite one half of the *London Review* article that had so seriously disturbed him was as fierce an arraignment of socialism as of luxurious living. It was just this fact that gave an additional, and a more stinging, force to the writer's argument. A vulgar attack upon the moneyed classes in an inferior print was what Mr. Kittleshot could have glanced at and passed over as a thing of no account; but a carefully, yet eloquently, worded essay in a journal that was beyond the reach of suspicion was something not to be overlooked.

A bell sounded in the distance and the hockey-players instantly made a rush for the front entrance. Mrs. Ridingle's invitation to lunch was not to be refused by Mr. Kittleshot. He was beginning to be interested in this strange family.

"That's only a sort of dressing-bell," the Colonel explained as the Squire and Mrs. Ridingle left the room. "The gong will sound in a quarter of an hour. Hope you don't object to kids at table. There'll be lots of 'em to-day. Means dinner for them, you know."

If Mr. Kittleshot had been pressed upon the point as to whether he 'objected to kids at table,' he would probably have answered that it depended upon the kind of children they were. His own grandchildren he objected to very much indeed—especially at table. He had in fact left Hardlow Hall that morning in order to escape them. He liked the Colonel a good deal, and as the old soldier had long ago given him a standing invitation to luncheon, Mr. Kittleshot had gone to the chemist's on the chance of finding the only man in Ridingle that he really knew. He had not dreamt of luncheon at Ridingle Hall, much less of sitting down to meat with the writer of that wicked article.

The Lancashire mill owner was nothing if not observant, and several times during the meal—it lasted barely three quarters of an hour—he tried to count heads. He did not succeed for the simple reason that some of the heads could not be seen from his place at Mrs. Ridingle's right hand, but he guessed that the number exceeded twenty. It was the plainest luncheon he had sat down to for perhaps forty years, but not a syllable of

apology for the boiled beef and rice pudding fell from the lips either of host and hostess. As for 'the kids'—and scarcely half of them had seen him as yet—he admitted to himself that their manners were perfect. They did not seem to experience the smallest feeling of restraint, and a subdued ripple of merriment went on from the beginning of the meal to the end; yet of noisiness there was none. His own right hand neighbour was the Squire's eldest son, Hilary, a young giant just turned sixteen, who answered the millionaire's questions about hockey and the play with such smiling ease and self-possession, but with such a charming boyish frankness, that Mr. Kittleshot was sorry when the meal came to an end and the lad with the rest of the youngsters disappeared.

"Smoke—don't you?" asked the Colonel as they left the dining-room—as plainly furnished almost as a religious refectory.

Mr. Kittleshot would like to smoke, he said, and he and the Colonel followed the Squire to his den. Any other man but Ridingle would have called it his library. It was a big room, and was entirely furnished with books. Only one large picture hung in it for the simple reason that the space over the mantelpiece was the only uncovered portion of the walls. The big writing-table of plain deal had been made by the village carpenter. This was the room in which the famous article on "Luxury and Social Disorder"—and many another brilliant essay that Mr. Kittleshot must have read with delight—had been penned.

The Colonel knowing very well that Ridingle Hall was innocent of cigars, produced his case before the Squire could uncover the huge tobacco jar that stood upon the writing-table. The old warrior's taste in havannahs was well-known, and both Ridingle and Kittleshot thankfully accepted his offer.

The millionaire now began to feel nervous. A copy of the *London Review* lay open on the table, and what the Colonel in his brusque way might suddenly blurt out filled his friend's soul with apprehension. Not that Mr. Kittleshot had forgiven the writer of the article he found so offensive. Sooner or later, if the Squire of Ridingle gave him the opportunity, he would ask for explanations and make a defence of the class implicitly attacked. The present, however, was not the fitting moment. There was an afternoon performance of the play, and the Squire was stage

manager. Mr. Kittleshot had gratefully accepted Mrs. Ridingle's invitation to remain for it. He did not greatly care for children even when they were good, but in a very mild sort of way the Ridingle family fascinated him. Moreover, the great man was in no hurry to return to Hardlow, and—"well, hang it," he said to himself more than once, "Ridingle may be a poor man, but he is a gentleman and—the grandson of a peer of the realm."

So Mr. Kittleshot strove hard to steer the conversation into a safe channel—not an easy task as it proved, for though the Colonel said very little, and took an exceedingly short time in saying it, his sentences pierced the air at regular intervals like minute guns, and something in the incisive way in which he spoke commanded attention.

"Saw a lad just now I didn't recognise. Visitor?"—he was asking.

"Well," said the Squire with a smile, "I suppose you may call him a visitor—for the present. Fact is"—and Ridingle looked very grave—"he is the son of that unfortunate man Bhutleigh. You know the case?"

"Bank manager who absconded?"

"Yes," said the Squire sadly. "His wife is penniless, and this lad has come home from an expensive school for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Ridingle went to see her a few days ago and brought the boy here."

The Colonel looked at Ridingle for several seconds without speaking.

"She has scarcely a friend left in the town now, of course," the Squire pleaded, "and the very people who drank her champagne a month ago, poor silly woman, are loudest in condemning her extravagances. It is only another of the scores of cases of people who *will* live beyond their income, and will try to get one rung higher on the social ladder. Look here!"—Mr. Ridingle rose and took down a great folio book of newspaper cuttings. "Here are reports of criminal proceedings in similar cases, reports that I have myself collected from the papers during the last year or two. There is not a single instance here in which the forgery, or defalcation, or whatever the crime may have been, was not the direct outcome of luxurious living and an attempt to keep up appearances the people involved had no sort of claim to."

Mr. Kittleshot felt more than uncomfortable. He trembled

to think what the Colonel's next remark might lead to.

"Come in!"

A sturdy specimen of boyhood stood in the doorway—not Hilary, but another and a younger brother.

"Father, we are just beginning to dress."

The Squire excused himself and left the guests alone—to the intense relief of one of them.

IV.

"SWEETIE."

Ye little household gods that make
My heart leap lighter with your play,
And never let it sink and ache
Unless you are too far away.

W. S. LANDOR.

Outside, the winter sun was shining so gaily that the Colonel proposed a stroll on the well-swept terrace of the west front. The play would not be ready for half an hour or more.

Mr. Kittleshot was longing to ask many questions, but the Colonel's minute guns gave the other no opportunity.

"All the world and his wife here this afternoon. And to-night. Ridingdale entertains Ridingdale to-day."

They were walking up and down the terrace finishing their cigars. Mr. Kittleshot thought he heard the patter of small clogs behind him and turned to look. A little boy was following them very slowly and at a distance, and something in the child's manner made him pause.

"It's Sweetie," the Colonel said in a low tone. They had both turned back to meet the little man.

"What is wrong with him?" whispered the millionaire.

"Blind," muttered the Colonel. "Only one of Ridingdale's children that is not sound."

Mr. Kittleshot thought he had never seen anything more pathetic than the child's face and manner. He carried his little hand with the same grace that was noticeable in all the Ridingdales, only as he walked his face was turned to the left as though he were listening for a friendly voice.

"I think my Godfather is not far off."

Mr. Kittleshot paused as the Colonel advanced. The little sentence had chimed in the cold still air like a sudden short ripple of silver bells. The unearthliness of the child's face, now that he saw it closely, made the millionaire think of death—and heaven.

The Colonel had taken the little one into his arms. Sweetie looked very happy.

"They are all so busy to-day," the child prattled on in a slow cadence that sounded like dream music, "and I was afraid of being troublesome. Dear Godfather, I am so glad you are here. Now I shan't get lost."

"Been lonely, have you, old chap?" said the Colonel caressingly. "Never mind; it's only once in a way. All your slaves absent—just for an hour or two."

"Oh, Hilary gave me a lovely ride this morning. And I knew how busy he was. And since dinner, Harry has been teaching me to slide. No, I have not been lonely."

"I forgot to say, Sweetie, we're not alone. There is a gentleman here—Mr. Kittleshot—who lunched with us to-day."

Sweetie's face fell a little, but he immediately raised his cap and said, "How do you do, sir?"

Mr. Kittleshot took one of the child's hands and pressed it tenderly; but for the life of him he did not know what to say. He was trying to think in what foreign gallery he had seen a picture of a child-angel whose face was that of Sweetie. 'A cherub in clogs' was certainly something of a contradiction, but the incongruity was scarcely apparent. To the visitor, at least, this apparition of the blind child was so unexpected, so out of harmony in a certain way with the strikingly healthy and robust band of boys he had seen at play and met at luncheon—had introduced such an entirely new element into the family life he was only just beginning to be acquainted with, that the man of money experienced a feeling almost akin to fear, and an emotion largely made up of reverence. The little lad was barely seven, but he spoke with the quaint seriousness of a grown-up person, and his white face shone with the light of an intelligence that even to the unemotional and unimaginative mill-owner seemed to belong to another world than this.

The trio paced up and down the terrace, Sweetie, with his little arm round the Colonel's neck, talking in a low, clear

dreaming tone of the coming play. He had a part in it, he said, and he had to speak the prologue.

"Then, old chap, there's no time to lose. We must go indoors."

The Colonel carried him in and took him to a room on one side of the entrance hall where the boys kept their out-door requirements. Here the old soldier removed Sweetie's rough little overcoat and snow-covered *sabots*, and then carried him to the dressing-room, where a knot of devoted brothers began to discharge their duty as the little man's pages of honour.

Seated in the front row of the auditorium, Mr. Kittleshot marvelled at the number of people who already filled the old banqueting hall from end to end. Mrs. Ridingdale took her place at the piano and began the overture.

To this day Mr. Kittleshot cannot tell you what was the plot of the play, but he always says that it gave him more pleasure than anything of the kind he ever saw before. As a man with a weakness for music that is simple and direct, the choir of fresh young voices appealed to him strongly. He sat like one entranced as the gay crowd dispersed after the opening chorus, and the crisp dialogue began to make itself heard and understood. Came an aria that took the house by storm, and the millionaire was distinctly heard crying "Bravo" and "encore." Came more dialogue, duets and quartets, and with a triumphal chorus the curtain fell upon the first act.

The Colonel who had been on duty behind the scenes now came and sat by his friend.

"Like it?" he asked laconically.

"Immensely."

"Ridingdale asked me to apologise for him. Sorry he had not been able to have a talk with you. Awkward day, you know. My fault. Better luck later on. How long do you stay at Hardlow?"

Mr. Kittleshot hesitated in making his reply. Only that morning he had made up his mind to leave on the following day. Since the death of his wife he had been a rover. His own house he could not bear, and his son's establishment was, after a few days, hateful to him. He had a few acquaintances in different parts of England, but no friends.

"I—I am not at all sure," he said after a long pause. "I

should like to see Mr. Ridingleale again before I leave. I shall be—pleased if he will allow me to call.”

“Course he will. Any friend of mine—and so on. Drive you over whenever you like. By the way—how are you going to get home? Better let me take you to Hardlow.”

After some discussion it was settled that they should leave directly after the afternoon performance—which included tea.

When the curtain fell upon the last act, Mr. Kittleshot was exhausted with laughter and tears. Little Sweetie had appeared in the second act amid applause that almost frightened him. He had to intercede with the villain of the piece for the life of an only brother, and he had acted his part with such unaffected pathos that men found it useless to disguise their weeping. Mr. Kittleshot did not attempt to hide his. The pale little figure in a fourteenth century dress of white satin clung to the bad-hearted monster (the local bass-singer, as a matter of fact) like Arthur clinging to Hubert.

But this was only a passing episode. The opera had in it far more of fun than sadness, and when the third act was finished the audience spent ten minutes or so in recalling each individual actor by name.

“Do any of these boys go to school?” was the first question Mr. Kittleshot asked his friend as they drove through the park.

“Not one of ’em. Ridingleale would send ’em if he could. Can’t afford it, y’ know.”

“Probably they have tutors at home?”

“Two of ’em. Ridingleale himself and Father Horbury.”

“The chaplain, is he?”

“No, and yes. Small chapel half way between this and Ridingleale town.”

“No private chapel?”

“An oratory only. Family prayers, and so on.”

Mr. Kittleshot knew the Colonel was a Catholic, and did not like to ask too many questions on this point.

“The priest was not there this afternoon?”

“Away on a sick call. Will be there to-night.”

Mr. Kittleshot was grateful to the Colonel for avoiding the slightest reference to the *London Review*. Again and again the millionaire himself tried to lead up to the subject, but at the right moment his courage failed him. He had made himself

ridiculous once to-day, and did not wish to do it a second time. Yet he could not but talk of the Ridingdales.

"Does it strike you that these young people are different from other boys?" Mr. Kittleshot asked after a time.

"Very different to some," the Colonel answered drily.

"Where does the difference come in?"

"Better manners and more brains."

"Just what I myself was thinking. To what do you attribute the better manners?"

"Hereditry to some extent. Early training largely. Religion chiefly."

"The not going to school"—Mr. Kittleshot began.

"Nothing to do with it at all."—The Colonel said sharply.—

"School improves a good lad. Sometimes a bad one—not always. Ridingdale would send everyone of 'em to school if he could. They would be just the same—if not better."

Mr. Kittleshot was silent. He was thinking of his two grandsons. They have never been to school—were not likely to go. School had not spoiled them. But oh, the difference between the youngsters of Hardlow and Ridingdale! Each of the young Kittleshots had two or three tutors and professors, and each was as ignorant as a factory lad and a great deal ruder and more ill-mannered.

Mr. Kittleshot's mind was in a tumult. An entirely new phase of life had opened itself out to him, yet in what this new phase precisely consisted he could not have said. He had heard much of music; but then he had been hearing music all his life, and a great deal of it had bored him exceedingly. He had witnessed amateur acting, he who was no stranger to the theatre, and it had affected him deeply. He had lunched very badly and had peeped into the interior of a dilapidated and half-furnished house. He had met people who were not of his set—a man so poor that he could not afford to send his boys to school—a man that he had proposed to pick a quarrel with.

"Do take me to Ridingdale Hall again," Mr. Kittleshot said as he bade the Colonel farewell. "I fancy the Squire is a man of fads."

"Hasn't a fad to bless himself with," the Colonel grunted.

"Well, you know what I mean. A bit Quixotic, say?"

"Never met a man less so."

"At any rate, you'll admit he's no ordinary man, and his family."

"Ah!" cried the Colonel, gathering up the reins, "there I agree with you."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

CALAMRAY.

YOUR rains were soft, your dews were sweet,
That flashed at night with gems like gold,
That kissed the proud moon's jewelled feet.

With love no changing springs make cold:

O Calamray, green Calamray!

From me this day, so far away,

The heart wanes chill, the face wanes old:

An exile's love no song hath told.

Your doors stood wide from light to light,

The board was spread, the seats were set;

For one who wandered through the night

The vacant place was waiting yet:

O Calamray, loved Calamray!

My heart is cold, my hair is grey;

The years, the years, since last we met,

Have lined my brows with care and fret.

Your young were old in thought and grace,

Your old were young in grace and cheer,

Some breath from June stayed round each face,

No east winds blew the livelong year:

O Calamray, sweet Calamray!

A ship sails out across the bay,

A ship sails in and anchors near—

They sail for home while I bide here.

The waves are churned to foam and snow
By ships that touch the Irish shore ;
The sea-birds come, the sea-birds go,
To find the land of my heart's core :
O Calamray, bright Calamray !
This heart so worn were young and gay,
Could I but pass the ocean's floor,
And tread on Irish earth once more.

Your maids with face as sweet as May,
With soul more white than virgin snow—
Some wander now at close of day,
Where tasseled maize and olive grow :
O Calamray, dear Calamray !
They sing your songs far, far away ;
They sing of you where oceans flow,
They sing and sigh for long ago.

Your sun-soiled lovers clean of heart,
Your stalwart lovers soft of hand,
Where e'er they wander wide apart,
Their love is yours on sea or land :
O Calamray, our Calamray !
Of you we think the night and day,
And see you standing as you stand,
The fairest vale the winds e'er fanned.

Where Slievenamon in grandeur gleams,
And through the beech the squirrels leap,
I hear, in dreams, your mountain streams,
A surge that haunts my sleepless sleep.
O Calamray, my Calamray !
Of you I dream the livelong day ;
Your face within my heart I keep,
An exile's tears for you I weep.

ALICE ESMONDE.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

PART XII.

Any one who read the solutions contained in our January instalment must have noticed that among the lights of No. 20 *base* was a misprint for *lease*. In the same paragraph I was not able to explain why "incisor" was described by "F"—the most eminent survivor of this band of Acrosticians—"a carping cynic's cruel cutting tooth." This brought me the following from Plymouth :

"Forgive a hurried scrawl *re* Incisors as belonging to cynics especially. The chief incisor is the popularly called eye-tooth, known to anatomists as the canine. The connection between things *canine* and *cynic* is obvious. 'Tis all the same in the Greek.'

"No. 22 is 'Nutmeg' obviously. The *thread* is very neatly worked in, but the crown of custard is too obvious when it has allowed one who never attempted an acrostic before to guess it.

"How many of your readers will see that the first light is *Nym* the companion of Sir John Falstaff? '*Tag*' of course is the last. But the middle light is darkness to me. What light of the bar begins with U and ends with E?

"This is the first and last Acrostic I shall attempt. They are a short cut to grey hairs, mental aberration, indigence, tea-drinking, and dyspepsia."

Like my accomplished correspondent, I should give up in despair the second light of No. 22, if I had not Mr. Reeves' cahier to fall back upon. It gives "Ude" and adds the not unnecessary explanation, "the author of a celebrated cookery-book." The bar, then, is the luncheon-bar; but perhaps the light is unfairly obscure, since our most ingenious solver, A. C., was puzzled also. All the rest he has solved accurately. He seems to have improved on Mr. Reeves in the last light of No. 21.

In this fierce contest, and at Epsom too,
Was well avenged the fight of Waterloo.

Mr. Reeves appends to this the note: "At this time the success of the French horse Gladiateur on the English turf was remarkable." Mr. Harris's lines seem to require a special racecourse to
ith Epsom; yet Mr. Reeves fills up R—E with *race*, whereas

A. C. suggests *Raintree* with a note of interrogation after it. That mark of dubiousness was necessary, for alas! there is no *Raintree* but *Aintree*. A horsey friend tells me that the Chester racecourse is *Roodee*; this name answers our requirements, but did *Gladiator* triumph there? About the year 1865 he won the three great events, the Two Thousand Guineas, the St. Leger, and the Derby—one we believe of the six horses who have gained that “triple crown.”

As some new readers may not understand the construction of these ingenious compositions of which we are dribbling out the authorized solutions, we may give at once the answer of No. 23, which follows next. It is called a double Double Acrostic: it links together acrostics of Summer and Winter, and again of Spring and Autumn. The only general description of the subject is the opening couplet:—

Let poets praise the daughters of the sea,
Why should her sons unsung unhonoured be?

This question puzzled me till I reverted to the fact that the subject is the seasons and that seasons may be pronounced sea-sons. Very conveniently for acrostic purposes the names of the four seasons consists each of six letters. Summer and Winter are spelled by the first and the last letter of six words that are thus subtly disguised by B.

A.

1.

My teeth are strong, you guard your trunks in vain,
I can destroy them, though against the grain.

2.

The history student knows my name full well,
And through my land's divisions this will tell.

3.

Monarch and slave, the blessed and the cursed,
The noblest of all creatures, and the worst.

4.

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,”
But many a bank my time and treasure knows.

5.

That which the poor can seldom taste, but which
Flies also the caprices of the rich.

6.

Broken by you, yet still our sport the same,
I share the toil, that you may win the game.

These six couplets stand for *saw*, *Uri*, *man*, *mint*, *ease*, and *retriever*; but some of them are hardly guessable. The initials spell Summer, the finals Winter. The following couplets do the same for Spring and Autumn.

B.

1.

A place of rest, where parties don't run high,
No foe to truth—it helps mankind to lie.

2.

One great experience this great name discloses,
A bed of gold is not a bed of roses.

3.

As down parade in time the soldiers pace,
Full oft they hear me round each veteran's face.

4.

Go, search the winning gambler's desk, and look
What debts of honour no evasion brook.

5.

This word gave rise to many a Papal tussle :
If still it lives I know not, ask Lord Russell.

6.

The hero stands the charge unmoved, we know ;
But give me one small charge, and off I go.

B.

The foregoing describe in order, *sofa*, *Peru*, *right*, *I.O.U.*, *nepotism*, and *gun*. Some fair punning here, as where *right* reminds the poet of "Right about face!" in No. 3.

The next two in order are very long, dealing with *crinoline* and *petticoat*, with *croquet* and *cricket*. We pass them over for the present and leave our readers to puzzle their brains over this terse and clever No. 26, by the celebrated O.

Severed, we summon to action,
Blent, we're an obsolete fraction.

1. Seat of successive empires lost and won ;
2. Seat of that seat, proud region of the sun.



NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The books to be brought under the notice of our readers this month are so numerous that we must confine ourselves to even narrower limits than usual. Fortunately the name of the book, the name of its author, and a sentence or two of appreciation are generally sufficient to enable the readers concerned to form a shrewd judgment as to whether or not the book in question will suit them.

1. Messrs. Burns and Oates have sent us two new works and several new Editions. The "Life of Blessed John of Avila, Secular Priest, called the Apostle of Andalusia," is for the first time translated from the Italian of Father Longaro degli Oddi, S.J., whose work appeared as far back as 1753. The translation has been edited by Father McLeod, S.J. Those who remember the allusions in the best spiritual writers to the Venerable John of Avila will be glad to have the biography of this most holy man. It forms the ninety-seventh volume of the Quarterly series carried on for so many years by the learned and pious Father Coleridge, S.J.

The same firm has published "India, a sketch of the Madura Mission," by the Rev. H. Whitehead, S.J. A map of the Mission is placed in front, and a very edifying and interesting account of its changing history and its present state, is given in eight well-printed chapters. We trust that this book will enlist the sympathies of many readers for this corner of the Christian Church.

The same publishers have issued a new edition of "For a King!" By T. S. Sharwood. This historical romance has been well conceived and well executed, and its present form is extremely cheap.

We should have mentioned earlier, as it does not appear merely in a new edition, "Bruno and Lucy, or the ways of the Lord are wonderful," from the German of Wilhelm Herchenbach. It has had the good fortune to be revised by Father Eyre, S.J. The German writer deals chiefly with English characters, and this does not heighten the verisimilitude of his story, but the readers for whom it is intended are not hypercritical about such details and will find "Bruno and Lucy" wholesome and pleasant reading.

Another new edition is the "Catholic Pilgrim's Guide to Rome" which, besides the name of the publishers Burns and Oates, mentions on the titlepage the English Convent at Rome, 16 Via San Sebastiano, Piazza di Spagna. It is full of most useful information for Catholic pilgrims to the Eternal City, and will serve as a very necessary supplement to the ordinary guide-books.

The last publication of Messrs. Burns and Oates that we shall mention at present is the third edition of *Lady Martin's Life of Don Bosco*. Though containing more than three hundred pages, this edition is given for one shilling net.

2. The Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, have issued, for two shillings in a large quarto form with illustrations on every page, "*A Bible Picture Book for Catholic Children*," by Lady Amabel Kerr. Why is the name of the artist not put forward?

One of the prettiest stories added of late to our stock of Catholic fiction is "*Carmen's Secret*," by Baroness Pauline Von Hugel. It is very attractively produced for one shilling and sixpence. Somewhat larger and dearer is Miss C. M. Home's "*Under the Red King, a tale of the times of Saint Anselm*." Other C. T. S. publications are "*Deacon Douglas, or talks with Nonconformists*," by the Rev. George Bampfield: Nos. 16-20 of the Fourth Series of *Lady Herbert's Wayside Tales*; "*Saint Francis of Assisi*," a lecture for use with the magic lantern; and, more important than any of these "*Confessio Viatoris*," a most interesting account by Mr. Kegan Paul of his conversion to the Catholic faith.

3. The collector who would set himself to gather all the school magazines published on both sides of the Atlantic would require a large separate library to house the collection. Here we have—beside the fifth Number of *The Clongownian*, which is brought out with sumptuous elegance and with a quite bewildering wealth of illustration, portraits of Chief Baron Palles, Chief Justice O'Brien, Sir Richard Martin, Sir Francis Cruise, Mr. R. P. Carton, Q.C., Mr. Charles O'Connor, Q.C., and many other members of the newly founded Clongowes Union, along with a large number of pictures of Irish places and persons—beside the brilliant Clongowes Union No. of this periodical, we have to welcome two college magazines which come to us for the first time from places as far apart as Mungret and Mangalore. The "*Mungret Annual*," by its very name, limits itself most judiciously to a single issue a year. It is admirably printed with illustrations by the local firm of Guy and Co., of Limerick, who need not fear comparison with similar work executed in Dublin, London, and New York. Besides its engrossing interest for Mungret students of the present day, a collection of the Mungret Annual will be of priceless value for future generations.

The "*Mangalore Magazine*" is the organ and record of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, in south-western India. It very properly begins with a sketch of the life of the first rector of the College, Father Willy, who died last April. The Magazine is strictly personal

and local in its topics, but it will have an interest for many outside the pupils of the College. To these two new beginners we wish a long and happy and useful life.

4. "American Authors 1795-1895." This most interesting work has been compiled by Mr. P. K. Foley of Boston, who describes it in the sub-title as "a bibliography of first and notable editions chronologically arranged with notes." Only five hundred octavo copies have been printed for subscribers. The introduction, by Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer, who has probably a considerable local reputation, is lively but rather unintelligible. Three hundred and fifty ample pages give the dates and many bibliographical particulars of nearly all the prose and verse published by Americans during the last hundred years. The work must have cost Mr. Foley years of research and will be prized by all lovers of books.

5. *The Data of Modern Ethics Examined.* By the Rev. John J. Ming, S. J. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers).

Father Ming is Professor of Moral Philosophy in Canisius College, Buffalo, New York. In 1894 he published the above work, which has now reappeared in a new edition, with inaccuracies corrected and obscurities removed, as the Author states in the briefest possible preface. This rate of rapidity would not satisfy a popular novelist, but it is a remarkable success for a Catholic professor discussing in America ethical problems according to the principles of Christian philosophy. The morality of human acts is discussed from all points of view in sixteen chapters and four hundred pages, bringing philosophy up to date by examining the principles of all the moderns, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Auguste Comte, W. H. Marrock, etc. The publishers have brought out this excellent work with the best type and paper. The solid sobriety, nay austerity, of the binding is typical of the style of the work itself, its thought as well as its diction.

6. Another work of a very different kind, issuing from the same Press, is "*That Madcap Set at St. Anne's*," by Marion J. Brunowe. We are not qualified to decide how far it is true to life in a Convent-School in the United States; but we think that a member of one of our teaching Orders at home would hardly consider it a particularly useful book for girls. We cannot even decide whether Miss Brunowe really understands American boarding-school life or whether she is only an intelligent outsider, like her reviewer. We must try and get the opinion of an expert on "*That Madcap Set at St. Anne's*." Why have the Nuns such outlandish names as Sister Berenice and Sister Williamana? They are not much better off for names than Sister Suspiciosa in "*Jinx's Baby*."

7. Nine editions of a Saint's life in half a dozen years! This very unusual success has befallen the Tercentenary Life of St. Aloysius Gonzago, written by the 1892 Rhetoric Class of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. The names of the sixteen youthful authors are appended to the preface; and we notice that, out of the sixteen, all except one are unmistakably Irish. The biography is attractively produced by the Publishers whom we have just named twice in succession and who seem to do more than all the other Catholic publishers together on both sides of the Atlantic.

8. *A Manual of Temperance.* By the Rev. James Doogan, O.S.F.C. (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.)

Father Doogan gives an awkward name (which we suppress) to this second enlarged Edition of his very useful work. If the printing and binding have been done in India, it shows they have nothing to learn from European workmen. Two hundred pages furnish a great variety of very interesting matter about the evils of Intemperance, and give many edifying particulars about the career of the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew. Striking testimonies are quoted from Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Vaughan, and many Irish and American bishops and priests. Sundry newspapers, and even Father Price's "Sick Calls," are drawn upon; and altogether we know of no richer storehouse of materials for a temperance advocate than this most industrious compilation. The European agent for its sale is Mr. Robert Washbourne, 18 Paternoster, Row, London.

9. Mr. Andrew Lang lately stated "At the Sign of the Ship" that, unless in very exceptional cases, a hundred copies is a maximum sale for a volume of verse. At that rate "All Day Long: Ejaculations and Prayers in Verse" by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., is a very exceptional case indeed, for it bears on the titlepage of a new edition just issued the words "Tenth Thousand." Two circumstances help to explain the marvel: it costs only a penny, and it is published by the Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

10. *Confession and Communion. For Religious and for those who communicate frequently.* By the Author of "First Communion." (London: Burns and Oates).

Any one who knows the large volume of the Quarterly Series entitled "First Communion" will welcome this much smaller book by the same writer. In spite of its bulk and solidity the former work has already run into a second edition. To the present book Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., has again contributed a useful preface. Its cheapness and its value will make many Superiors secure more than one copy for their convents. The table of contents ought to

have run into the blank page that follows it, by dividing each section into two—"Before Communion" and "After Communion"—or rather by naming the pages where these divisions begin. It is not fair to quote Father Faber's hymns so largely without ever naming him in a footnote. May God be blessed for all the good that his fascinating prose and verse have wrought during this last half century. This fresh contribution to our eucharistic literature will have its part also in the most sacred moments of many lives. We wish for it a wide and constant circulation.

11. *Retreat Conferences for Convents, being a series of exhortations addressed to Religious.* By the Rev. Charles Cox, Oblate of Mary Immaculate. (London: R. Washbourne).

Though three conferences are assigned to each of the seven days of retreat with one before and one after, the subjects and the treatment belong rather to the class of considerations than to that of meditations strictly so called. Father Cox's book is better adapted for spiritual reading, and its modern style will make it a welcome addition to Convent libraries.

12. We have again to announce several new editions and new publications issued by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. It is enough for us to name the second edition of "Canonical Procedure in Disciplinary and Criminal Cases of Clerics: a Systematic Commentary on the 'Instructio S.C. Episcopis et Regularibus 1880.'" It was written by a German priest, Father Droste, and translated by an American, but edited and considerably modified by Dr. Sebastian Messmer, Professor of Theology in Seton Hall, New Jersey.

The same publishers issue a Fourth Edition of "Our Own Will and how to detect it in our actions," by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., which was recommended in an effective preface by the late Dr. Ricards, in whose South African diocese Dr. Allen was then labouring.

From Benziger also we have received a useful book in Latin, giving a brief account in a sentence or two of each of the ecclesiastical writers and Church historians from the earliest times down to our own day. For instance, the last pages tell us about Cardinal Pitra, Cardinal Newman, Dollinger, Freppel, Brother Henry Foley, S.J., John Gilmary Shea, Professor Gilmartin of Maynooth, Bishop Hefele, the Rev. John Morris, S.J., John Baptist de Rossi and Jungmann. This excellent little work begins with some introductory dissertations and ends with the Pope's letter on historical studies. We notice that the admirable summary of the life and labours of Father Bollandus, S.J., is incorrectly numbered in the index.

A beautifully printed "Sacristy Manual" is called on the titlepage

"*Rituale Compendiosum Sacristiae Destinatum*" which is further stated to be "*Ex Rituali Romane novissime edito desumptus.*" Through whose negligence does a masculine participle agree with a neuter noun? And if Chicago is latinised, why does not *Fratres* take the place of "Brothers?"

Finally, the same energetic publishers have sent to us the *Life of St. Catherine of Sienna* written anew and very well written by a medical doctor, Edward L. Ayme. The countless clients of this most interesting Saint will welcome this holy and beautiful book.

12. We rejoice to chronicle the eager welcome that has been given to "*Songs of Sion*," which many consider the most elegant volume that has ever issued from the Dublin press. Many very favourable criticisms have been passed by Irish and English journals on these holy and exquisite poems of Sister Mary Stanislaus, the poet-daughter of Denis Florence Mac Carthy.

13. Monsignor Molloy's "*Shall and Will*" has been more intelligently reviewed by some of the English provincial newspapers, such as *The Liverpool Courier* and *The Birmingham Gazette*, than by any London critic. Very appreciative notices have appeared in *The Scotsman* and other journals of high standing, recognizing Dr. Gerald Molloy's research, ingenuity, and acuteness of judgment, and his skill in weaving his laboriously collected materials into this masterly treatise, the first to treat the subject exhaustively and systematically.

14. The good Nuns who lately applied in vain at Pohlmann's 40 Dawson Street, Dublin, for copies of *Lyra Cordis* are requested to send their messenger there again, or to write directly to the Author at the address given at the top of our first page of advertisements, 86 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

15. Messrs. Eason and Son, Abbey Street, Dublin, have sent us samples of a new reprint edition of "*Holy Childhood, a Book of Simple Prayers and Meditations for Little Children*," by Rosa Mulholland, at various prices according to the binding. Even the sixpenny copy is very neatly bound and printed. We wonder how many thousands of this wonderful little book have now been put into circulation. Its patrons have hardly had their attention drawn emphatically enough to another pious little book by the same author and the same publishers—"Spiritual Counsels for the Young: a Book of Simple Meditations." This book was written by Lady Gilbert for readers more mature than the innocent legions to whom "*Holy Childhood*" is so dear as their first prayerbook.

MARCH, 1898.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

THE LATE JUDGE O'HAGAN'S VIEWS.

WHEN Madame de Navarro waited on Cardinal Manning after she had retired from the stage, he told her that he was glad she was no longer an actress, because whenever he inveighed against the perils of the theatrical profession, Miss Mary Anderson was sure to be brought forward as an argument on the other side. In the same way, when there was question of the dangers run by Catholic students in Trinity College, Dublin, people have often pointed to such men as the late Judge O'Hagan as proving the contrary. That eminent and deeply religious man knew best the ordeal he had passed through, and he was in private and in public the most earnest advocate of the expediency of surrounding Catholic youths with all possible Catholic influences during all the period of their higher education. I remember him towards the end of his life starting the question how each of those present would make use of immense wealth if it were at their disposal. Hospitals, churches, poor schools, etc., were spoken of. His investment would have been directed to the higher education of Catholics, and plainly T. C. D., in any shape or form, would not have satisfied him. Speaking after inaugural lectures of the Catholic University Historical Society, he often took occasion to state that he had never wavered in his devotion to the cause of Catholic University education. But the fullest expression of his views may be found in *The Dublin Review*, so far back as September, 1847, when he was a youthful barrister of only 25 years of age.

The article is a review of "The Constitutional History of the University of Dublin," by Denis Caulfield Heron. Mr. Heron was one of four clever lads from Newry who were in Trinity College together, two Catholics and two Protestants. His reviewer was another of them; and the third was a young fellow called Ingram who two or three years before had spent a few hours at certain verses which began with the question "Who fears to speak of '98?" and which were to do far more to preserve his name than all the work of his after life not yet over.* He alone survives, for the fourth of those Newry lads died many years ago—as gifted as any of them, though the reputation of Frederick William McBlain did not get beyond the circle of his comrades of the legal profession.

There was a good deal of northern grit in the character of Denis Caulfield Heron; and he showed it in his persistence in fighting for the Scholarship which he had won in the year 1843, but from which he was excluded as a Catholic. The results of that fight do not concern us now, nor the book that grew out of it, but only the article that John O'Hagan wrote upon that book in *The Dublin Review*. We shall merely recall the fact that up to so late a date as we have just mentioned a Scholarship in Trinity College could only be gained by a Catholic through apostacy; and alas, many paid that price. It is fearful to think that this degrading system prevailed till the date of the article which we are about to cite. Mr. Heron's appeal was dismissed mainly on the ground that Trinity College was an essentially Protestant institution. In his "History" (page 192) he says:—

"There have been many amongst the Fellows of Trinity College who dated their Protestantism from the time when they 'turned for Scholarship.' The apostacy for Scholarship in Trinity College, even now, excites but little surprise. Of those who thus conform, some remain in their new creed, and even become ministers of the Established Church; and others, on the expiration of the five years during which Scholarship lasts, return to the profession of the Catholic faith, after having profaned with

* Dr. John Kells Ingram has just succeeded to the Vice-Provostship of Trinity College on the death of the Rev. Dr. Carson, whose only literary achievements (we are told in *The Irish Times*) were contributions to a little Protestant journal bearing the unsavoury souper name of "The Catholic Layman." A curious organ for the Vice-Provost of an institution to which Catholic students are supposed to be welcomed on equal terms.

unholy lips the Sacrament of the Eucharist."

"Ministers of the Established Religion." This accounts for the many Catholic names among the Protestant clergy. In this way and in other ways Trinity College has been responsible for many a venal perversion, for many a lost faith, for much glorified Souperism on a heroic scale.

"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you ;
Lie hid ! For oh, the stain of hearts
That bled for me is on you —"

and the worse stain of those craven hearts that refused to suffer for the faith for which their fathers had suffered and died.

But we must not forget that it is the sentiments on University Education entertained by John O'Hagan in his early manhood, just after he had passed brilliantly through Trinity, that we have promised to set before our readers. After denouncing with horror the miserable and disgraceful facts we have referred to, he asks what remedy is to be proposed for this state of things,* and he answers thus :—

* * *

The popular idea on this point is simply to abolish religious tests in the college altogether, and then let all sects fight their way on equal ground, and without any temptation to apostacy. If the Catholics of Ireland be content with this, to this they have an undeniable right. Trinity College is the national university of Ireland supported by Irish lands, and to the benefit of its endowments all Irishmen have an indisputable title. If we were of opinion that such an arrangement would be perfectly safe and satisfactory, if we believed that the external mercenary temptation of a scholarship or fellowship exhausted all the danger with which the faith of a Catholic is threatened in the college, we should feel light of heart on the matter, for such a reform is most simple in the conception, and would be comparatively easy in the attainment. But our ideas on the subject are very different. We regard the position of Catholics in Trinity College as one perilous to their religion, putting their allurements to apostacy out of the question, and we scarcely see the possibility of setting things on a

* The passages which follow begin at page 245 of the 23rd Volume of *The Dublin Review*.

right basis in this particular, without breaking-up and re-casting of the constitution of the university altogether.

To comprehend this we should be aware how thoroughly Protestant Trinity College is, not merely in its constitution, but in its spirit, atmosphere, and teaching. It is so in its teaching, so far as it can be with any appearance of neutrality. Catholics, it is true, are not bound to attend catechetical lectures or examinations; they are not taught absolute anti-Catholic theology. But they are taught anti-Catholic philosophy, a much more subtle and efficient agent. They are taught Locke, with his rationalizing material tendencies, and his open scorn of Catholic mysteries. They are taught Paley and Butler, excellent and useful books if read with proper correctives, but which from their very excellence and from the assumption running through them that Christianity means the Protestant scheme of Christianity and none other, are calculated to have influences most injurious to Catholicity. They are taught what is called "the Scotch school" of metaphysics, the very basis of which is the sufficiency of the human understanding to measure itself and everything else, and an overweening contempt for the whole race of Catholic philosophers, who are lumped together under the title of schoolmen. We say it is impossible that such reading, unalloyed and uncounteracted, should not insensibly warp the mind of a young Catholic. Most probably he does not at first perceive the opposition between the spirit of such philosophy and the spirit of his faith. He thinks very likely that those metaphysics may be made to square with any form of belief and with Catholicity among the rest, and he may be quite right as to the bare metaphysical dogma. But his cast of thought, his mode of regarding spiritual and supernatural things, becomes absolutely Protestantized; and if he should come (as he undoubtedly will) to have theological disputes with his Protestant fellow students, he finds his weakness in supporting his faith under the influence of the common metaphysical ideas, and is thrown into doubt and perplexity. And if, when his range of reading extends, he makes acquaintance with the French philosophers who have taken up the principles of Locke, and developed them into absolute atheism and materialism, how can he, with his outworks thus shattered, hope to defend the citadel of his belief? And to turn from metaphysics and moral philosophy to other studies: some few years ago, the professorship

of modern history was revived (or rather its duties were, the office and the *salary* never ceased) and examinations were appointed, with premiums for proficiency. This examination does not of course form a compulsory part of the course, but the nature of the study is such as to be necessarily attractive to young men. Now what have been the books selected in this department? Works full of the old shallow falsehoods about the middle ages, and the Catholic Church and the clergy, with not a whisper to suggest how many of those falsehoods have been refuted and exposed of late years. What books?—Hume and Robertson, such as we all know them, Hallam, Dr. Miller's *Philosophy of History*, showing, amongst other things, how God providentially disposed matters in Europe for diffusion of Gospel light and truth at the time of the Reformation. Or if we seek beyond these, we find the productions of the modern French school, such creedless rationalists as Guizot, or such anti-Catholic fanatics as Thierry. We may be tolerably certain that none of the profound works that have appeared during the last twenty or thirty years, putting the Catholicity of the middle ages in its true light, is ever put into the hands of the student. It would be vain to expect Schlegel's *Philosophy of History* to be offered for examination instead of Dr. Miller's. But we shall be asked, do we expect Protestant teachers in a College, five-sixths of whose students are Protestants, to offer to their pupils works tending indirectly to favour Catholicism? We do not expect it; that is precisely what we mean to say: but as little can we expect that works tending not indirectly at all, but very directly and pointedly to slander and degrade the Catholic religion, should not produce their effects on the minds of those who read them.

So much as to actual teaching: the Protestant *atmosphere* of the college is even more powerful in its influence. The whole public opinion and cast of thought which the Catholic students find around him is essentially Protestant. His tutors, whom he is bound to listen and look up to, are clergymen of the established Church; his intimate and chosen friends will be in all probability Protestants: controversy is a thing of necessity. Some good may possibly come of this, in the way of allaying bigotry and dissipating prejudice. The Catholic may succeed in persuading those of his circle, that our religion does not absolutely inculcate perjury and murder, that the Pope cannot dispense with moral

obligations, or give license to commit sin, and that Roman Catholics themselves are like other people, and may be loved as well as hated. Heaven forbid we should conceal or underrate any good that is effected in the breaking down of prejudice and the diffusion of Christian charity. But we should not forget at what disadvantage, and with what danger to himself, the young Catholic enters the arena of theological discussion. Well grounded in controversy it is almost out of the question that he should be, while his opponents have all their commonplaces ready at hand in the armoury of the Divinity School. He is assaulted with texts of Scripture whose perversion he is not theologian enough to expose, with the falsest statements of Church History, easily made but not so easily confuted. And his situation, as one of a minority, and combating against inveterate prejudice, makes him of necessity take up a low, merely defensive and apologetic position, instead of the high vantage ground becoming a son of the Church. It is just possible that under peculiar circumstances and with a rare constitution of mind, this sort of controversial warfare may operate to confirm the student's belief in Catholicity. But it is for the rule we provide, not for the exception, and it is too plain for argument that the general result must be the unfastening of religious conviction.

Again: whatsoever religion is presented to his eyes at all, within the walls of Trinity College, is presented in a Protestant form. Not that amid mechanic routine and a worldliness tingling to the finger-ends, there is much positive religious zeal of any kind; still among such a number there will be some pious men, whose lives exhibit the effect that any Christian belief, any faith in the New Testament, will exercise on those who sincerely try to obey its dictates. The Divinity students, in spite of the character they have got outside of the walls, and notwithstanding the fact that among them are always to be found some of the greatest scapegraces in college (a fact explicable by the gross want of the slightest supervision over those whose situation requires so much, and by the rule, *corruptio optimi fit pessima*) are on the whole much more moral and orderly than the rest of the students, and naturally so, if we are to expect a man's studies to produce any effect upon his life. The result of all these manifold influences—a result pressed upon the young Catholic from every side, and in every shape, is, that after all there is no difference between one

religion and another ; that a Catholic who acts up to his faith will be a good man, and a Protestant the same ; that the two religions are but different modes of worship and thanksgiving to the same God, who in all probability looks down on both with an equal eye, weighing not the creeds but the character of their professors ; that each has produced its persecutors and martyrs, its zealots and hypocrites, its saints and sinners ; that as a man's profession of faith is the result of a thousand accidents independent of his will, it is impossible it could either serve or injure him in the sight of heaven ; that Catholics and Protestants are filled with foolish prejudices against one another, and that the great bane and curse of the world is bigotry and theologic bitterness. Thus does absolute indifferentism come in the guise of tolerance and Christian charity, while Deism and Pantheism, and all the foul vapours of France, and of the pit, hover not far distant.

Nor should we forget how, during all this time, the great safeguard is almost sure to be gone. By a miracle, or little short of it, a young Catholic might continue, during his college career, a faithful attendant on the sacraments. There is everything to withdraw him from them, and nothing, humanly speaking, to attract him towards them. It is then too, that the vicious passions are in their first bloom and strength, and upon their gratification the peculiarly lax discipline of Trinity College lays absolutely no restraint whatever. And we all know what effect such offences have in deadening the roots and parching the springs of religious faith.

When, therefore, that temptation to apostacy which Mr. Heron considers too much for poverty, but which, or greater than which, has not been found too much for hundreds of thousands of our poor countrymen whose notions of faith and heresy, of right and wrong, had not been previously sapped and corrupted—when that temptation assails the Catholic sizar or pensioner of Trinity College, what antagonists does it find to fight with ? Mainly, we fear, human reputation, love of character, and fear of shame. If faith kept the garrison, the tempter were easily repulsed. Not the most miserable *quinquen* that ever swallowed the sacrament, but had first poisoned the roots of conscience, so as to be half persuaded that his act was more criminal in the sight of men than of God. “Blame not tempted poverty,” says Mr. Heron. If tempted poverty had a real religion, and deliberately sold it for

twenty pounds a-year, we should be very little likely to shelter it under a plea that might be extended to Judas Iscariot, who also was poor and tempted. But a far more available palliation might be found in this, that at that time he has rarely a real religion to sell, that it is a contest chiefly between worldly honour on the one hand and worldly lucre on the other, and that when the latter prevails, what appears to the world the first deliberate plunge into sin and apostacy is but the seal and rivet of an apostacy long before begun.

It is evident that some inkling of this state of things has got into the minds of the Catholics of Ireland, and that it accounts for the small and decreasing number of Catholic students. The monopoly of the emoluments would not be sufficient to do so. It is evident that the vast majority of young men who are sent to college, are sent merely with a view to their education and the obtaining of a degree; many, of course, in the hope of gaining honours and premiums in their course; but comparatively few with an eye to the pecuniary emoluments of the college. And it would seem absurd, if there were not some strong reason in the way, that the families of all the Catholic gentry in Ireland, of the wealthy merchants of the south, east, and west, of all who bring up their sons to professions should not furnish more than thirty Catholic students a year to the Irish university. In fact, it is Clongowes and Oscott and Stonyhurst, which have no emoluments to bestow, that gain the pupils thus lost to Trinity College.

This is an evil that the abolition of religious tests for collegiate offices would not remove. The external mark of the evil influence would be no more, but would the influence itself cease to exist? Catholics would certainly not apostatize to the Established Church, for the current of neither the belief nor unbelief of the world is setting in that direction, but they might lose their Catholicism just as effectually. The education would not be altered—not at least until Catholics had such a majority in the governing body of the college that they could direct it according to their pleasure; and if such a contingency came about, the changes they would introduce might possibly be as unjust to the religion of Protestants as the present system is to that of Catholics.

The Protestant atmosphere would not be altered, unless everything connected with religion at all was summarily banished from the college, which (putting the Catholics out of the question) would

be another injustice to Protestants who do not desire education without religion. But in any case we could not consent to having our Dublin University made like that of London. The fact is, that in our age and country it is not merely the effect of actual anti-catholic instruction, but the absence of positive Catholic instruction, that is to be dreaded. In a time when, through God's providence or judgment the intellect of the world is in a great measure set apart from His truth, and wanders in a shoreless sea of speculation, that influence detrimental to faith, which we believe to act so powerfully within the walls of college, is far from being bounded there. It breathes through all our current literature, through all that a young man could select for himself to train and educate his mind. It is at the time when the mind of youth becomes impatient of the implicit faith of his boyhood, and in the pride of maturing intellect launches into enquiries upon all topics in earth and heaven; it is then that it especially requires that wise instruction and guidance which leads and does not drive, that it needs to be pointed out the errors lying at the root of that miscalled philosophy which has usurped the modern throne of intellect. If, as we believe, the doctrines of the Church form the only truth and the only sure basis of action that a man has or can have in this life; that in them lies the key of his destinies, and that with them all human wisdom, all true moral and mental science must have relation,—it seems a deadly injustice to make no provision whatever for impressing these truths upon the mind at a time when it is thirsting for the reception of all truth,—to send forth the educated Catholic, if not sceptical as to his religion, yet holding it as a fragmentary, unassimilated portion of the great fabric of his opinions—a portion which exercises no influence, or almost none, upon his life. In brief, we never can consent to any permanent settlement of collegiate education in Ireland which does not provide the Catholic students with Catholic instruction, as well as Catholic service and supervision.

* * *

Lest the casual reader should not have glanced at our introductory paragraphs, we may mention here again that the foregoing are the views regarding Trinity College and Catholic University Education, expressed by John O'Hagan in his 25th year, and consistently held and advocated by him till his death in his 68th year. It may be said that this article refers to years long

past. Whatever change has meanwhile taken place in the philosophical and religious spirit of the Institution has certainly not rendered it less perilous to Catholic youth.

We had at first given to this paper a subtitle stating that it does not bring the question up to date. But let us bring it so far up to date as to refer to a meeting held in Wexford in support of the Catholic claim so late as the close of January in this year of Our Lord 1898. We refer to this meeting, not for the sake of the generous sentiments expressed by Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, but for the sake of a practical point developed excellently by one of the speakers, Mr. P. Hurley—namely, that the question of an Irish Catholic University is not the rich man's question only, but the poor man's question also and chiefly. By means of the prizes of the Intermediate Examinations, &c., a boy of a household of straitened means can help to support himself from his 13th to his 18th year; and, if the facilities of higher education were then safely within his reach, a youth of talent might lawfully aspire to the most desirable prizes of life—as a certain Headmaster of Harrow urged his young hearers to a course of virtuous conduct which (he said) “may lead on to positions of considerable emolument, even in this world.” The University Question in Ireland might in some aspects be made more practical by looking to Scottish and German ideals rather than to Trinity or Oxford or Cambridge.

LAST WORDS.

“OH, lift me up!” she softly said,
And answered was her dying prayer,
But in a moment she was dead.
“Oh, lift me up!” she softly said;
And lo! to God the words had sped
That scarce had died upon the air:
“Oh, lift me up!” she softly said,
And answered was her dying prayer.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I

DORA SIGERSON'S POEMS.

AN APPRECIATION.

I SHALL not soon forget the pleasure with which one evening a few years ago, I commenced the reading of a little volume which had reached me from the Editor of this Magazine with some brief words of commendation, or the mingled feelings with which I turned from page to page finding much that was charming and impressive accompanied by much that was crude and inartistic. The book, modestly entitled "Verses," evidently was a work of a young poet who sang because she could not help singing, whose notes were natural and sweet, and who had a definite message to the heart, but whose voice was not under perfect control, and whose execution, therefore, lacked the perfect finish of art. Some of the pieces evidenced a thoughtful mind haunted by the questionings that trouble, sooner or later, everyone who looks beneath the surface of life and sees the sorrow and the darkness of the mysterious underflow; but there was an utter absence of that all-pervading affectation of personal and constitutional misery which one has come to regard in this luxurious and prosperous age as part of the stock in trade of a minor poet. Miss Sigerson's plaintive numbers might flow

" For old, unhappy, far off things,"

yet the outlook was, I had almost said, masculine, but, rather let me say, womanly and sympathetic, and the keynote, as compared with that of many of the shrill and shrieking imitators of Job's wife around us, was that of resignation and hope.

Still there was something wanting: the form not unfrequently was imperfect, the singer had not learned that only a great poet can afford to be careless in detail, and that even he had better adhere to the simple laws of art. If a thought is noble it is entitled to the most noble form. I, therefore, put down the book with mingled feelings, pleasure that a new poet had arisen to swell the concert of Irish song, and regret that small and removable defects had been permitted to mar in any degree the general excellence of a volume remarkable in many respects, and certainly full of unmistakable promise of better things to come.

After one of those periods of silence when all the singers are hushed, and one begins to think that another penal code might not be an unmixed evil if only it would do what the gifted author of the "Bards of the Gael and the Gall" says that of William and Anne did—cause "the whole island so blossom into music and song," there is now a burst of melody, and although the nightingale and the thrush and the blackbird do not join in, and Alice Meynell, and Rosa Mulholland, and Katherine Tynan do not swell the flood of song, it is spring again; and if the warbling is not of the loudest, it is clear and sweet, and is that of Arcady.

So to-day I find upon my table another volume from the pen of Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) and I open it in the expectation of finding in it the fulfilment of the earlier promise and am not disappointed, for "The Fairy Changeling and other Poems" marks a striking and satisfactory development of the best characteristics of the former work. Naturally there is a strong infusion of the Celtic spirit, that pathetic sadness which is solemn as the gloaming, and sweet as the May, and which in its impalpable tenderness seems to be related to

"The deep unhappiness of winds, the light
That comes on things we never more shall see."

What, for instance, could be finer than the weird "All Soul's Eve:"

"I closed the shutters tight,
I feared the dawn of day,
I stopped the busy clock
That timed your hours away.

Loud howled my neighbour's dog,
O glad was I to hear:
The dead are going by
Now will you come, my dear,

To take the chair by mine—
Until the cock would crow—
O, if it be you came
And could not let me know!

* * *

We were too wide apart—
You in your spirit-land—
I knew not when you came,
I could not understand."

And how powerfully impressive is "The Priest's Brother," which weird poem unfortunately the limits of this paper will not allow me to quote in full; and how pathetic is the unexpected ending after the delayed Mass;

" 'God rest you, brother,' the good priest said
' No years have passed—but a single night.'
He showed the body uncoffined,
And the six wax candles all alight.

" The living flowers on the dead man's breast
Blew out a perfume sweet and strong,
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest—
' God save your soul from a night so long.' "

Of equal strength is "The Ballad of Marjorie" perhaps the finest in the book, and so musical and rhythmical that it is difficult to refrain from singing some of the stanzas, as, for instance:

" I cast my net into the tide
Before I made for home ;
Too heavy for my hands to raise,
I drew it through the foam."

And

" He said, ' Beware a woman's heat
As you would shun the reef.'
' So let it break within my breast
And perish of my grief.' "

Or

" He raised his hands, a woman's name
Thrice bitterly he cried ;
My net had parted with the strain—
He vanished in the tide."

After a piece like this, so perfect in its chaste symmetry, I am somewhat impatient when here and there I come across a weak and faulty line, or an illustration of that quality which one of Dora Sigerson's London critics has termed, not inaptly, "strange and deliberate ruggedness," and has made the phrase the text for a change against the Editor of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* of having encouraged the poet and her gifted compeers in their wilful disregard of the primary rules of their art. If, however, the conductor of the *I. M.* has not been sufficiently exacting in regard to the observance of stringent rules and formulæ of versification, others have been equally lenient, and among the number Mr.

Andrew Lang, who has not hesitated to pass such lines as

“ And there he questioned the old priest,”

and

“ When they said ‘ unholy is her grave. ’”

or

“ I’ll sleep well ’neath the still water.”

which examples appear in the weird ballad our poet has contributed to a late number of *Longman’s Magazine*.

In the volume before us such disfigurements are but few, but they are far too many ; for after all only the great composers can successfully deal with discords, and it is true to-day as it was in Alexander Pope’s time that

“ True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.”

If, however, in this regard Dora Sigerson’s work has a relationship to that of some other young Irish singers we might name, the cause may possibly be a fear on her part of over-refinement and a dread of the “ ten low words ” that often

“ Creep in one dull line :

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes

With sure returns of still recurring rhymes.”

Passing from this side of my subject, I do not find in either of the poet’s volumes much evidence that the singer is under the glamour of the pink and white glory of the summer orchard, or of the moonlit gold of the harvest fields. The blackbird and the thrush are not always carolling close by her in the dusky purple gloom of the woods, and nature has not many mysterious whispers for her interpretation. For all these things in *excelsis* I must go to my shelf and take down Rosa Mulholland’s (Lady Gilbert’s) ever delightful *Vagrant Verses* to find amid the stately solemnity of its noble lines floods of summer colour and bursts of bird music ; or to Katherine Tynan’s *Louise de la Vallière*, and the volume of *Shamrocks* which so soon followed it, to hear

“ In the orchard close

The blackbird’s song,

When the boughs are flushing faintly to rose,

And April days are long,

And the world in white with the hawthorn snows.”

But then

“ The small birds within the elm tree boughs
Twitter and pipe and turn to sleep again.”

and

The low wind of daybreak in the corn
Moves all the silken ears with languorous sighs ”

and

“ The drifted rose and snow of the apple blossom.”

are all about us whenever Katherine Tynan sings in the “ grey Irish meadow.”

These comparisons bring me to the view that Dora Sigerson is strongest in the quaint weird ballad, or in the poem which deals with the dread undercurrents of life; for, if she has not that ecstasy in colour and harmony, she has insight and intuition and a keen pictorial instinct, and whatever measure of fame she may attain to, she will, I think, owe to work based upon the exercise of those gifts. I do not know if she will ever rise to the sublime height of Alice Meynell's exquisite *Regrets*, or to that of Rosa Mulholland's *A Prayer*, or to that of Katherine Tynan's *The Dead Christ*; for it is given to but few to reach the loftiest peak of Parnassus. One thing, however, is certain, she has not yet given us her best and sweetest, and she is capable of nobler work. A wider knowledge of humanity with its depths of hopeless misery and its entrancing joys, an increased power of self repression and of consequent close obedience to the laws of art, a firmer resolution not to be false in anyway however slightly to the sacred gift—these will come, and with them will come the spiritual vision, the clearer note, the enrapturing song.

There is one poem in Dora Sigerson's latest volume which fully illustrates and justifies this opinion and these anticipations. Another poet has referred to it as one of those which are “unworthy of the rest”—a dictum which has filled me with astonishment and regret, for I am quite unable to understand how it was possible for any one with the soul of a poet to fail to recognise the almost Dantesque insight, the weird suggestiveness, and the rhythmical and pictorial beauty of such verses as these from *The Suicide's Grave*,

"I'd choose—should I do the act—such a night as this,
When the sea throws up white arms for the wild winds kiss

* * *

But he had chosen, they tell me, a dusk so fair
One almost thought there were not such another—there.
The air was full of the perfume of pines, and the sweet
Sleepy chirp of birds—long the lush soft grass at his feet."

OR

"What did you hear when you opened the doors of death?
Was it the sob of a thrush, or a slow sweet breath
Of the perfumed air that blew through the doors with you
That you fought so hard to regain the world you knew?

Or was it a woman's cry that shrieking into the gloom,
Like a hand that closed on your soul clutching it from its doom?
Was it a mother's call, or the touch of a baby's kiss
That followed your desperate soul down the dark abyss?

* * *

What did you see as you stood on the other side
A strange shy soul among souls,

* * *

Or was it in death's cold land there was no perfume
Of the scented flowers, or lilt of a bird's gay tune,
No sea there, or no cool of a wind's fresh breath
No woods, no plains, no dreams, and alas! no death?

Was there no life there that man's brain could understand?
No past, no future hopes to come in that strange land?
No human love, no sleep, no day, no night,
But ever eternal living in eternal light."

With these passages from a fine poem I close the little volume,
grateful as for the song of a bird in the early Spring.

JAMES BOWKER.



DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER V.

THE RETURN OF CRÆSUS.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year !

THOMSON.

THE January snow-flakes had scarcely disappeared from the great lawn that lay before the west front of Ridingle Hall when that Herald of the Spring, the snowdrop, came "with his small white flag of truce to plead for his beleaguered brethren." But February had by no means finished her course when the crocuses added their purple and gold to the big border of white that fringed three sides of the greensward. Then the Ridingle boys began to be busy. To them, gardening was no child's play. It was not a matter of tiny plots apportioned to each boy, but the serious undertaking of keeping in order, and in constant bloom, the broad borders that skirted the lawn.

Hilary was head gardener, and Harry was second in command. No hired hand was ever allowed to put spade or trowel into this sacred soil. It is true that Billy Lethers was listened to when he made suggestions, and indeed the lads sometimes sought his advice. Our professional gossip often gave them more than advice. Many a bulb and cutting, and many a packet of seeds did Billy carry to his young friends at the Hall, and Hilary never made a new departure in his plans, or started a new horticultural scheme, without first consulting Mr. Lethers.

The garden was, of set purpose, a "careless ordered" one, and for the most part its flowers were of the hardy annual kind ; yet its wealth and beauty were great in the summer months when a belt of roses sprang into bloom, and a white and crimson cincture encircled the lawn, and all the atmosphere of that well-mown play-ground was sweet and fragrant with the breath of the Queen of Flowers.

For years Hilary had laboured to make each month in its course yield great masses of its own particular blossom. March had now come with strong winds and sunless days, soon however to be succeeded by mild mornings and brilliant afternoons, with the opening of a million primroses and the blooming of countless daffodils.

And as yet Mr. Kittleshot had not revisited Ridingle Hall.

"Restless man, Kittleshot," the Colonel had said to the Squire a day or two after the play. "Went to Mentone last night. Can't get on at Hardlow somehow. Come back in the summer, probably."

No school in Europe was carried on with greater method or punctuality than that of Ridingle Hall. Half holidays were given to games; odds and ends of play-time were devoted to gardening when the weather was fine, and to music if it was wet.

On a certain afternoon in March, a half-holiday, rain fell heavily after the one o'clock dinner, and the boys were obliged to give up their game of football in the park. But at three o'clock the rain ceased, the sun shone, and the birds began a symphony which was nothing less than an invitation to the garden—an invitation which was immediately accepted by the lads of Ridingle. Only Lancelot, the Squire's fourth son, objected.

"What a jolly old nigger-driver you are, Hilary," he said as the brothers began to put on their clogs. "You think of nothing but slaving in that blessed garden."

Lance, not quite thirteen, was known as the sweet singer of Ridingle. The boys had been practising a new mass, and Lance did not think that sufficient time had been given him for the perfecting of his solos.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Hilary soothingly. "I'll give you a private practice to-morrow. Don't you see how jolly soft and loose the soil will be after all that rain?"

"There's something in that," Lance answered, much mollified; and in another moment he was racing his next brother, George, across the wet lawn, and trying to be first at the tool-house.

Besides Hilary, Harry, George, and Lance, two younger brothers—Alfred, aged eleven and a half, and Gareth, nearly ten—were in attendance, and the six boys were soon entirely occupied with spades, and rakes, and wheel-barrow.

So busy were the lads that they did not hear the sounds of wheels on the gravel of the east front; but half-an-hour later they were astonished to see their father walking up and down the terrace that overlooked the lawn, with Mr. Kittleshot and the Colonel.

"Hist!" whispered George to Hilary, "here's Crœsus!"

"Bless us! He always comes when we are in a mess!"—Hilary contemplated his muddy clogs and dirty hands somewhat ruefully.

"Well, considering this is only his second visit——," Harry began, but was interrupted by Lance's exclamation of—"They're coming."

"No," said George, "it's only the Colonel. Hurrah!"

"Mudlarking as usual!" said the Colonel by way of greeting.

"Sorry we can't shake hands, Colonel," Hilary remarked. "Fact is, there isn't a clean paw amongst us."

"What d'ye say to a little drill after tea? Missed one of our days this week." (The Colonel drilled them twice a week regularly) "My fault, of course."

"Just the very thing to straighten our backs!" exclaimed Lance.

"Thank you very much, Colonel. The very thing. But what about Crœ—I mean Mr. Kittleshot?"—Hilary whispered.

"He'll be moving presently. No matter, anyway. He's in high feather, just now. Important news. Going to be a neighbour of ours."

"Oh, Colonel!" ejaculated Hilary, "you don't mean to say he has bought Timington?"

"Fact. He met Rakespeare at Mentone, quite by accident. Timington now belongs to Mr. Kittleshot."

The six lads had clustered round the Colonel to hear this piece of interesting and somewhat exciting news. They scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry. Mr. Rakespeare was only a name to them, but then, hitherto Mr. Kittleshot had been little more.

"Do you think, Colonel, that he'll come here often?" Lance enquired with some anxiety.

"Possibly," said the Colonel with a smile. "Why not, Lance?"

"Oh, nothing, of course; only——"

"Afraid he'll spoil sport? I'll take care he doesn't do that."

Yet the Colonel noticed that all the lads looked a trifle depressed.

"They've gone into tea," the old soldier said looking round. "Suppose you knock off now—have a wash and brush up—then tea. After that a spell of drill—unless you are too tired."

But no boy would admit that he was in the least tired. Marching into the house, however, each looked as if the presence of a disturbing element was beginning to make itself felt in his bright young life.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONFESSION.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay ;

The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.

COWPER.

"What I really need is an entirely new interest."

As the Squire of Ridinglea listened to Mr. Kittleshot, the Colonel's voice was distinctly heard shouting the word of command as he put the boys—their number now increased to nine—through their customary drill. Perhaps the Squire was distracted by the noise outside, for though his manner was sympathetic he did not talk nearly so much as Mr. Kittleshot wished him to do.

The truth was that Mr. Kittleshot was making a confession, and expected to be helped in the process—a very novel one for the millionaire. He had begun by saying that he possessed everything that a man could possibly need, and had immediately gone on to explain that he was the most unfortunate man on earth. The Squire felt much more sympathy than he expressed—for the simple reason that Mr. Kittleshot was trying to unburden himself without giving full expression to his own actual state of mind. And as the man of money spoke, the man of letters was translating the former's language into plain speech.

"You need not tell me that you are an unhappy man," the Squire

was thinking; "the fact is sufficiently clear. You discovered long ago that money would not buy happiness; but somehow, quite lately, the full force of this big truth has been brought home to you with a directness you cannot ignore. You want my help, and if I can offer it without compromising myself, without giving you the impression that I am glad to be hand-in-glove with a millionaire, and without making overtures of friendship that I do not feel, and am never likely to feel, well—you shall have it."

"I am getting on in years now, Mr. Ridingdale," the rich man continued, "though I am not so old as I look; but every year I feel more lonely and more isolated. Great people cultivate me, of course; but I am perfectly aware that they have no real feeling of friendship for me. I have been useful to many here and there, and they repay me with the only coin at their command—introductions and entertainments during the season, and afterwards invitations to country houses. If these had come thirty years ago, they would at any rate have given me some slight satisfaction; now they are only a trouble to me. To get a loan from me, or a subscription, both men and women are ready to flatter and befool me, and the knowledge of this, Mr. Ridingdale, makes my life unsupportably bitter."

"Stand-at-ease!"

The Colonel's voice of thunder sounded in the pause of Mr Kittleshot's confession, and to hide a smile the Squire rose to give his wood fire a vigorous poking.

"Well, Mr. Kittleshot, you will have great opportunities at Timington," said the Squire, reseating himself. "The little village has been neglected for years. You are now its owner and master—for I take it you have acquired with the Hall, the whole of the land and most of the houses Timington contains."

Mr. Kittleshot assented.

"Your son is in the next village, and——"

"Pardon me—my son is an excellent man of business, but I fear he will make but an indifferent neighbour. Indeed, I am not at all sure that he will approve of the purchase. At present he knows nothing of what I have done."

"Attention!"

The Colonel's voice was particularly penetrating this afternoon. The Squire was beginning to feel that complete attention was what he could not give to Mr. Kittleshot under present circumstances.

"Of course," the rich man continued, feeling perhaps that he had shown his hand rather clumsily—"of course my son and I are on the best possible terms. It is not to be expected that father and son should see alike on every subject, and I admit that we have our points of difference. But what I mean is that—well, to be quite candid, my lad is somewhat self-contained and always greatly absorbed in his daily work. Besides, he is married as you know, and has a small family, and—in short my interests are not always his."

The Squire guessed that Mr. Kittleshot had not been "quite candid."

"I know exactly what you wanted to say"—Ridingdale thought to himself—"and I am perfectly well aware that you have not said it. You wish me to say it for you, but that I cannot do. What is in your mind is something like this—'I am a sad and lonely old man and wants a friend very badly; will you be that friend?' Now that is a question I may not at present answer. In the meantime I will do what I can for you, just as I would for any other man who sought my help or advice."

"I know that you and I are comparative strangers, and that it is not usual under such circumstances to exchange confidences ["gently, my friend," thought Ridingdale, "we have not quite done that, you know."] but we have now a certain interest in common—a stake in the country, and, at any rate, a position in the county, and it seems to me that there are many matters in which you might advise me."

The Squire expressed himself in polite and conventional language, but immediately added—

"Our positions in the county, Mr. Kittleshot, differ—I suppose about as much as the position of a landowner and that of a mere agent could differ. I am only the latter, as you are aware. Of course I am a magistrate, and I have no doubt that your own name will soon be on the commission; otherwise we have, I think, very little in common."

The Squire never called himself a *poor* man. He felt always that the fact was sufficiently well known. Nor would he in the present instance flatter Mr. Kittleshot by calling *him* a rich man.

The millionaire looked keenly at his host. It was patent that the Squire of Ridingdale was anything but anxious for the friendship of a rich, and therefore a powerful man. This phase of

character was not at all what Mr. Kittleshot was used to, yet his present knowledge of the man before him prevented anything like surprise, and repressed whatever feeling of annoyance might otherwise have lodged in his mind.

“*Dismiss!*”

The Colonel’s final word had the effect of forcing Mr. Kittleshot from his chair.

“At any rate, I hope soon to welcome you to Timington.”—The smile of “Cræsus” as he said this was a peculiar one.

“It will give me great pleasure to—to call,” was the Squire’s response. It seemed to him that Mr. Kittleshot winced at the word “call,” but all the latter said was—

“I have kept you too long; I know you are a busy man. There was a time when I might have said the same of myself.”

Mr. Ridingle had not press his visitor to remain. The Post and the press wait for no man, and the Squire had unfinished matter for both; but as he conducted Mr. Kittleshot to the door—so much deference at least he would show the old gentleman—he began to wonder if his manner had been a trifle too cold. Standing at the Hall door in the early March twilight the millionaire looked haggard and careworn. The Squire noticed this with a feeling of genuine pity. “You will always be very welcome here”—were the words that rose to his lips; but he substituted—“It is scarcely likely that I can ever be of use to you, but you may rely upon me if ever——”

Mr. Kittleshot did not allow him to finish the sentence.

“My dear sir!” he exclaimed with something a little like emotion, “you can do much for me if—if you will.”

Their leave-taking was interrupted by the Colonel. Mr. Kittleshot had his son’s carriage in waiting.

“Told you I wasn’t going back, didn’t I? Ah, that’s right. See you to-morrow. Ta-ta!”

The Squire looked grave as the carriage rolled away.

“What’s the matter, Ridingle?” the Colonel asked.

“I hardly know. There is a vague sort of fear in my mind—fear of—I don’t know what. All nonsense, of course; but I feel as though the peace and happiness of my home were threatened.”

“Nonsense, man. Kittleshot’s the most harmless old buffer going. Wants to be friendly and that sort of thing—doesn’t he? Old boy’s rather lonely, you know. Just why I took him up.”

"But it's such a truly awful thing, that man's wealth. The very thought of it, coupled with the sight of the poor fellow's face, makes one shiver. It is the constant revolution, 'stale

And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; *and wonders why.*"

"There, there!" laughed the Colonel, "that's enough for one day. If you quote that chap again, I go home. Bless my soul! Kittleshot can't help his wealth. 'Tisn't his fault, y' know. And anyhow it's not criminal to be rich. Always provided the riches were honestly gotten."

"And no one doubts Kittleshot's honesty," said the Squire warmly.

"Of course not. Then what's the row?"

The Squire smiled and shook his head. He could not quite shake off a certain fear of coming trouble, but he was determined not to meet it half way.

"I must prepare for the Post," he said looking at his watch. "Would you mind looking into the school-room from time to time? Mrs. Ridingdale will be at home soon, and I know she expects you to stay to dinner. But just see that those lads are working, will you?"

"Trust me to keep their noses to the grindstone," said the Colonel gaily.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEQUEL OF A SCENE.

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

YOUNG.

Mr. Kittleshot was not afraid of his son, but there were reasons why he had made a comparative stranger the first recipient of the news of his purchase of Timington.

Dinner at Hardlow Hall was always an elaborate meal, and as a rule it was as dull as a dinner could well be.

Mr. Kittleshot, junior, generally had a look of pre-occupation.

and his wife occupied herself in alternately petting and scolding her two growing lads. Such an atmosphere was peculiarly distasteful to old Mr. Kittleshot. He paid visits in order to benefit by the change, to be entertained and taken out of himself; but at Hardlow, although his son was always ready to discuss matters of business, and his son's wife was always eloquent on the subject of her domestic troubles, Mr. Kittleshot often found himself the liveliest member of the party.

Hardlow Hall was very large and very gorgeous, and in these points it reminded old Mr. Kittleshot, almost painfully, of his own great Lancashire palace. Everything it contained seemed to have the faculty of proclaiming its newness as well as its costliness. Wardour-street had done its best for Hardlow, and yet there was a palpable absence of low tones and warm shades, of antique grandeur and mellowed splendour, of stateliness and dignity combined with comfort.

The neighbourhood Mr. Kittleshot had always liked, and, as we know, he had long cast an admiring eye upon the old Hall at Timington. His own great business in Lancashire he had disposed of before his wife's death, and although he held the principal share in the Hardlow factory he was quite content that the entire management of this thriving concern should remain in the hands of his son. But for some reason or other, Mr. Kittleshot, junior, had never approved of his father's attempt to acquire Timington. It may have been that the younger man did not wish his own splendour to be overshadowed by that of his father.

On the night of his return from Ridingdale Hall, Mr. Kittleshot reflected that if he did not acquaint his son of the buying of this new property the news would soon reach Hardlow from another quarter. He had made no secret of the matter in his talk with the Colonel and Ridingdale, and under any circumstances the transfer of the estate would in a few hours be public news.

Mr. Kittleshot's first thought was to wait until he and his son went to the smoking-room; but to-night the dinner seemed to drag more than usual, and he resolved to unburden himself at the very first opportunity—which was not long in coming.

"Did you drive into Ridingdale to-day?" his son asked with a slight yawn.

"Yes. In fact I paid a visit to the Hall."

Mr. Kittleshot, junior, pulled a wry face.

‘You seem inclined to cultivate that poor beggar,’ he said.

“I shall do so if he will permit me,” the older man said quietly.

“Permit you! Good heavens, ‘dad; what are you talking about?”

The young man laughed long and ironically.

“Have *you* ever tried to cultivate the Ridingdales?”—the father asked, a peculiar smile and tone giving the words a strange emphasis.

“Not I, indeed. What advantage is it to know a penniless fool like Ridingdale?”

“I say, grandpa!” exclaimed the elder boy, Bertie, “did you see all those little cads in clogs? Just you know like the lads that work in our factory.”

“Most raffish beggars I ever clapped eyes on,” Horace, the younger boy, put in. “I met two of ‘em at Rippell’s shop the other day. Such fun! Went up to one of ‘em, and asked him if he’d be kind enough to give me the name of his bootmaker. Ha, ha! You should have seen the young beggar blush!”

It was well that Mrs. Kittleshot interposed at this point, for “grandpa” had half risen from his chair with the evident intention of boxing his grandson’s ears.

“O, Horace, dear, that was too shockingly rude! How could you act in such an ungentlemanly manner! Don’t you see how very awkward I shall feel in meeting Mrs. Ridingdale? How could you be so thoughtlessly naughty? I certainly think you ought to apologise when you see the boy again.”

“If he does not, I shall!” exclaimed Mr. Kittleshot in great heat.

The two spoiled boys were a little frightened. They had often annoyed their grandfather, but never before had they seen him so seriously angry.

“Aren’t you making a little too much of the business?” asked Kittleshot, junior. “You know what thoughtless creatures boys are.”

“I can understand a boy being thoughtless, and I am not surprised to find an absence of fine feeling in young folks; but that a grandson of mine should boast of such consummate vulgarity as this is more than I can stand.”

Mrs. Kittleshot rose at this point, motioning her sons to follow. They did so very unwillingly for their dessert was almost untouched.

A great silence fell upon father and son, a silence that lasted for some time. It was broken at length by the former.

"You know, I suppose, that I have always longed to buy Timington."

"Yes."

"Well, I have bought it. And I am going to live in it."

"You astonish me, father."

Mr. Kittleshot, junior, looked less astonished than he felt.

"I shall probably sell Rinwold [his Lancashire estate] and take up my abode here permanently. I shall travel from time to time, of course."

"Oh, of course."

"It is more probable, however, that I shall settle down and travel—well, very little."

Mr. Kittleshot, senior, was speaking calmly enough, but the recent scene had given him a certain courage.

"I suppose, father, you are aware that the Timington property is a very poor one, and that the house has suffered through neglect?"

"You can tell me nothing about Timington that I do not know."

The younger man poured out a glass of wine.

"I have deliberated on this matter for some time," the father proceeded, very quietly, "and I have reason to believe that I shall be happy in this neighbourhood. I hope to gain friends here."

"The Ridingdales?"—The question was asked with something of a sneer.

"I have not said so; but perhaps the name of Ridingdale had better not be mentioned between us for some time to come."

"I am quite agreeable, father."

"I am very seriously annoyed by what I have heard from your son's lips to-night."

"You are making too much of a boyish freak."

"I do not think so. It is quite true that we are not gentlemen by reason of an ancient descent, but I see no reason why, holding the position we do, we should not claim the title by reason of our good manners. We have education, of a kind. This was

paid for—pretty heavily, too. There is no necessary connection between education and good manners, that is clear enough; yet surely the latter can be acquired.”

The younger man sipped his port in silence.

“The truth is, Fred,”—Mr. Kittleshot raised his voice a little at this point—“I am thoroughly ashamed of those two lads. And I make bold to say you are not doing your duty by them as a father. Where would you find the sons of a *gentleman*,”—he laid great emphasis upon this word—“boys in their early teens going about the world with all the jewellery your lads display? What father would allow such youngsters to drink the quantity of champagne those lads have swallowed this evening? What man of sense would by way of pocket-money deal out bank notes where the average boy of rich parents gets a half-sovereign, and sovereigns where many a lad with a title gets only shillings? What English country gentleman would allow his sons as many suits of fashionably cut clothes as Beau Brummel, and as many patent-leather shoes and walking sticks as a London masher? Don’t you see that the lads are pale and podgy from over-eating and from lack of healthy exercise, and stupid and silly from drinking more than would be good for a grown man? And what of their education? Ask their tutors and professors, or rather—for these poor fellows will not give you true answers—examine them yourself and test their progress. You are able to do it. And if you have servants who are possessed of honesty of speech, ask them what they think of your curled and perfumed darlings. I tell you, Fred, that your boys are a by-word in this village, and that before long they will be something more. I cannot shut my eyes and close my ears when I come to visit you. You are devoted to your business, I know, and up to a certain point that is as it should be; but do not forget that you are a father.”

Mr. Kittleshot, junior, had turned very pale. And if he was still silent, his silence was that of a man who knows not what to say.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

FRANCESCA ROMANA.

A LEGEND OF ROME.

THE giddy, laughing Roman throng,
 Joy's pennons bearing wide unfurl'd,
 Beneath her windows all day long
 Went singing through the world.

"Oh come with us," they gaily cried,
 "For thou art young, and thou art fair."
 From life's bright lures she turned aside,
 She knelt in silent prayer.

But when she hears her husband call,
 She riseth up, with eager care ;
 Like God's own voice his voice doth fall
 Across her silent prayer.

His words she heeds, his wish fulfils,
 With smiling and unclouded face,
 And when all things are as he wills
 She goes back to her place.

And then with reverent soul, and calm,
 She kneeleth down to pray once more,
 And reads again the self-same psalm
 She had begun before.

Four times her husband calls—and she
 Four times her fervent prayer forsaketh ;
 An angel could no prompter be,
 When God's commands he taketh.

Again at last, all duty done,
 She to her prayer in peace returneth,
 And lo!—the page, five times begun,
 With golden letters burneth.

FRANK PENTRILL.

THE THREE JOSEPHS.

MARCH is the month of St. Joseph. In this special attribution of certain months to certain devotions St. Joseph's claim to March seems to be more generally recognized than any other dedication of the sort, except of course the month of May and of Mary. Let this be our excuse (if excuse be needed) for paying now a little act of homage to the universal patron of the universal Church; and let our March tribute take the form of a brief discussion of certain points of resemblance between the three Josephs.

Who are these three Josephs? Who are the two Josephs whom we honour by associating them with the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary? There are three namesakes of St. Joseph mentioned in the genealogy of our Divine Redeemer which is given in the third chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: Joseph the son of Mathathias; and then, further back in the past Joseph son of Juda; and thirdly, much nearer to Abraham or rather to Adam (for this retrograde genealogy reaches *him*) we have Joseph, not the son but the father of another Judas. Of these three Josephs, however, no facts are known that could be made the subject of a comparison between them and the foster-father of our Lord. Joseph the Patriarch was not one of those three, for of the twelve sons of Jacob, not Joseph but Judas is named in St. Matthew's genealogy of our Lord. How often, by the way, that ill-omened name of the Traitor figures among the human ancestors of Jesus!

The first, then, of the namesakes and prototypes of our great St. Joseph is Joseph son of Jacob, of whom it is written in the 37th chapter of Genesis: "Now Israel loved Joseph above all his sons because he had him in his old age;" and of whom, too, it is written in the 30th chapter: "The Lord also, remembering Rachel, heard her, and she bore a son, saying: 'God hath taken away my reproach;' and she called his name Joseph."

It is true, indeed, that the brother of Benjamin is a type of our Divine Redeemer Himself, who was also hated by His brethren and was sold by them to His enemies, yet forgave them and saved them from destruction. But in one striking particular the two Josephs, who both were exiled into Egypt, resemble one another. Between the wicked wife of Putiphar and the

Immaculate Virgin Mary there is not resemblance but utter contrast; while the holy men to whom they were respectively entrusted are alike in the fidelity with which they fulfilled their trust.

Many other things that are narrated about the first Joseph are verified likewise in the last of the Hebrew Patriarchs and first of the Christian Saints. The King of Heaven has said to him, as Pharaoh said to Joseph: "Thou shalt be over my house" (Gen xli, 40); and spiritual writers are fond of imagining that God bids us have recourse to the patronage of the Spouse of Mary by saying to us, as the King of Egypt said to his people: *Ite ad Joseph*—"Go to Joseph."

The other Joseph that deserves to be linked with him who has made the name so dear to us is associated, not with the beginning, but with the ending, of our Lord's mortal life on earth. He is first mentioned in St. Matthew's Gospel towards the end of the last chapter but one, and immediately after another Joseph who is named only in this place. After the Centurion and others who had seen Jesus die, had made their reluctant and faltering act of faith, "This indeed *was* the Son of God!"—we are reminded again of the more courageous faith proved by the women who had followed Jesus from Galilee, and who followed Him to Calvary, "among whom (we are told) was Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James and Joseph, and the mother of the sons of Zebedee."

This last was Salome, and the sons of Salome and Zebedee were St. John the Evangelist and St. James the Greater; whereas St. James the Less, the first bishop of Jerusalem, whose Epistle makes him the Apostle of Extreme Unction, had for his brother this other unknown Joseph, very dear, we may believe, to our Lord, of whom he was so close a kinsman that according to the Hebrew way of speaking he was called the brother of Jesus.

After this mere naming of the Joseph who in God's wisdom was left out of the plan of the Apostolic College, not called with his brother James, as the other James was called with his brother John and as Andrew was called with *his* brother Peter—after this passing reference to the least known of the namesakes of our great saint for whose sake we have named him, St. Joseph of Arimathea comes on the scene, and plays so prominent a part there that in the sixty most devout and pathetic pages which Father Gallwey in

his *Watches of the Passion* devotes to the "Taking down from the Cross" Joseph's name is printed ninety-four times. No one can read that holiest part of a very holy and beautiful book without beginning to feel a special devotion to this St. Joseph, gratitude towards him, confidence in him, as a leader even among the saints of Calvary. A man of wealth, a man of high social standing, he dares, in that supreme moment when all are scared, to risk everything, and he goes boldly—*audacter*, as St. Mark says—with a generous audacity, he goes to the Roman Governor to ask for the Body of Jesus. He gains his object; the Sacred Body now belongs to Joseph and is safe.

We are thinking of St. Joseph of Arimathea, not for his own sake but as representing in a certain sense the Foster-father of Jesus. Joseph's death of peace and honour had taken place before Christ's death of bitterness and shame; but what would have been his office here is confided to another who bears his name. To him, too, the body of Jesus had belonged. It had been his privilege to protect and nourish the child Jesus while He lay in His Mother's arms; and now that He lies (but lifeless) in His Mother's arms again, it is the privilege of another Joseph to guard His sacred body and provide a resting place for it.

Another point of similarity between the beginning and the ending of our Saviour's life on earth is the relation of type and figure that may be discovered between the Immaculate Womb wherein He lay at first, and then at the last the new sepulchre hewn out of the rock in which no man had yet been laid. With His last earthly dwelling St. Joseph of Arimathea provided Him. It was His last alms.

There is another link between Joseph of Nazareth and Joseph of Calvary. Like another Joseph of whom we know nothing more—Joseph Barsabas, surnamed the Just, to whom Matthias was preferred to fill the place in the apostolic ranks left vacant by the treason of Judas—it is expressly stated of each of the two saints who presided respectively over the birth and over the burial of Jesus, "Joseph was a just man." Now, as the Son of Man is just in a transcendent sense and as it "behoves Him to fulfil all justice," what must be His recompense for the services He has deigned to accept at either extremity of His earthly career from these two glorious saints bearing the same beloved and oft repeated name?

But every type and figure and symbol falls short of the

pathetic realities of the Divine Infancy. No saint, except the Queen of Saints, has been allowed to approach so near to our Incarnate God, as the one great St. Joseph whose name has made us think of other Josephs. He indeed it is whom the King of Heaven has placed over His household. He indeed it is of whom the King of Heaven says to His people, *Ite ad Joseph*. He indeed it is who kept guard over the Immaculate Mother and the Divine Child. "Whom God has joined let no one sunder:" but let us in our hearts and in our prayers join together Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Let us beg of St. Joseph to plead for us with his Immaculate Spouse; and let us beg of her to plead for us with her Son. "And the King said to her: What wilt thou, Queen Esther? What is thy request? If thou shouldst even ask one half of my kingdom, it shall be given to thee." She craves now a smaller boon—only one poor heart, and this not for herself—but for Him her Son. May it be given to her prayers that He may reign for ever in this poor human soul that wishes and prays to live and to die in His faith, in His fear, in His grace, and in His love.

M. R.

 TO S. M. S.
After reading her "Songs of Sion."

I NEVER knew thee, child; but this I knew
 Thou camest from starred spaces to this world
 With all thy spirit faculties unfurled;
 And thy great sponsor, Music, promptly drew
 From his vast repertory, faultless and true,
 Thy welcome from thy father's lips—our poet herald
 Of May, and May's pink blossoms, lightly curled
 To hold the chalice's sweetness of the dew.

And thou, the heiress of his wealth of song,
 Lavished thy gold in streams of liquid light
 Doubly refined by all thy faith and love.
 And lest thou shouldst cheat the great expectant throng
 Of even one slender note—one music mite,—
 Singing thou soarest to the choirs above.

P. A. S.

OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE.

ROME is the great centre, the meeting-place of all Catholic hearts, the fountain-head of all devotions, as it is the home of the Vicar of Christ. All those who have journeyed thither and had the happiness of praying by the tomb of the first Pope, St. Peter, and of kneeling at the feet of his latest representative Leo XIII., do not leave the Eternal City, without visiting, if possible, the Gesù, one of the most celebrated of the Roman Churches, where for more than three centuries the sons of Saint Ignatius have kept watch and ward over the relics of their great Founder. True Catholics will not let themselves be long detained by the bewildering splendour of the gorgeous decorations, by the beautiful ceiling with its profusion of frescoes and gilding, but will hasten to kneel at the altar of Saint Ignatius—that wonderful altar, surrounded with the most magnificent bronze candelabra, and decorated with the richest lapislazuli in the world. Above hangs a large picture of the Saint, but on festivals this is moved back and discloses a life-size statue of Saint Ignatius, clothed in cloth of silver and resplendent with jewels. This altar is just below the chapel of the Madonna della Strada, or Our Lady of the Wayside, and it is meet and fitting that *he* who so loved Our Blessed Lady should find his last resting-place at her feet. Indeed the Madonna della Strada might also be called the Madonna of Saint Ignatius, as it is one of the most precious possessions of his children.

The origins of this holy picture are lost in the mist of ages ; but that it is of great antiquity, there can be no doubt. It is painted on a portion of an ancient wall, the composition and cement of which point clearly to its being the remains of some ancient Roman edifice, and it is to this it owes its name, having been, doubtless, at first placed in a street under one of the little niches like those still to be so frequently seen in most towns of Italy ; for *strada* or *strata* means “street” or “way.” Owing to the veneration in which it was held, it must then have been taken from the wall and placed in a church. The painting itself is distinctly of the Roman or Latin school, not of the Greek, and is generally attributed to the fifth century. The Divine Child

held in His Mother's arms, has the right hand raised in the act of giving the Roman blessing, and there is nothing of the manner and stiffness of the Greek School. There are but few such ancient pictures in existence. It is not known when a church was first built to receive it; but the church from which it was removed to its present home was always associated with the Astalli family, and was probably built by them. It is enough to know that this Madonna was always held in great esteem and veneration by the Roman people; and we will pass on to more modern times. When Saint Ignatius was in Rome, at the beginning of the foundation of the Society, he would often come and say Mass before the holy picture, and soon became so attached to it, that he longed to possess it in order to place it in the first church which should be built by the Jesuits. He went to ask permission for this to the parish priest, Don Codacio, who at first energetically refused him. but suddenly moved by the grace of God, he not only withdrew his refusal and granted the picture to Saint Ignatius, but desired to give himself also to the Society of Jesus. This he did, and the church, with the consent of Pope Paul III., and the approbation of the Astalli family, was given over to Saint Ignatius and the parochial cure transferred to Saint Mark's. Thus did the Madonna della Strada elect to dwell among those who bear the name of her Divine Son; and this the first church of the Society, was called by His name, the Gesù. And what more natural than this choice, when we remember those who were destined to kneel before this shrine? As we ourselves pray there, the thoughts with which perhaps we entered give place to others; we are no longer haunted by the beauties of the Forum, and the splendid ruins of pagan Rome, the memory of the old Romans fades away, and other warriors take their place, fighting in a far different cause. Before our closed eyes passes a long procession of those who in the days gone by loved with a great love Our Lady and her Divine Son, and who often came here to kneel at her feet. First is Saint Ignatius, then the great Apostle, Saint Francis Xavier, with his crown of twelve hundred thousand converted souls, Blessed Peter Faber, and Saints Aloysius, Stanislaus Kostka, John Berchmans, so dear to the Blessed Virgin's heart. Here also came Saint Philip Neri, Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Francis of Sales and many others. It is indeed holy ground on which we tread, and the very walls seem to echo

with the words of the Introit from the Mass of the Madonna della Strada: "Beati immaculati in via, qui ambulant in lege Domini." Putting aside our sordid cares and petty ambitions, we, too, fervently ask grace to keep to the narrow way which leads to the greatness of heaven. It is here, chiefly, on the Feasts of the Purification and Assumption that the young Jesuits solemnly pronounce before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar and in the hands of the Father General, the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, adding the fourth vow of going forth to the farthest Missions on the least sign from the Vicar of Christ. How well this vow has been, and is still, kept, may be seen in the annals of these missions. How many have left here to reap the crown of martyrdom; many others to toil for long years far away from all civilisation, at last laying down their life out of reach of any human aid, but happy in their work faithfully accomplished. The memory of the chapel of the Madonna della Strada has gone with them into the wilds of Africa or Asia, and has ever been their help and comfort in their torments.

The church of the Gesù, as it now stands, was begun by Saint Francis Borgia, the third General of the Order. Seeing the ever increasing crowds that flocked to the shrine, he wished to raise a larger edifice, but funds were lacking. Cardinal Alexander Farnese came to his aid, and through his munificence the splendid building began to rise from the ground in 1568, and took sixteen years to build. The Holy Picture was placed in its new chapel in 1575, the older church being destroyed.

Of the royal splendour of this little chapel a word must be said. It is resplendent with the marbles of the old Roman days, and pillars of "giallo antico," "corallina," and "porta santa," while the walls and pavement itself are inlaid with the same precious stones; the latter being, as it were, strewn with bronze stars. The chapel is entered through a little porch, and is of small size. The dim and uncertain light makes it difficult to distinguish clearly the details, but on the walls there are four pictures, which on great days being removed, disclose niches in which are placed reliquaries filled with the bones of the Saints and Martyrs. The holy picture itself is over the Altar surrounded by gilt angels. Between the painting and the crystal are placed some wonderful jewels which sparkle and glitter in the light of the many lamps and candles. Below is a small tabernacle with a picture of Saint Joseph who has

his eyes uplifted to the Madonna above. Inside this tabernacle is kept a relic of a garment worn by Our Blessed Lady. The picture was one of the first of the Madonnas to be crowned, this ceremony being instituted in 1636 and the coronation taking place two years later. This crown, with numerous other valuable ex-votos, was stolen by sacriligious hands at the stormy close of the eighteenth century. By permission of the Pope, a new coronation took place with unparalleled splendour in 1885. The ex-votos are so numerous, that, by permission, they have already once been melted down into other ornaments for the chapel. These offerings still continue, and the graces which have been obtained at the shrine would want a book to themselves. Children have been cured of blindness, the sick healed, monetary help obtained through the intercession of the Madonna della Strada. At no time of the day is the chapel empty. There may be found many on their knees seeking for help and assistance in their trouble; many others who could repeat with the heaven-seeking poet, Dante (*Paradiso*, Canto 33).

La tua benignità non pur soccorre
A chi dimanda, ma molte fiate
Liberamente al dimandar precorre.
In te misericordia, in te pietate.

“Thy bounty succoureth not him alone
Who asks for it, but oftentimes is known
Freely to come ere the demand hath flown.
In thee all mercy, clemency we find.”

To those who have visited this shrine, the moments passed there will be for ever among the sweetest recollections of life. But it is not only in Rome that the Madonna della Strada is to be found; replicas of the miraculous picture may now be seen in many churches of England, France, and Germany; and altars have been raised in imitation of the Chapel of Gesù, as quite recently in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin. This devotion has thus been made known to many to comfort them in life's pilgrimage; in their troubles they invoke Our Lady of the Wayside who ever reminds them of the long way of Calvary trod by her Divine Son for love of them, until, in thinking on His sufferings, they learn to forget their own.

A PROLOGUE TO "ALADDIN"

Spoken at a School Performance.

"TIS plain to see—what Shakspeare's thoughtful page
 Need scarce have taught us—" All the world's a stage,"
 And all the men and women players be
 In a strange web of farce and tragedy.
 What varied rôles there are, what falls and rises,
 Exits and entrances, and strange disguises !
 Some wield a sword, while some talk others down ;
 One is quite willing to amuse as clown,
 And one must grasp at every pasteboard crown.
 So curious the drama life can show,
 Why does the eager multitude still flow
 To thrill at mimic joys, unreal woe ?
 Why to the boards, where painted passions rage,
 Turn from the 'Truth's more vast and vivid stage ?
 Why wields the Theatre from land to land
 That potent witchery so few withstand ?

So, I am told, philosophers have asked,
 And left the mystery as yet unmasked.

But how would their conjecturing brains be tasked,
 Had they to tell what tempted here to-night
 So wise a gathering, so fair, so bright !—
 Did they behold so honoured an array
 From labour, sport, devotion, drawn away,
 Attentive hearers of a schoolboy play !

We, gentle friends, the secret understand.
 'Twas kindness waved her sympathetic wand ;
 'Twas kindness charmed you through the wintry air,
 And filled our house as played some Irving there.
 We thank you. Let your kindness still befriend,
 And cheer our efforts to a prosperous end.

What is't we bring ? A piece not old, not new :—
 No tragedy of deep Shaksperian hue ;
 No melodrama in crimson horrors dyed,
 Where to slow music ghosts and villains glide ;
 No comedy,—life wittily expressed ;

We bring on antique tale a modern jest,
Arabian fancies in a motley vest.
'Tis a light theme; yet may a thoughtful eye
Beneath the gay disguise a moral spy.

“ New lamps for old ! ” You'll hear the cry outrung
With guileful promise from a baleful tongue.
You'll see true worth, by its dull mien belied,
For valueless appearance cast aside,
A glittering sham the talisman expel
That bound the Genii with mighty spell.

“ New lamps for old ! ” How many are the lights
With vying claims to dissipate our nights !
In many a civic hall the battle rages,—
“ What shall replace the tallow of past ages ? ”
It taxes all the wit of civic sages,—
Taxes our pockets too, while hope's deferred.
But Prudence, to a final choice slow-stirred,
Half-trusts each tale, until the next is heard.

“ New lamps for old ? ” The theory-monger, blind
To all that's real, building on the wind ;
The cocksure scientist, whose passing craze
Is hailed as dogma, till its vogue decays ;
Reformers, whom their ignorance makes bold ;—
All such as these still come, with stock unsold,
To press on us their new lamps for our old.

And still the unwise are duped ! They sell the lights
That chartered life's career, for meteorites
Of vague Opinion, that bewilder still
The eternal lines of Right, of Good and Ill.
Sad is their fate, who guide by such their ways !
Through many a dreary mist and weary maze
They roam uncertain till their day is done ;
Their sun is set, before their work begun.

One Light outshines,—athwart the golden bars
Of heaven outpoured, than solitary stars
More whitely pure, more straight than arrow-flight,
More changeless-radiant than the Polar Light,
Inerrant guide, how wild soe'er the track,
Plain to clear eyes, howe'er the clouds be black.

'Tis Faith ! With her each lesser beacon-fire—
 Lamplet or constellation—must conspire ;
 Oil from her silver fount each flame must seek
 That points the soul aloft to Wisdom's peak.
 'Twas her pure lustre, when the lamps were dead,
 Of human lore, and other hopes were fled,
 Was light and fire and hope to Irish hearts.
 Be it our beacon still to play our parts
 As Irishmen, to God and Ireland true,
 Resolved—and wise—to suffer and to do !

G. O'N.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GOOD PEOPLE.

THE leafy month of June came on, and Vincent and Ethna were making preparations for paying their annual visit to Mona. The Madam had come up to town before Christmas, but ten days had given her enough of city life, and she returned to her quiet hills, satisfied that her daughter was excellently married and mated.

The evening before they left, Lizzie wrapped a few shillings in piece of paper and placed it in the hole in the wall, pointed out by the woman whom she had assisted ; she looked in the morning and found it gone.

The sky was becoming deeper and darker, and the moon brighter, when the lights in Mona appeared to the travellers. They had dined with Mr. Talbot in Beltard, and drove away in the quiet gloaming. Ethna was glad to return home, her feelings

were somewhat altered from what they had been the year before; she was a little tired, the novelty of her social success wearing off, and she was beginning to realise that there was monotony in the wildest motion, and a sameness in pleasure that works to the surface after a time; she heard the same platitudes, and danced the same dances with the same, or almost the same, people every night. It was unsatisfying after all, an unsubstantial kind of happiness.

The evening after they arrived at Mona, they attended the annual festival kept at an old Danish fort up the mountain, where an enormous bonfire blazed, and all the young people round the country danced to the music of some amateur violin player. Lizzie Lynch in her city costume, her hair done up in the latest fashion, distracted the attention of all the country girls, who only took their eyes off her when the party from Mona arrived, accompanied by Father Garrett and Nell O'Malley. Ethna shook hands and greeted all her old friends, who welcomed her with warm benedictions.

"I am proud to welcome your ladyship from the great city," said Mr. Lynch, with dignity. "My little girl whom you have honoured with your patronage, has conveyed to me some idea of your grandeur in the metropolis. Yet you come amongst us like the Miss Ethna we knew of old—condescending as ever."

"I am more pleased at the welcome I get from my old neighbours than any grandeur elsewhere, Mr. Lynch."

"It is kind of you to say so—very kind, Mrs. Talbot. Long may you enjoy your rank and fortune. You went from among us to show the world what virtue and beauty we rear in our remote locality, among our ancient hills."

"You overrate me, Mr. Lynch," said Ethna, laughing.

"Most certainly not, ma'am—most certainly not. You have, in fact, exceeded our expectations, and developed into finer proportions than we anticipated. There is an advantage in a visit to the metropolis which cannot be ignored. Little Lizzie seems to have caught the look of the town—'tis not unbecoming, your ladyship; 'tis not unbecoming."

They sat down upon the green mound that enclosed the fort. Hawthorn trees, shorn of their fragrant blossoms, stood here and there, with an occasional elder tree and tall mountain ash; a hedge ran half-way round, out of which peeped pink and white wild roses and woodbine; graceful ferns pushed their way through

the tangle, sheltering the purple foxglove, and gorse in full bloom seemed to make golden atmosphere over the land.

Vendors of cakes and oranges were among the people, and a distant corner appeared to have peculiar powers of attraction, so many paid a momentary visit to it, emerging from the shelter of the hedge, passing their hands hastily across their mouths, with a glance in Father Garrett's direction.

The dancers footed it merrily on the soft, green sward. Nora flitted about in great glee, clapping her hands in ecstasy as the children chased each other with branches of burning furze, sending the sparks flying near and far, or piled up the bonfire till the yellow tongues of flame leaped higher and higher into the serene skies.

Mr. Lynch, being a man dressed in authority, constituted himself the Fadhladeen of all social assemblies, praising or condemning as he thought necessary.

"Not bad, Patsy Kerin, not bad at all," he said, as a fine young peasant concluded a moneen jig, with an elaborate flourish of legs and arms. "One must be athletic to shine in the Terpsichorean art; an art not to be despised; for it seems to be natural to man, as the Almighty has created him."

"David danced before the ark," remarked Father Garrett; "so we cannot deny but it was used to express holy emotion."

"Everything happy dances," said Nelly. "The river in the sun; the leaves in the light; little lambs and little children. I would dance myself if anyone asked me."

"I am tired of dancing," replied Ethna. "I suppose one gets tired of everything."

"How different we are," said Nell, laughing. "I have not had enough of anything to get tired of it. I am like one before breakfast, while you are after dinner. Look at Nora among the furze bushes; she looks like a fairy in her red dress."

"The fairies have taken wing," replied Ethna. "The world has become too practical for them."

"The National School has expelled them," said Father Garrett. "Superstition has become a thing of the past."

"I don't know that, your reverence; I don't know that. There is a disposition in the human mind to give credit to the marvellous, particularly among a race the Almighty has endowed with imagination. Strange stories are still related and believed

but, no doubt, the rising generation will have such a tendency eradicated from their minds. We are becoming more enlightened every day, your reverence—every day; and *qui docet discit*.”

“Did you hear of the curious storm over the lake on yesterday?” asked Nell. “Johnny Clune was telling me about it: there he is now. Call him, till he gives you an account of it.”

An elderly man advanced in answer to Father Garrett’s call, and touched his hat.

“Sit down, Johnny,” said the priest. “What about the storm on the lake yesterday? I did not think there was a puff of wind anywhere?”

“It occurred to me the clouds were charged with a large amount of electric fluid,” remarked Mr. Lynch. “I made some observations connected with the atmosphere when the sun was in the zenith.”

“Well, your reverence, I only know as the neighbours tould me,” said the countryman, sitting down upon the grass. “But they say for certain that there was a quare wind entirely about the lake; there was not a puff all around, but the noise of the world over the water, an’ the wind sucking it up as if there was a hundred horses drinkin’.”

“It does not seem to be much lessened,” replied Father Garrett.

“Iyeh, not a lessen, your reverence; it all come back again in a minit. Sure I know you don’t give ear to the like, but the ould people would tell ye there was more in the air than the people seen. Often my father tould me, God be merciful to him, of what happened to a next-door neighbour of his when he lived near Carrigahault.”

“All ignorance,” said Mr. Lynch compassionately; “want of intellect and learning.”

“My father was as well read a man as you’d meet in a day’s walk,” replied the countryman rather indignantly, “an’ got plenty of schoolin’ when he was a gorsoon. He needn’t draw his breath at a big word, my hand to you.”

“But tell us the story, Johnny,” said Ethna.

“I will, your honour, an’ welcome, an’ not a word of a lie in it. But sure Father Garrett will only be laughin’ at me. My father knew the man well; he lived in the next field to him, an’ they’d give each other a helpin’ hand whenever they could. It

happened one spring, just as Micky Conway—that was the man's name—was goin' to put down a crop of oats, that his servant boy took ill in the lucky hour, an' he had to lave him there, an' go into the infirmary."

"Mickey didn't know in the wide world what to do, or who'd guide the horses; he called out his wife—the devil a good she was. He called out the servant-maid, and, faith, she wasn't much better. There he was, not knowin' where to turn to, when who should he see comin' across the field but a good *strahunack* of a young man. 'God save you, young man,' says he to him. Mickey was a quiet, civil-spoken man. 'An' you, too,' sez the young man, spakin' up. 'An' isn't it quare guides you have for your horses?' sez he. 'Begor, I can't help it,' says Mickey, an' he up an' tould him how the servant boy took sick an' had to lave him without a Christian to take his place. 'Twas a lucky time I came, so,' sez the young man, 'for I'm lookin' for a place,' sez he, 'an', maybe, we could agree with wan another,' 'What wages are you axin'?' sez Mickey. 'My wages isn't much,' sez the young man; 'all I'll ax is a bag of corn an' a load of hay when 'tis mowed and reaped,' sez he. Yerra Mickey thought he was made for ever, an' said he would take him at once. 'There's another thing I have to tell you,' sez the young man, 'an' 'tis this: if you ever send a woman with a red cloak on her to call me to my victuals, sight or light of me you'll never see to do a stroke of work for you again,' sez he. 'If that's all,' sez Mickey, 'we needn't be in dread, for there isn't a red cloak in the house,' sez he. Faith the young man fell to the work, an' there was no better boy than him, up early an' late; an' things was goin' on as fine as ever you seen when, one day that Mickey was at a fair, the ould boy put it into the head of his wife to try what was the manin' of the red cloak. She was a woman that always wanted to know the ins an' outs of everythin'. Sure, they're all dead now, the light of heaven to them."

"Curiosity," said Mr. Lynch, "curiosity, a propensity inherited by us from our first mother."

"Well, your honour," continued the countryman, "she done nothin' but run across the field to my grandmother. 'Biddy,' sez she, 'lend me the loan of your red cloak for half an hour,' sez she. My grandmother bid her take it off the peg in the room inside; so she did, clapped it about her, an' went to the kitchen garden

where the strange boy was diggin' away for himself. 'James Howard, come into your dinner,' sez she, calling out to him. He looked round at her, an' glory be to God, the next minute she hadn't tale or tidin's of him no more than if the ground swallowed him. She went back to the house tame enough, my hand to you, and never let on to Mickey what she had done.

"That was well an' good. Mickey did the best he could, an' the time passed on till the harvest came, an' a finer haggard of hay an' oats was never stacked before for him. He was just in the act of finishin' it off, when who in the world did he see facin' him in it but the strange young man that helped him in the spring. 'I'm come for my load of hay an' my bag of corn,' sez the young man, sez he, 'accordin' to our bargain.' 'You don't deserve to get 'um,' sez Mickey. 'You left me there in the middle of my hurry,' sez he, instead of stoppin' to reap what you sown.' 'Ax your wife the reason of that,' sez the young man. 'I won't dispute you,' sez Mickey, who was no manner of a negur. 'The crops are good,' sez he, 'so take your load of hay and bag of corn.' The boy took the pitchfork, and, begor, before you cud cry trapstick, he had every sack of corn and every rick of hay in the place in two bundles. 'Stop,' says Mickey, 'stop at once, sez he. 'Are you going to take all I have in the world?' 'The bargain was made,' sez the young man, with an ugly laugh, 'an' I may as well tell you, all the oats in Munsther wouldn't fill my bag, or all the hay in it make my bundle. An' maybe, I'd take a thing to eat 'um, too,' sez he. With that he puts a finger in his mouth and gave a whistle that would rise the head of you, an' my dear, from every quarter of the land the cows began to answer him an' come towards him. An' twasn't long till Mickey seen cows an' corn an' hay going out the road before him.

"Away with him as hard as ever he could leg it to a little tailor in Carrigahoult, who had great knowledge, an' tould him his story. 'Get up at once to the biggist cliff in Kilkee,' sez the little tailor, 'an' as loud as 'tis in your head call on Pat Dillon to save his neighbours. That's the king of the fairies from Ulster that came to you,' sez he, 'an' if you don't make haste he'll bring hunger on the land.'

"My hand to you, Mickey didn't let the grass grow under him till he stood high an' dhry above on the top of the cliff as the tailor ould him, an' as loud as 'twas in him he shouted out to Pat

Dillon to come to the rescue of his neighbours. Yerra in one minute two big clouds came out over the say, an' the biggest fight ever you seen or heard of began at the back of 'um, screechin' an' roarin' as if the wide world of people was in it, the say risin' an' the wind blowin', as if there was the greatest storm in the world. The two factions were at it hard an' fast, an' at long last one got the upper hand of the other, an' when Mickey looked back what did he see but all the cows, an' bay, an' corn that was comin' across the country with the fairy man turning right back agen faster than they came, an' when he reached home he found his share of 'um safe an' sound within in the haggard as if there never was a hand laid to 'um."

"And who was Pat Dillon?" asked Ethna. "I suppose it was he that saved them."

"'Twas to be sure, your honour; he was a boy who came be a strange death not long before. They say he was taken for certain, but he stood well to his country at any rate. Sure I'm only tellin' as I heard the neighbours talkin', your reverence."

"Oh, you are a sensible man, Johnny Clune;" said Father Garrett. "I'll engage you would not remember a sermon of mine half as well as that old wife's story."

"I like to hear stories about the good people," said Nell; "I think them lovely; I am grateful to Hood for writing a 'Plea for the Midsummer Fairies;' Nora and I search the foxglove sometimes for a little fairy; we are always on the watch for a *leprechaun*."

"It would be a pleasant thing to have a dainty Ariel at our command," replied Ethna. "What would you ask him to do, Nell?"

"To watch over those I care for," said Nell.

"Well, belief in the good people is a consoling consideration to those who labour under such hallucinations," remarked Mr. Lynch. "People necessarily come into proximity with bad persons in this lower world. 'Tis consoling to believe in a sphere where there are only good ones. Ha, ha, ha."

"'Tis not a right thing to be makin' a laugh of 'em at all," said the countryman; "'tien't safe walkin' through a strange bog."

They lingered till they saw the bonfires blazing upon every peak and summit, illuminating the quiet night. The moon sailed

on in lonely splendour; the cornerakes answered each other in the meadow lands; and the music of the violin mingling with the laughing voices of the children gave a human interest to the solitary mountain side.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BLACK CASE IN DANGER.

The week after they arrived at Mona, Vincent went on an excursion into Kerry. He returned in a few days delighted with the trip and arranged that he and Ethna should take a run there when the trees had assumed the varied colours of autumn. That night he awoke with a start and said :

"Ethna, where have you put the black case?"

"What case?" she answered, drowsily. "There was no case, only your portmanteau and rugs."

"Good heavens, are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure. The driver left them inside the door, I told Lizzie to put them by. Are you certain you had it?"

"Yes, certain. I put it into the well of the car with my own hands. I forgot all about it when I was speaking to you. I must follow the jarvey. He was to put up at Monaleena." He was hastily dressing as he spoke.

"Is it at this time of night? Why, you'll alarm the village if you knock people up at this hour. You may be sure it will be safe, that Considine is an honest man. What was in it that you are in such a fright about?"

"Papers, papers of importance."

"Oh, who on earth would steal old law papers?"

He left the room noiselessly; in a few moments Ethna heard the sound of horses' steps going rapidly down the avenue and fell asleep again. She was awakened by the striking of a match and saw Vincent by the bedside.

"So you did not go?" she said. "I thought I heard you riding off."

"Yes," he answered. "I went and came, and luckily got what I was looking for. I saw Considine's car outside his cousin's, and searched the well, where I found the case. I was born under a lucky star, and there were police in Monaleena too."

"You don't think the police would steal it?" said Ethna.

"They might take charge of it," he replied, "and put me to some trouble."

The day before Ethna left, she and Nell O'Malley had a ramble over the hills, paying farewell visits to her peasant friends. They sat down on the old bridge where a couple of years before Philip Moore had whispered soft nothings that had the effect of deepening and intensifying the beauty of all earthly things. The joy and the pain were all passed away, but a feeling of sadness crept over her—a feeling like that with which we look over a book that enchanted us in the dreaming days of youth, and find the illusion gone—the hero an impossible prig; the heroine a tiresome tester of patience and fidelity.

"I wonder how you can stand the monotony of Monaleena," said Ethna. "It seems three months since I came down."

"You have nothing to do here; I have a great deal—that makes a difference in any place," answered Nell. "One must either have occupation or amusement."

"Do you ever think of getting married?" asked Ethna.

A bright flush deepened the colour in Nell's cheeks.

"I suppose I do, sometimes," she answered with an embarrassed laugh, "but the right man has not come yet."

"What a curious fellow that Joe Smith was," said Ethna, musingly. "Do you know where he is now?"

"In America, I believe," replied Nell, bending down to look at the water.

"We met him often in Dublin last winter. Was it not strange about the horse? He would not sell him, though Vincent would have given any money for him. It sometimes occurred to me that there was some mystery about him. He was here a few times?"

"Yes, for a couple of days."

"He was in very good society in Dublin. Would it not be romantic if he was a Fenian leader?"

The colour died away from Nell's cheeks, and a sad look came into her eyes.

"A dangerous romance," she said. "If you thought he was one, would you not be afraid to have him intimate with Mr. Talbot?"

"Oh, not I. Patriotism is not Vincent's line. People that

take life easily don't risk their necks for the good of their country. If I were a man, I would be in the middle of whatever was stirring. Life is a tame thing for women."

"I am not of heroic mould," said Nell. "Likely if I were in a fight I would run away, like the Irishman who said he had the bravest heart in the world, but a cowardly pair of legs always ran off with him."

"The next best thing to be in the battle oneself is to have the men of one's family in it," Ethna said. "You and I could load guns if we had anyone to fire them. I'd like the excitement."

"I would think more of the loss of life than of the gain and cause," answered Nell. "You would feel differently if Mr. Talbot were in danger."

"Who ever heard of an attorney's self-sacrifice?" said Ethna, laughing. "His is a minor kind of warfare; encouraging his neighbours to legal combat. Let us move on now. This old bridge needs no one to defend it."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MEETING.

When the Talbots reached Dublin again, they found several invitations awaiting them, among the number one from Henry Moore, who was still in Kingstown, for the following week.

Ethna was determined to outshine herself. The visit to the country had freshened her mentally and physically, and she brought her intellectual activity to the creation of a new toilette for the forthcoming ball. When the night arrived her efforts were crowned with complete success, and in a dress of white satin and silver she looked very fresh and lovely.

"By Jove, I have the handsomest wife to be found. I should give you a kiss, Eth, only you would howl about your tulle," said Vincent. "Let me fasten your glove. Where is your cloak? Here, Lizzie, look alive. We will be extra fashionable."

The dancers were in full career when they arrived; and after a few minutes' conversation with the host and hostess, Ethna accepted the arm of an acquaintance, and was soon whirling

gracefully to the music of "The Power of Love." She stopped for a moment to rest herself, and turning round, stood face to face with Philip Moore. She felt a sudden shock, but with quick feminine mastery of her emotion she recovered herself almost instantaneously, and, putting out her hand, said :

"How do you do, Mr. Moore? When did you return from foreign lands?"

"To-night," he replied. "I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you so soon."

"Ah, you did not know we reside in Dublin, I suppose?"

"Are you rested, Mrs. Talbot? Shall we have another turn?" said her partner.

"With pleasure," and they again mingled in the bewildering maze of revolving human beings.

Philip Moore looked after her with mingled feelings of surprise, annoyance, and admiration. He had been in love with her after his fashion, a couple of years ago; he would have married her if she had had a larger account at her banker's. Depriving himself of the gratification of so doing had been unpleasant; but still he managed to get along very comfortably, and was troubled by no useless regrets. Here she was now, far handsomer than ever she had been; a centre of attraction; animated, self-possessed, and the property of another man. He stood watching her curiously for some time. Was that the shy, blushing face that he used to raise to his on the hills of Mona? Where was the love-light that made those large, bright eyes so dewy? It seemed impossible to associate her now with the impulsive mountain maid who had been so much in love with him.

Ethna managed in the course of the evening to gaze unobserved on the man who had once shaken the great deeps of her nature; whom she would have followed unhesitatingly over the rough places of the world; and without whom she thought it almost impossible to live.

All that emotion was gone. She realised it as she looked at him, a sort of wonder stealing over her as she thought of the old bliss and agony of which he had been the cause. What was in him that so strangely touched her? He was not more distinguished in appearance than the men around—Vincent even was better looking—and as well as she could remember, he never gave expression to an opinion that would warrant one in supposing that

he had a finer disposition than the ordinary run of ordinary men.

She blushed with shame as she glanced backward, and an impulse of passionate anger made her almost hate him for having given her cause to blush. She exulted that she was married, and handsome and admired, no longer the love-lorn maid uttering lamentations for false knight, but a wedded belle, with men at her beck and call to obey her slightest behest.

Never was she so brilliant and beautiful as at the Moores' ball; her cheeks and eyes were radiant, and her gay badinage kept her in an atmosphere of low laughter. Philip Moore asked her to dance, and her graceful nonchalance, her delightful indifference, were a new and rather irritating revelation. She provoked him into making some covert allusion to Mona and old times, but she appeared to be perfectly insensible, and alluded momentarily to the past as if it contained nothing either to remember or forget.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

(To be continued).

A SONG FOR MARCH.

THE daisies white, with their hearts of gold,
 Must have danced on the Irish leas,
 And the blossoms gleamed on the sloe boughs old
 Like the foam on tropic seas;
 And the larks, I think, our island o'er
 Sang songs of ecstasy
 When Gabriel God's message bore
 To a maid in Galilee.
 For the birds might well sing songs of mirth
 And the boughs be gaily drest
 In the land of all the lands on earth
 Where Mary's loved the best.

Our Irish skies were bright and clear
 On that glad and happy day;
 And the Irish brooks sang far and near,
 As they went their seaward way;
 And the breezes, fragrant, fresh and keen,
 With a joyous murmur swept
 Through the swaying boughs of the larches, green
 As Patrick's faith has kept.
 For the larch might well its tassels ring,
 And rivers merrily run,
 In a land where saints were yet to sing
 The praise of Mary's Son.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

PART XIII.

I begin before No. 26 of our Acrostics, the only one that we left to be solved in our February instalment, has reached our readers; and any remarks suggested by the correspondence that may come on the subject can be added later on.

Some day, thirty odd years ago, when this intellectual pastime of puzzling one another with clever double acrostics amused a knot chiefly of Dublin barristers, the word *doit* occurred as a proper subject for this ingenious trick to "O"—who was then John O'Hagan, Q.C.—perhaps when walking home tired from the Four Courts. It splits nicely, small as it is, into two words of equal length, *Do it*, which we may take as a translation of the word of command given by the Centurion of the *Domine non sum dignus*: "Fac hoc, et facit" (Matth. viii., 10). The word *doit* itself seems to come from *digitus* and *doigt*, and is nearly the same in Dutch and German as in French; and old Skinner explains this derivation by pretending that the coin contained "as much brass as could be covered by the tip of the finger." We are told that it was a small Dutch coin valued at the eighth of a penny, and an ancient Scotch coin one twelfth of a penny sterling. But it was, and sometimes is, taken to mean anything of little value, a trifle. "I would not give a doit for it." How well and how tersely all this is expressed by "O" in the couplet:

Severed, we summon to action;
Blent, we're an obsolete fraction.

What words beginning and ending respectively D—I, and again O—T, shall be given as "lights?" The Author of "Ourselves Alone" fixed on *Delhi* and *Orient*, shadowing forth each in a line.

Seat of successive empires lost and won,
Seat of that seat, proud region of the sun.

We now hand over to the ingenuity of our readers No. 27 of these "Dublin Acrostics." It is by "R.," and we rejoice that we hold the answer in Mr. Reeve's own handwriting.

No. 27.

Now, like a ruthless despot
 Whom trembling crowds obey,
 My first subdues and crushes
 All things beneath its sway.
 A noted bruiser also—
 And greater than Jem Mace —
 For Mace beneath its counters
 Would be in evil case.
 But hark ! (and small the change is)
 The Magyar captive brave
 By funeral chimes, low pealing,
 Is summoned to his grave.
 To deal forth death and ruin,
 To scatter and destroy,
 And cause the worst disunion
 Is oft my second's joy.
 And yet—oh ! seeming marvel—
 As oft its chief delight
 With soft and gentle influence
 To strengthen and unite.
 But when my first and second
 Their agency combine,
 (As quickened by affliction,
 The truest virtues shine)
 So crushed, oppressed, but bettered
 By their most cruel test,
 The power that erst slept uselessly
 Brings peace, and joy, and rest.

1. Ah ! cruel chimes, ye sound love's funeral knell—
The sailor bids his weeping maid farewell.
2. Time, and life's ordeal, alone can show
If true or false the metal be below.
3. Give me my friend, with him, oh ! wealth untold
Of gleaming jewels, and of ruddy gold.
4. Poor Mantalini ! for thy wife no more
Consents to liquidate thy little score.
5. Even as we seek for violets in the shade,
So did thy lover seek thee gentle maid !
6. Down from the hill the young Ascanius came
Panting for nobler foe—more dangerous game.

R.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We are delighted to observe the literary talent that is developing in Catholic Australia. Of the general literature of Australia we have caught only a glimpse or two; but the conductors of *The Austral Light* have allowed us to mark the steady improvement, external and internal, in that extremely interesting and well written periodical. We have no idea where Narbethong lies on the map of the great Australian continent; but from that quiet spot Miss Marion Miller sends a supply of verse and prose, remarkable for its freshness and its copiousness. If "Una Roe" be a pen-name, we advise this pleasant writer to begin at once to win the credit of all her writing for her own real name. Many priests and laymen contribute essays as solid and learned as are to be found in the best European magazines. The Catholics of Australia are bound to support such a magazine as this. The subscription is only half of what we should have guessed it to be.

2. There is another Catholic literary enterprise on which we dare to cast an admiring glance from afar. We have several times called attention to "The Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia," which are published quarterly at 715 Spruce Street, Philadelphia. It is maintained with admirable zeal; and a series of its volumes will be of priceless value for the historian of the Catholic Church in America. In the new Part (December, 1897) there is another large and most valuable instalment of the American documents preserved in the archives of the Irish College in Rome, which F. Kittel, the Archivist of the Society, has spent many months transcribing. Letters of Bishop England, Father Mathew, and priests and bishops connected with the United States are given in great numbers in the present and recent quarterly parts. Some twelve or twenty portraits of prelates and pictures of churches, &c., are also furnished in this new number. The most interesting item is the diary kept by the Sisters of Charity in charge of the Satterlee Military Chapel, Philadelphia, in the years of the War 1862-65. What a joy, the existence of that hospital was to the poor Irish soldiers! Many happy deaths are described, especially of some who only at the end embraced eagerly the faith of Ireland. This part of the "*Records*" has had the very great advantage of being edited by Miss Sarah Trainer Smith.

3. Maurice Francis Egan, who is now Professor of English Language and Literature in the Catholic University of America, contributed to its "*Bulletin*" last July an essay on "*New Handbooks of Philosophy*," which has been issued as a separate brochure

(Washington: Stormont and Jackson). It shows Dr. Egan's familiarity with contemporary fiction in England and France. It shows also his grasp of high principles and a vigour of style which is sometimes so subtle and so literary as almost to seem a little affected. We prefer the graver treatment of the same subject by Father Alexander Gallerani, S.J., in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in an essay which has been reprinted separately in Italy, and has been translated in Belgium, under the title *Faut-il louer le Mérite littéraire des Ecrivains mauvais?* Some Catholics are prone to praise those evil-doers for literary gifts which they fortunately possess in very scanty measure. Everything that Dr. Egan writes is well worthy of careful study. He is very generous in praise as well as vigorous in censure.

4. Burns and Oates have published a new Catholic tale of more than two hundred pages, "A Noble Revenge," by White Avis, author of "A Catholic Girl in the World," of which we retain a favourable but vague impression. The present story is very good and interesting. How will it fare in the hands of those who do not know French? In two cases a translation is given in a footnote; but a hundred other cases require the same assistance. Though the style is good, in several instances a word is used quite incorrectly. "White Avis" is a very ambiguous name, leaving us in doubt about our pronouns—male or female, matron or maid—but we cannot be far wrong in wishing that Miss Avis may soon give us another story as interesting and edifying as this, and affording no opportunity for fault-finding.

5. "Who fears to speak of '98?" A good many will speak of it during the present centenary year. That they may speak with some knowledge of the subject, the Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O.S.F., has published, through Guy and Co., of Cork, a Centenary Edition of his "Popular History of the Insurrection of 1798, derived from every available record and reliable tradition." This is the third or fourth tradition; and though very well produced in a volume of more than two hundred pages, it costs only half a crown. The work has received large and important additions since its first appearance.

6. The Catholic Truth Society have published for one penny, "The Second Spring," one of the most beautiful sermons ever delivered by Cardinal Newman. It was preached at Oscott in 1852 in the first Synod of Westminster. For two pence we have also another famous sermon of the Oratorian Cardinal's, "Christ upon the Waters." To the same society we owe some new penny pamphlets, "The Truth about Convents as told by Ex-Nuns and Others," "The Relics of the True Cross," by the Rev. James Bellord, particularly well written and very carefully compiled; and also a Sketch of St. Peter Fourier,

which condenses skilfully biographical volumes into a couple of dozen pages.

7. Besides a reprint of M. C. Kavanagh's "Instructions for Confession," Messrs. Burns and Oates have sent us an account of "St. Anne D'Auray," by a Benedictine. On the first page he calls St. Simon first bishop of Jerusalem. Was not this St. James the Less? In fifty pages everything is told to us about *La bonne Vieille*, and her beloved shrine in Brittany.

8. Digby, Long and Co., of London, have brought out in a fantastically oblong form "Portuguese Rita," by M. P. Guimaraens. It is prettily written by one who seems to understand Portuguese customs; but we cannot say that we admire very much its form or its substance.

9. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, publish "The Martyrdom of Father Coigley, a Tragic Episode of '98," by Mr. George Hobart, who has gathered into less than thirty pages all that Dr. R. R. Madden and Lord Cloncurry have put on record about Father Quigley, as he is generally called.

10. We should have put this month in the first place as the most important addition to Catholic literature which this month has brought under our notice a new work of fiction by the gifted American lady who calls herself "Christian Reid." "Fairy Gold" has the further external guarantee that it appears under the auspices of Father D. E. Hudson and *The Ave Maria* of Notre Dame, Indiana. We have no idea of analyzing the plot, which is evolved at full length in three hundred and fifty pages. It is a beautiful and edifying story written with Christian Reid's wonted charm of style.

11. We end for this month with three pious little books. The smallest is "The Manual of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion," by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.) This is No. 21 of "Religious Booklets for the People," by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, and regards the crusade of prayer for the conversion of England.

Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have issued a pretty illustrated edition of the "Imitation of the Blessed Virgin," translated from the French by Mrs. Bennett Gladstone. Finally, from the same publishers we have "Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle," adapted and compiled from many approved sources by the Rev. Francis Xavier Lasance. Indeed this ought not to have been classed with the two preceding as a pious little book, for it is a very ample collection of prayers and devotions for many hours and half-hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. It is probably the most complete and most varied of its kind.

APRIL, 1898.

SOME NOTES ON "MACBETH."

II.

THERE are many points of interest in the play of *Macbeth* arising from the strange addition of baser matter which has been mixed with it as handed down to us in the Folio of 1623. It should be evident to anyone with a literary feeling that the play has been freely edited, and for the worse, if not in Shakspeare's time, at least shortly after his death. Indeed one may picture the stage-managers of those days frowning dubiously over the Shaksperian manuscript for reasons other than its illegibility, as they noted how devoid it was of the lighter comic element. There is no work of Shakspeare so entirely steeped in gloom. As Professor Dowden says, there is a line in the play which may be taken as a motto for the whole—"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse." "It is the tragedy of the twilight, and the setting in of thick darkness upon a human soul. We assist at the spectacle of a terrible sunset in folded clouds of blood. To the last, however, one thin hand's-breadth of light remains—the sadness of the day without its strength."* Of the twenty-four scenes into which the tragedy, as we now know it, is divided, no less than eleven are enacted between the hours of sunset and of dawn; and of the remaining thirteen which are played in daylight the three scenes of the battle at the close may be considered as one. Roughly speaking then, one half the action of this strange tragedy is played in the darkness. A Rembrandt-like gloom dominates the

* Shakspeare, his Mind and Art. p. 244.

whole ; the light of one half the play is that of flaming torches, fitful moonlight, the pallid glare of lightning, or the red flare that flickers beneath the cauldron, which later dies down into the abyss. One would think that Shakspeare had a prevision of modern stagecraft in these matters ; but even as we read we obtain a sense or the colouring from the text, and we feel how in a large degree the middle tones are wanting. The effect is to throw into strange relief the physical and moral attributes of the characters, as the same gloom or baleful light which pervade the material, are paramount also in the spiritual atmosphere. And as in the portraits by Rembrandt or Tintoret the deep gloom or negative side of the picture expresses often as much as, or more than the high light, so in this play the abiding element of darkness and of negation, into which we peer vainly, determines more our sense of the ethical force of the tragedy than do the intense gleams of light that strike across its surface. As Ruskin has taught us, it is where the shadows commence that we gain our sense of the contour of objects and their relations to each other—the daily renewal of the act of the Eternal Word—“ Appellavitque lucem Diem, tenebrasque Noctem.” To take for an instance the mental and moral paralysis which seizes the state on the murder of Duncan ; it is the confusion and terror which takes a primitive race in the shadow of the sun’s eclipse. To breathe again, much less to think, men must fly southward from the darkness, and seek the moral sunshine of the Confessor’s Court. And here one may note the significance that the avenger of Macbeth is not a hero, with a splendour of courage and mastery of things, like Edgar in *King Lear*. Macduff is an unheroic specimen of manhood, who shares in the general panic, flies to England, and leaves wife and children to swell the list of the victims to Macbeth’s maniacal outburst in crime. The real destroyer of Macbeth, as Shakspeare would have us to see it, is the inevitable irony which throughout compels him to compass his own destruction. By this is meant rather the *Eironeia* of the Greek dramatists than our modern application of the word. To borrow from the notion of the Bhuddist philosophy, Macbeth bears his “ *Karma* ” with him, and it takes him at last “ to his own place.”

Shakspeare in none of his plays has so abandoned himself to the ironical method as in this one ; and in so doing he has come nearer to the manner of the old Greek dramatists than he had

reached before, or was ever to reach again. For the irony in *Lear* is something very different; it is the irony of cosmic forces let loose against the individual by his own acts, wherein he at once becomes helpless and passive, tossed hither and thither on the energies of the storm. But to the end the irony of *Macbeth* comes from within, not from without. To the last he is fighting an army of shadows from which he would be free; and as the shadows give way before him, and he advances in imaginary success, we see him draw blindly ever nearer to the brink of the gulf of everlasting night into which he finally falls. As in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, or as in the man "predestined" to perdition in the idea of the old Calvinist, the very efforts toward security of such a soul make finally for his swifter ruin.

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods;
They kill us for their sport."*

Shakspeare gives no adherence to doctrine such as this. But in this play he does seem to adopt that other saying: "Whom the gods wish to destroy the same they make mad."

Yet, though standing on the verge of lunacy, as defined by medical science, *Macbeth* never oversteps it. His disease is ever that of the soul rather than of the mind. A victim at one moment to an hallucination of sight—the drawn dagger in the air that points the way to his victim's resting-place—he nevertheless does not allow it to control him as a delusion; by an effort of judgment he recognizes it as having no reality except in his own disordered senses and "as a morbid product of mental excitement, and finally its existence is altogether repudiated and the 'bloody business' of the mind is made answerable for the foolery of the senses."† Does *Macbeth* at any time again become a victim to hallucination? At first sight we might be inclined to answer in the affirmative since the Ghost of Banquo in the Banquet-scene is visible only to himself. Some critics, M. Taine for instance, have fallen into this error; and, among actors, the late Barry Sullivan went through this scene raving at an empty stool placed in the centre of the stage. "*Macbeth*," says M. Taine, "has Banquo murdered, and in the midst of a great feast he is informed of the success of his plan. He smiles, and proposes Banquo's health. Suddenly, conscience-smitten, he sees the ghost of the

* *Lear*. Act iv. Scene ii.

† The Psychology of Shakspeare. Dr. Bucknill.

murdered man; for this phantom which Shakspeare summons is not a mere stage trick; we feel that here the supernatural is unnecessary, and that Macbeth would create it, even if hell did not send it." To view the matter thus is to miss one of Shakspeare's finest touches of realism. To begin with, Shakspeare is careful to raise the Ghost of Banquo before Macbeth makes mention of him; Macbeth does not propose Banquo's health here, he only regrets his absence, with the ghastly effect of irony in that the ghost of his victim is at the moment seated in Macbeth's chair unknown to him.

Rosse— His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your Highness
To grace it with your company?

Macbeth— *The table's full.*

In the uncertain glimmer of the torchlight he looks down the row of guests, and sees the place where he should sit occupied. But as yet he knows not by whom, or by what.

Lennox—Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macbeth— *Where?*

Even now he does not realize the import of that Figure—visible only to himself; and he cannot understand why the Thanes persist in pointing to a chair already filled.

Lennox—Here, my good lord,—What is't that moves
your Highness?

Between these two sentences of Lennox is the point where Macbeth becomes first conscious *what* it is that fills the place reserved for him. He starts and quivers in every limb; and so real is the apparition and so *unghostlike* its quality that he at first believes the body of his victim has been placed there to confront him, as he cries hoarsely—"Which of you have done this?" There is a startled cry from the Thanes, "What, my good Lord?" . . . But Macbeth does not hear them. Already that which he had thought to be the body of his victim begins to make menacing signs at him, and he recognises it for what it is—a manifestation from another existence.

Macbeth—Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Though invisible to all save Macbeth, this apparition, then, is obviously intended by Shakspeare to be objective, not subjective; it is a real manifestation from the spiritual world, not an hallucination of Macbeth's over excited imagination, akin to that of the air-drawn dagger; though in her efforts to arouse him Lady Macbeth tells him it is so. But, strange and suggestive fact, when the guests have departed, dismissed hurriedly by her, and they two are alone, we hear no more denials of its reality from her lips, no more scepticism and scorn on the "proper stuff!" which has so disordered and confounded him. Does the spiritual world of Evil to which she has dedicated herself shake her soul also with manifestations which in her heroism she conceals from her tortured husband through the indomitable force of her will? It should be noted here that Mrs. Siddons held, and shewed by her acting, that the ghost of Banquo was visible also to Lady Macbeth. The question is open to conjecture, but beyond her silence immediately they are alone, there is nothing in the text to warrant the opinion. Nevertheless a latitude may be allowed outside the text to great artists interpreting Shakspeare; we should reverence the inspirations that come to these great minds, possessed by their art, and whelmed in their idea and realisation of their parts.

I may here allude to a conjecture of Sir Henry Irving, made in the seventies I think, on his first performance of Macbeth, concerning the significance of the introduction by Shakspeare of a "*Third Murderer*" at the slaying of Banquo. That Macbeth should mistrust the two hirelings commissioned to do the deed is natural enough. But that he should set any faith on the presence of a third of the same type is not so easily understood. The actor startled the critical world with the idea that the *Third Murderer* was Macbeth himself disguised. Of any conjecture that I know which is unsupported by stage tradition, or stage direction, this seems to me to be at once the most ingenious and probable. If readers will look through the few words spoken by this character in the short scene in question, they will note the strange acquaintance possessed by this man with the secret intentions of Macbeth and the habits of those who frequent the castle. Unexpectedly introducing himself, he takes on himself much of the direction of the business; and when it fails by one half and Fleance escapes, it is he who bursts out into protest at the failure. "Who did strike out the light?" "There's but one down; the son is fled." . . . What makes

against the notion that it was Shakspeare's idea is the absence of any stage direction to that effect where it would be most certainly expected, and the absence of any stage tradition to bear out the idea. The present writer is indebted to Sir Henry Irving for a note as to the present position of his mind on this matter. He writes:—"I don't lay any stress on that paper of mine—*The Third Murderer*—which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* some years ago. It was simply a speculation which has nothing to do with any general conception of Macbeth, or its interpretation on the stage."

Here one may look back with interest and admiration at the long list of emendations and lights upon the text with which Sir Henry Irving's acting, and his productions, taken as a whole, are associated. An actor stands in two positions as a critic. First, we have the indescribable commentary of his genius; which includes the power of identifying himself with his conception of the character upon the one hand, and on the other the magnetic attraction established between himself and his audience, without which neither perfection of technique nor of elocution will compel their hearts to beat with his, or their souls to melt and become plastic in his hands. It is the fate of the actor that scarce even a dim record of this his greatest power can be retained for posterity; it may be estimated as a power, but it cannot be felt through descriptive writing; it is the possession only of those who have come under its personal spell. But the second position which he occupies as critic or student consists of the lights which he throws on the character, its motives, and on the text. These points are mainly developed by the actor's *technique*—by his reading of the text, and by what is known on the stage as his "*business*." In a broad sense of the term it is largely through this element that the conviction of Macbeth's guilt previous to the opening of the play is impressed upon us. Irving's "*business*" never leaves us in doubt as to the meaning which he desires to convey. It is not a broad rough impression we obtain of the character, lit by certain great moments of passion, or of pathos, or of terror; the great moments are there; but, illustrating and leading up to them, the carefully planned commentary on the text, and, what is more, on every sentence of it. It is not the physical, or, shall we say, physiological aspect of the animal man that interests him—it is the psychical. To show us the workings of a man's soul is more

to Irving than to interest us in his externals by splendour of bearing or by grace of form. He can play the latter too when the interest centres mainly on the pathos of the *figure*, when a *picture* is more important than an analysis—as in “*Charles the First*.” But when playing his great Shaksperian parts it is the analytical study of the soul, with its hidden springs of energy for good or for evil, for heroism or for crime, upon which he bends the full effort of his art. To achieve this it is evident that a larger amount of emphasis is needed than would be in the acting of one concerned chiefly in portraying the externals of character; hence a certain licence must be granted to the method:—namely, that the actor be allowed to take his audience straightway into his confidence, while seeming to exclude from it the persons of the play. Otherwise one might say, for instance, that all the remaining characters in “*The Bells*” are dolts, or fools, because they fail to recognise what we are made to feel from the first moment Mathias comes on the stage—that this man is the murderer of the Polish Jew. Such criticism, however, would at once deny the rightful use of the stage “*aside*.” If it is lawful for an actor to speak a speech as audible to his audience but supposed to be inaudible to those around him, it should also be allowed him to establish by facial expression and action a far more subtle confidence between himself and his audience to which those acting with him must be supposed to be blind. But to complete such a connection between the audience and himself implies that in the art which effects it there must be much that is strange, weird, and grotesque. But there is much that is strange, weird, and grotesque in the art of Dante, Blake, Beethoven, and, may we not add, with Macbeth and Lear before us, in the art of Shakspeare also. It is tempting to your daily-paper critic to quote the advice of Hamlet to the players; but who cannot see that, excellent as it is, there lurks behind it all Shakspeare’s art, and his smile of irony. To create the impression of realism it is good that Hamlet be didactic and academical when advising the player troupe in matters of art; it is ill to “tear a passion to tatters”—be it so. But a little time after and we see Hamlet’s wild spring from the ground, and hear him shout in hysterical tension doggerel rhymes after the retreating figure of the King. Let us not be too certain that Shakspeare anywhere meant anything exactly as the surface meaning of his text would imply.

It was this duplicated system in his art, combined with his conception of the part, new to the stage, which confounded many of Irving's critics. Instead of the fierce prehistoric animal of Salvini's Macbeth—grafted on to a mixture of Norse Viking and Italian brigand—at his worst, full of energy and over-mastering ambition*—we saw suddenly step into our field of vision and at the same moment into the circle of the witch's spells, the haggard spectacle of a soul in hell; a soul that by an oath was self-dedicated to evil, and that had said unto it, "Evil, be thou my good." It all appeared so strange; hampered by our preconceived notions, we seemed to live in some realm of phantasy and of surmise "where nothing is but what is not." But the weird and terrible power of the actor compelled our attention, and gradually, by what subtle hints and premonitions only those who witnessed it can understand, our minds were prepared for the flood of light which Ellen Terry's emphasis on Macbeth's original guilt let in on the text. The next day and all London's dramatic critics were full of the "new reading" of the history of Macbeth's crime.

Those who have heard Sir Henry Irving merely *read* the text of this play, will have understood better than any his subtle power in bringing out points which they have never before noticed. A mere pause sometimes effects this. Take for instance Macbeth's direction to the servant just preceding the murder of Duncan. As Irving acts this little bit, you can see already that the hallucination of the dagger is troubling his vision; with his eyes fixed on this, the message is given to the servant which is really a cipher to Lady Macbeth that he is prepared to do the deed when she has had all in readiness, and proved that the drugs have taken effect on the king's chamber-grooms.

"Go . . . bid thy mistress . . . when my . . . *drink* . . . be ready,
She strike upon the bell."

In the pause which follows his utterance of the word "*drunk*," a spasm of horror crosses Irving's face. He feels the horrible double meaning of the word; the fiends "who palter with us in a

* Signor Tommasso Salvini—probably the greatest actor the world has seen—has seriously written a paper in which he expresses his belief that Shakspeare originally wrote the sleepwalking scene for Macbeth—but, the actor being unable to compass it, the situation was transferred to the hands of a clever boy who played the part.

double sense " have got their hands upon his heart-strings, and his faculties ; the bell is to be the signal that, this draught of blood is ready for his lips—when it rings, he says, " I go, and it is done ! *yon bell invites me* "—what wonder that, as the shadows press around him at the close of his existence, he uses the words " I have *supped* full of horrors " ?

We left *Macbeth* and his wife in the deserted banquet hall—the last scene in which we see them together—and, before closing these desultory notes on the play, a further word is due to the creation of the wife's part by Ellen Terry ; a creation as strange, and as unlike those of previous actresses in the part, as Irving's was in his. We note here the sudden change of manner, from strenuous endeavour to rouse her husband to a sense of his danger, to the listless apathy and depression of spirit which are now beginning to take possession of her. This woman, with her finite mundane philosophies—" a little water clears us of this deed, and then, how easy is't "—finds herself confronted in turn by the criminal monster she has helped to make. But a few minutes after she had helped him to cleanse his hands of Duncan's blood her soul was frozen with horror to find that he had slain the drugged grooms, whose faces she herself had smeared with blood. This is the man she had thought to be " too full o' the milk of human kindness : " the sudden revulsion of feeling consequent on the revelation is too great a strain on her woman's nature, since it has touched her ideals, and she faints away. From thence to the end her existence is tortured by the constant expectation and experience of each new debauch in blood to which the man she loves abandons himself. At first with a faint instinct of affection he would shield her from anticipating the truth. Banquo is to be murdered, but he will not make her party to the crime. " Be innocent of knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed ! " It is the mockery of a criminal's casuistry ; the web of irony has been cast back in the shuttle by the hand of Fate and is woven again in the woof of their intermingled lives. Yet still, whilst he needs her, her woman's heart sustains her nervous system, stretched to its utmost tension ; but already her presence and voice are losing their power to bring him out of the fits of mental aberration to which he is a prey ; she lies sleepless beside the delirious mutterings of " the terrible dreams that shake him nightly ; " and here, in the close of the scene, the last in which Shakspeare shows them to

us together, in the sudden collapse of her energies we are prepared for the next and last vision we obtain of her, a pallid wreck, a prey to sonambulistie terrors, rehearsing at hell's bidding the story of her crime, and striving to free her heart of its horrors in a sigh that longs to be eternal. It is this woman who loved him who is the most piteous of all the victims to Macbeth's heartless egotism and cruelty. Strangest yet truest irony of all, it is she, who thought so lightly of their crime as to measure it by "a little drop of water," who is slain by conscience—not the besotted criminal, so lavish of large words about blood-stained hands that will incarnadine the multitudinous sea. To her delicate sense of smell, the "little hand," that once caressed a child, is for ever tainted with the sickening odour of blood, which all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten—not his, so soon to become "subdued to what it worked in," the blood in which it paddled and plashed. His physical sensibilities become blunted soon :

" I am in blood

Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

He leaves her to get further false promises of security from the weird sisters, to plunge deeper into crime, to which he makes her party, and with which he loads her conscience. Macduff's wife and children are butchered ; and the cruelty of it revolts her. In her dreams she sees them die. "The Thane of Fife had a wife, where is she now?" . . . Macbeth drifts away from her ; her overwrought nervous system helps him no more ; it is the mirror in which he sees his own ruin. As he dons his armour for the last struggle the details of her malady oppress him less than the details of his mail shirt ; the cry of her women at her passing stirs him more than the news of her death ; such things are out of place—she should have died hereafter ; there would have been a time for such a word ; there is no time for sorrow now nor for remembrance ; she goes out into the vastness, loveless, and alone.

This is the irony of crime begotten of love. And surely not even in the *Medea* of Euripides has it been told with the power with which Shakspeare tells it here. But, for the realisation on the stage of this side of the tragedy, the chief burthen falls on the actress who plays Lady Macbeth. It is easier to play the part as a strong terrible woman, devoid of pity and of fear,—

an abstraction of murderous cruelty and ambition, than to show us the greatness of her crime through the rent of what was once a delicate and sensitive woman. What the one aspect may gain in strength it loses in its failure to harmonize with the central intention of the dramatist. Shakspeare did not intend that we should classify Lady Macbeth with Regan and with Goneril; and the tendency of the great tragic actress too often has been, and will be, to fall into this error. To terrify and overwhelm the audience by the lurid light of her power, is too great a temptation to be easily set aside. And yet, it will not be said that less difficulties attend the creation of a Tito Melena than of an Iago—of Lady Macbeth than of the terrible daughters of King Lear. With none other of his great criminals is Shakspeare at such pains to show you the better possibilities of her nature, to give you hints of her personal beauty, charm of manner, and power of loving, even when steeped to the lips in crime, than he is in creating this one, the most woful of all. And the crowning merit of the Lyceum revival of 1889 was the rendering of this element in the acting of Ellen Terry. To one, whose soul had thrilled in terror before the acting of Ristori in this part, supreme as an attraction in art, the entirely different conception and rendering of the character by the Lyceum actress constituted the most interesting contrast both of method and effect which it has been his lot to witness on the stage. And now, as years have passed, and he reads the play once more, with all reverence in his heart for the stupendous power of the great Italian artist, his allegiance goes by preference to the rendering of the Lyceum actress, which, from the first in her ardour of love, and ambition for the man she loved, to the last, when, a piteous wreck, she faded from view, lives in his memory as the truer embodiment of Shakspeare's supreme picture of the ruin of a woman's soul.

MONTAGU GRIFFIN.

SONNETS OF TRAVEL.

I.

A THUNDERSTORM AT BINGEN.

THE dying sun had sucked his last red beam
 From the drunk vine, whose long, dishevelled tress
 Leaned as in maudlin madness to caress
 The child-like waves of the great, haunted stream.
 Then through the sudden darkness tore the scream
 And snarl of thunder ; and the choking stress
 Made of the midnight all a wilderness,
 Lit by the torches of the lightning's gleam.

And lo ! o'er slumb'ring village rose the crest
 Of shattered keeps, that in the magic flash
 Assumed the might and mien of ancient power.
 And from their walls by leaguering hosts opprest,
 The mailed and vanquished knights did leap and dash
 Into the Lethe of the storm and hour.

II.

AT THE RHINE FALLS.

(Schaffhausen.)

O stately river ! winding to the sea,
 Deep-bayed and solemn for the centuries,
 That gaze upon thee with their dreaming eyes
 From shattered keep and empty hostelry ;
 Here in thy riot of lusty infancy,
 Heedless and unrebukéd by the wise,
 Who cast the dark, gray shadows of surmise
 Of what a turbid future stores for thee,

Ay ! leap and dance and curvet o'er these stones,
 That dare to thwart thy progress and thy pride ;
 Stately and slow and solemn shalt thou move,
 Thy high song lowered to the dread monotones
 Of war's loud clangour, or the rippling tide
 Of music breathed from harps of wine and love.

III.

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

(Lucerne.)

I have beheld Nature and Art at war,
For on this summer eve the thunder pealed,
Where the Pilatus threat'ning raised his steeled
And crested helmet o'er the smoking bar,
That wreathed its rival column from afar,
And in its snowy crevices revealed
The glowing emulation, field on field,
Of thick mists, lighted by the lightning's star.

And here the mighty building rocked and heaved
Under the organ's thunders that awoke
Beneath the fingers of the Silent One.
And the rain hissed, as we had fain believed,
And the pines crashed beneath the lightning's stroke,
And the fear-stricken hunters shriek and run.

IV.

THE "VOX HUMANA."

(Lucerne).

We tired of surging cataracts of sound,
That broke from loosened stop and fretted keys,
And poured their cadences without surcease,
And made the mountain thunders peal around.
When 'mid the hissing of the deluge drowned,
Lo! from the depths of Alpine crevices,
Came the faint cry of horror and distress,
Of lonely chamois-hunter, tempest-bound.

O great interpreter! Nature hast thou shamed;
We woke, 'mid horrors of thy Erebus,
To that one cry that ever touches us.
In the vast organ music she has framed,
Her noblest stops for us are idly stirred,
Until she wakes the one great human chord.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO IRISH BIOGRAPHY.—No. 34.

THE SOUTH MUNSTER ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

PART I.—JOHN WINDELE.

WHATEVER might be said as to the attitude of the Irish people as a body in regard to the history and antiquities of their country—a point on which, as on most Irish topics, the most conflicting opinions exist—it cannot be gainsaid that amongst what may be termed the Irish middle classes, a commendably growing interest is now being taken in these subjects, as shown by the increasing membership of the Royal Society of Antiquaries (founded in 1849 as the Kilkenny Archæological Society) and the signal success of its excursions, as well as by the recent establishment of kindred societies in Belfast, Cork, Waterford, Kildare, and Limerick, each of which, moreover, issues a well-edited quarterly journal of its own.

At all times, in fact, there have fortunately been at least some few persons for whom Irish history and antiquities have possessed an irresistible attraction; and it is not a little remarkable that the most eminent amongst them should have been men not Irish either in name or descent, to take, for instance, Sir James Ware, in the 17th century, General Vallancey in the last, and Dr. George Petrie in the present century, whose labours on behalf of Irish history and Irish archæology stand so far unsurpassed.

Several societies too, as well as individuals, have from time to time sought with varying success, to preserve and elucidate the history, language, music, literary records, and antiquarian remains of Ireland.

Of the early societies founded for this purpose, two, viz, the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Society of Antiquaries, still flourish, and need no further mention here. But it may not be amiss to chronicle the names of those that, like the South Munster Antiquarian Society, are now extinct, which were in their way the pioneers of the "National Literary," "Feis Coil," "Oireaothas," and "Irish Texts" Societies of to-day, not to speak of their seniors, the Gaelic Society and the Society for the Preservation of

the Irish Language, which are still doing such excellent work.

In the year 1740 a number of literary gentlemen became associated under the name of the Physico-Historical Society; and under their patronage were published Dr. Smith's Histories of Waterford, Kerry, and Cork. After this the premier society of its class, another one known as the Coimitional Gaoidilge, or "Irish Society," was founded in Dublin in 1752, for the publication of Irish tracts, but failed to issue any. Upon the extinction of this society nothing appears to have been done for Irish history and antiquities by any collective body, until 1782, or the year following, when Vallancey's "*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*" having been published, that enthusiastic Philo-celt founded the Society of Antiquaries. The publication of the "*Collectanea*," was the means of making the famous Edmund Burke induce Sir John Seabright to present Trinity College, Dublin, with the valuable Irish manuscripts collected by the celebrated Welsh antiquary, Edward Llyud, included in which are the "*Brehon Law Commentaries*," the "*Book of Leinster*," and other important volumes. When the Society of Antiquaries became extinct, the Royal Irish Academy was founded. But as the Academy devoted its attention principally to science, the continued neglect of Irish history and antiquities led a few persons to found in 1807, the Gaelic Society of Dublin—which produced one volume only. Subsequently to the formation of the Gaelic Society another called the Archæological Society was founded also in Dublin. In 1818 arose a new institution called the Ibero-Celtic Society, under whose auspices appeared one volume, viz., O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," from which the particulars just given have been taken. In 1840 the Irish Archæological Society was founded; and in 1845 the Celtic Society. These were after a time united; and then died out. To the Irish Archæological Society we are indebted for twenty-three; and to the Celtic Society for four valuable works, on Irish history, antiquities, &c.

In December, 1851, was founded the "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland;" but after the publication of a portion of the collection of Irish Music, formed by Dr. George Petrie, that society, too, came to naught. On St. Patrick's Day, 1853, was founded the Ossianic Society for the Preservation and Publication of Manuscripts in the Irish Language, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish history

&c., with literal translations and notes. Seven years later it could boast of 746 members; it had published six volumes and had six more in preparation; it possessed what might be described as branches in New York, Canada, and Australia; yet before another year was past the Ossianic Society had ceased to exist. A like brief span of existence (1878-86) was all that the Ossory Archæological Society was fated to enjoy, having received its death stroke on the departure of its founder, Bishop (now Cardinal) Moran for the Australian Mission. Considering the large number and influential character of their members, and the eminent authors who wrote their books, the collapse of the four Dublin societies last named seems all but inexplicable. The various volumes which they issued, however, are still highly prized by the Irish antiquary, whilst the impetus they gave to Irish archæological studies continues to be felt; and we have yet happily amongst us three at least of their most active and efficient members who might be said, in a sense, to still carry on their work, viz., Sir John T. Gilbert, LL.D., Dr. Sigerson, and Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady.

The present Cork Archæological Society, too, is, to a great extent, continuing the work of the South Munster Society. But never perhaps before or since was there such an earnest and devoted band of Irish antiquaries as this little society formed, numbering hardly more than a dozen members in all, priests, parsons, and professional men, mostly of mature age, who, at a period when neither railways nor bicycles were available, thought it no toil or trouble to wend their way afoot, often over considerable distances, in order to visit and explore some round tower, ancient mound, Druid altar, Ogham stone, ruined church, or other antiquarian relic of which there are still so many notable specimens remaining in Cork and the adjacent counties.

The South Munster Antiquarian Society appears to have had no fixed rules, nor to have kept any formal record of its proceedings; and it is only from out-of-the-way sources that we can now catch glimpses of its antiquarian rambles and researches to which were due the valuable topographical books and pamphlets, now getting very scarce, of which so large a proportion of its members were (as will be seen) the authors.

The mere enumeration of their names—John Windle, Richard Sainthill, Richard Brash, William Hackett, Abraham Abell, Francis Jennings, William Kelleher, William Willes, Rev. M.

Horgan, Rev. R. Smiddy, Rev. Justin M'Carthy (brother of the late Bishop of Cloyne), Rev. D. Coleman, Rev. Dominick Murphy, the Rev. Messrs. Bolster, Jones, Rogers, and Lawless—will show that they were at least worthy contemporaries of the remarkable and better known men of whom Cork city and county were so prolific in the first half of the present century, such as Crofton Croker, "the Father of Irish folklore," Dr. Maginn, Maclise, and "Father Prout;" John Lindsay, the Numismatist, Richard Dowden, the botanist, North Ludlow Beamish, the biographer, J. J. Callanan, Fergus O'Connor, Dan Callaghan, the merchant prince, Thomas Davis, Daniel Owen Madden, O'Neill Daunt, Michael Joseph Barry, John Francis Maguire, Rev. Pierce Drew, Rev. Samuel Hayman, Dr. Caulfield, John George McCarthy, Count Murphy, and many more; and when Cork counted amongst her adopted citizens Father Mathew, James Roche, Owen Connellan, and Sir Robert Kane.

But, however deserving of a biographical sketch each of the South Munster antiquaries may have been, the requisite materials, save in a few instances, are not now to be obtained; and are none too abundant in regard to Windele, Brash, Sainthill, Lindsay, Hackett, Fathers Horgan and Smiddy, to brief notices of whom the present paper is consequently confined.

The ablest, and beyond question the most enthusiastic archæologist amongst them was JOHN WINDELE, from a copy of whose obituary notice, kindly lent by his grandson, the Rev. Mark Leonard, C.C., Ballincollig, Cork, the subjoined particulars relative to his life and antiquarian work are chiefly derived.

John Windele was born at Cork in 1801. He belonged to a Kerry family, who spelt their name Windle, and though long settled in Ireland, seem to have originally come from England. Early in life Windele showed an intense love for antiquarian pursuits. Whilst yet a boy he visited all the ancient remains within his reach, such as old abbeys, churches, castles, &c., making sketches of all that impressed him in this way; and when grown to manhood his interest in, and his study of the history, language, literature and arts of his native land became the ruling passion of his life. His first published paper is said to be that, which under the curious pseudonym of "Trismagistus MacSlatt" he contributed to "Bolster's Cork Magazine,"* of which he was editor. His con-

* Its first number was issued in February, 1826, and its last in March 1830.

nection with that journal led Windele to form the acquaintance of such kindred souls as Abraham Abell, William Willes, Father Horgan, of Blarney, Father Prout, of Glenville, and others, who made Irish archæology their special study. It was their custom to make excursions through the county, sketching its military and ecclesiastical ruins, cromlechs, pillar-stones, stone-circles, and round towers, and excavating its tumuli and raths, &c. With such congenial companions Windele was in his element; and, long after these his early associates had passed away, he still continued their work with unabated ardour and enthusiasm.

His favourite pursuit, however, was Ogham stone-hunting. For him these mysterious memorials of early Irish civilization had an indescribable charm. Many existing Ogham stones were discovered by him, and many saved from destruction by their removal to his residence, where they formed what he termed his "megalithic library." His ardour in this pursuit was astonishing. The smallest hint sent him off in search of new discoveries, no matter how remote or inaccessible the spot where they were said to exist. Oftentimes the supposed Oghams proved to be nothing more than weather-marks or plough-scratches; but these disappointments did not daunt him in the least; and not unfrequently they led to the unexpected discovery of a stone-circle, cromlech, or other object of antiquarian interest. The many thick quarto volumes of sketches and notes which he formed attest the extent of his labours in this direction.

A good Gaelic scholar, he collected a considerable number of Irish manuscripts; and was a constant patron of the Irish scribes, then pretty numerous, for whom he further obtained employment, by inducing his friends to get them to transcribe the ancient Irish manuscripts of which a much larger number existed in his time than now. In 1839 Windele published his best known and most important book, "Historical and Descriptive Notices of the City of Cork and its Vicinity—Gougane Barra, Glengariff, and Killarney," of which three further editions were issued in 1842, 1846, and 1849, and an edition, 1848, restricted to Cove and Cork Harbour, edited by the late Dr. Scott, of Queenstown, with geological and meteorological notes from his pen. The reliable information and antiquarian lore to be found in this "South of Ireland Guide," by Windele, render it still a valuable possession; whilst it forms the ground work of all subsequently issued Cork Guide-books.

In 1860 he edited and issued, but only for private circulation, "Caher Conri," which will be referred to more fully later on.

Windele was also a contributor to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, in its brief day the great repertory of Irish antiquarian and topographical information. To the *Ulster Journal* (old series) he contributed the following papers—"Present Extent of the Irish Language" (vol. v., No. 19, 1857); "Caher Conri, Co. Kerry" (vol. viii., No. 30, 1860); "Ancient Irish Gold" (vol. ix., No. 36, 1861); and "Ancient Irish Gold and its Origin" (vol. ix., No. 35, 1861).

He was likewise a contributor to the Journal of the Kilkenny Archæological Society.

Of the now defunct Cork Cuvierian Society he was a member from the beginning; and its records contained many valuable papers by him. He wrote the section on Ogham stones in Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Ireland and its Scenery;" and up to the time of his death he was engaged in editing a volume for the Ossianic Society, "Agallam-Na-Seanoiside," or, "The Dialogue of the Sages," an Historical work in prose and poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eirionn, copied from the fourteenth century manuscript, known as "The Book of Lismore." Owing to the break-up of the Ossianic Society this volume was never published; but in its fifth volume issued in 1860, the editor, Professor Owen Connellan, then of the Queen's College, Cork, speaks of the Ossianic Society as being indebted for that volume to John Windele, so much help did he render in its production.

Independent of his personal contributions to Irish antiquarian literature, Windele was unsparing in his efforts to afford information to those seeking it at his hands. To every student or writer interested in Irish topography or archæology, his valuable library and MSS., his notes and drawings, were freely accessible. The important services he rendered in this way were often availed of in print without acknowledgment, but being one of the most unselfish of men he cared little about that; his great passion being to spread abroad a taste for the cultivation of the ancient literature and archæology of Ireland.

In person Mr. Windele was under the middle height, but strongly built. He was a famous pedestrian, thinking nothing, when in his prime, of walking thirty or forty miles a day, whilst

out on his favourite antiquarian rambles.

For many years he held a position in the Sheriff's Office, Cork, which yielded him a moderate income. His death, resulting from paralysis, took place at his residence Blair's Hill, Cork, on the 28th of August, 1865. Over his remains in the Mathew Cemetery, his fellow citizens erected a massive Celtic cross, which bears the sole inscription "John Windele."

In a letter to Mr. Daniel MacCarthy (Glas.)* dated March 27, 1848, Windele makes the following interesting reference to his Ogham researches:—"Your friend, Dr. Graves, has sent down a young man here to copy all our Oghams. I do not complain that he has sent him into my preserves—preserves wrought by me at much labour and expense. But I would have preferred that his very laudable desire to investigate this, so long-neglected department of our antiquities, was directed towards those portions of Ireland which had no labourers to work its fallow fields. However, I do really so love our national antiquities that I will not grieve that so able and zealous a gentleman as the Doctor has taken this matter in hand, although his so doing must necessarily clash with my special operations. I understand he read a paper in June last to the Royal Irish Academy on Oghams."

The Dr. Graves alluded to in this letter is evidently the present Protestant Bishop of Limerick, then a T.C.D. Professor, who is now generally considered to be the greatest living authority on Oghams, but whose long-promised book on this recondite subject has not yet appeared; whilst the "young man" he sent down to Cork, was doubtless, the Richard Hitchcock, a native of Kerry, a most promising Irish archæologist, who died in 1856, at the early age of 31, of whom a brief memoir appears on page 54, of Brash's "Ogham Inscribed Monuments of the Gaidhil," 1879. †

The latter work might in a sense well be regarded as a monument to John Windele, from the frequent and honourable mention of his name throughout its pages. On page 15, the author designates Windele as "The Father of Ogham Discovery in the South of Ireland."

* See a biographical sketch of this distinguished Irishman in our Number for August, 1897 (vol. xxv.)

† The late Sir Samuel Ferguson, it will be remembered, also published a work on Ogham Inscriptions (Edinburgh, 1887,) on which subject scarcely second as an authority is a Co. Cork priest, the Rev. E. Barry, P.P., Rathcormac. The latest writer on Oghams is Mr. R. S. A. Macalister, London, whose "Studies in Irish phy, Part I.," is of recent issue.

Windele's MSS. were, on his death, purchased by the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; they form in all 170 vols., of which 42 vols. are wholly in the Irish language*. Portions of his topographical papers (copied thence) are now being published in rather haphazard fashion in the *Cork Archaeological Journal*; but without the slightest introductory information having been afforded as to their author, the talented, devoted, and patriotic Corkman and antiquary, John Windele.†

JAMES COLEMAN.

HE KNOWETH BEST.

“NO! no!” I cried. “I will not have that cross—
“ ’Tis heavy, and hard, and bare.
“ Give me a rose, a ring, a pearl whose gloss
“ Light makes more fair.”

Out of my life His gifts I flung away,
Because I would not get
The thing I asked for, as I knelt to pray
With lips tight set.

And reckless down a rosy slope I went,
From thralldom free;
The hours that made my little day are spent,
And night meets me.

Into its ebon darkness, Lord, I go.
Oh, my lost prayer!
I searched my heart and soul for you, and lo!
A cross was there.

Gently and lovingly on my shoulder laid
By Hand Divine.
He sayeth: “Best for thee; be not afraid—
“ A Cross was mine.”

MARY JOSEPHINE ENRIGHT,

* *Vide* “Cork Journal,” Vol. II., page 118.

† To the *Kilkenny Archaeological Journal* his contributions were:—Vol. I. (1849) page 142, “Ogam Inscriptions”; page 159, “Ancient Irish Watermills”; pages 307 and 317, “Age of Ogam Writers”; page 328, “Ring Money in Ancient Ireland.” Vol. II. (1852) page 250, “The Ancient Cemetery at Ballymacann, Co. Cork.” Vol. III. (1854) page 151, “Runic Crosses in the Isle of Man”; page 229, “Ogams at Rathdrum.” Vol. IV. (1856) page 196, “Round Tower of Ardruim and its Siege in 1642”; and page 370, “The Book of MacCarthy Reagh.”

A son of Mr. Windele, now in California, and three daughters, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Killen, and Mrs. MacDonnell, still survive.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANOTHER WARNING.

THE Moores left Kingstown for their country residence; Miss Butler married, and went on the continent; and Philip Moore's regiment was stationed in Dublin, to assist in re-establishing the loyalty due to her Majesty. Vincent's instinct was to ask people to his house; he could not be sufficiently hospitable to his wife's cousin. So a good many of Philip Moore's idle hours were spent at Mr. Talbot's pleasant abode, where there was usually a nice girl or two; a very excellent lunch at two o'clock, and most agreeable suppers.

The harvest wore into October. Lizzie Lynch still kept vigils for her lover, and was more than ever an object of attention to Big Bill, who made tender advances whenever he had an opportunity, and made a close inspection of the windows several times a day.

The sweet voice of the fresh country girl and her modest bearing had awakened vague ideas of womanly beauty and the charms of domestic life in the large head of the policeman, and it was not pleasant to see Corney O'Brien, the attorney's clerk, walking by her side with rather the air of a lord and master. He, naturally enough, devoted some of his time to watching the movements of his rival, an occupation that day by day became more interesting; and he at length discovered that supervision of the young attorney, who spent his money royally, might also be productive of fruit.

One morning Lizzie was transacting some business at the hall door, when a tall woman approached with a few cards of lace edging in her hands. The girl started, for she recognized her old
 of coat.

"Pretend to be buying," said the woman, who had the hood pulled over her face.

Lizzie mechanically took the cards in her hands.

"Ye are watched, and the house is watched," said the woman. "Soon more than Big Bill will know where your master and your sweetheart goes of nights."

"Where they go of nights?" repeated Lizzie.

"Yes, where they go of nights. Big Bill followed them in disguise. I set him astray once, the hell-hound. Tell 'um to quit the town, for the spies are after 'um."

"Are you sure of what you say?" asked Lizzie, growing pale.

"Sure an' certain there's a spy out; one time he's a carpenter; another he's a printer. He'll hit home when he can, but he hasn't proof enough yet to transport them. He knows the horse ye have belongs to a chief. I pretends to be drunk, an' I hears many things. Buy a couple of yards, miss, to help a poor woman."

A decent-looking man passed by, and gave a scrutinizing glance at the two women.

"That's one of 'um," said Lizzie's friend, rapidly. "I tell ye the house is watched well. Ye wouldn't pass so long only for the officers come here. Tell 'um to look sharp, for they'll be tracked at night. Sixpence for that much, miss; 'tis well worth it."

She took the money the girl handed her and walked quietly down the street.

Lizzie, in fear and trembling, told Corney of the new warning, and had some difficulty in restraining that youth's impetuous desire to inflict summary chastisement upon Big Bill without any further delay. Corney told his master of the supposed surveillance, and they both considered it wise to be additionally cautious in their movements, and attended to the business of the office with a praiseworthy show of diligence.

As a natural consequence of his erratic habits, Vincent's business was gradually declining.

Mr. Talbot had had a severe attack of rheumatism, and was gone to the German spas for the benefit of his health. During the absence of that eagle-eyed limb of the law things had fallen into greater confusion.

Vincent's ardent nature was completely carried away by

patriotic enthusiasm. All personal aims and desires were merged in one wild ambition to establish the liberty of his country. He was not of a disposition to project himself far into the future, so the difficulty of accomplishing his object, and of keeping his country free, if he succeeded in wresting her out of the grasp of the higher powers, did not occur to him in any degree that might tend to moderate his ardour.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STRUGGLE.

The lane at the back of Vincent Talbot's house led on through the wilderness of shattered tenements until it came to the river, where the deep waters murmured sullenly as if sick of the many horrid secrets hidden in their bosom. Corney O'Brien walked rapidly along the bank, with papers appertaining to the Fenian conspiracy concealed in his breast. He approached a sort of quay near the back of the house, when a tall man in a frieze coat emerged from the shadow and followed him. Corney quickened his steps; so did his pursuer. In a few strides he reached his side, and laid his hand on his shoulder. Corney shook him off, and turned on him.

"No go, my fine fellow," said the man. "You're caught at last."

He seized him in his powerful grasp, and in a moment Corney recognized his enemy, Big Bill, the policeman.

"You vagabond spy," he cried, "let me go, or I'll have your life."

"I'll put you where you won't harm yourself or anyone else, my roving blade," answered Big Bill; "better for you come quietly, I have only to signal for help."

Corney declined to submit quietly to his fate, he had papers on his person that would criminate his master as well as many others; that consciousness gave him more than his wonted strength, he struggled violently with his assailant, but the policeman held him like a vice and all his efforts to free himself were unavailing.

A feeling of despair was rushing over him when suddenly a woman ran along the bank, and, with the agility of a wild cat,

sprang upon the back of Big Bill and closed both her hands upon his neck.

"You devil, do you want to chcke me?" he shouted in a strangled voice.

"Let go your hould, you hell-hound," she cried, "let go your hould."

To save himself from strangulation he took one hand off Corney, tore the woman's fingers apart and dealt her a blow that knocked her to the earth, her head coming against the curb stone. Corney took advantage of his partial liberation, thrust his free hand into his pocket, pulled out a revolver and with the end of it hit his enemy a crashing blow upon the temple: his hold relaxed, Corney fled among the houses, while Big Bill staggered, fell head-foremost over the edge of the quay, and in a moment more the black waters closed silently above him.

Next day the story of the affray was known through the city. The woman had been taken insensible to the hospital, and little hopes were entertained of her recovery. A girl deposed that she had witnessed the struggle between two men and the woman from a back window in her house, and saw one fall into the river. Big Bill was missing, the waters were dragged, and stiff and stark his body was drawn up, covered with mud and decaying weeds, a loathsome specimen of humanity.

With a haggard face Corney O'Brien listened to the details.

"I'm a murderer," he said to himself. "I sent him unprepared before his God, and he only doing his duty."

Though greatly shocked at the unhappy circumstances, Vincent tried to cheer him up.

"It was in self-defence," he said. "He was guiltless of murder before God or man, and, had he not defended himself, they would all be transported."

"And that unfortunate creature came to her death saving me," continued Corney. "I was taken but for her. Oh, Mr. Vincent, I'm in dread nothing but trouble and sin will come of what we're up to."

Before evening it was a confirmed fact that Big Bill, the policeman, was murdered by a Fenian and thrown into the river. He had been at a Fenian meeting that night disguised as a countryman; he must have been recognised; he was followed and barbarously assailed.

But it was curious how only one assassin appeared, and why the unfortunate woman was connected with it. If she only recovered consciousness enough to give some information, that would throw light on the mystery. A reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and the sick bed of Corney's preserver was watched by persons in authority waiting to take down her deposition.

Days wore away into weeks, and still she lay quietly on her bed, following the movements of her attendants with eyes that seemed unnaturally large in her wasted face. She was not so unconscious as she seemed.

"I won't speak," she thought to herself. "I might say more than I ought. I won't speak. Thank God, Big Bill is done for."

The unwonted peace and quiet were gradually influencing the hot heart of the outcast. Gentle nuns, with pure pale faces, on which no evil passion had ever left a trace, ministered to her with as much tenderness as if she were one of God's most faithful servants. And soft words of divine meaning sank slowly into her consciousness.

"Jesus and Magdalen," she murmured, when the nun had ceased to read of her whose burning love atoned for her iniquities. "Jesus and Magdalen, Magdalen a sinner like myself."

"You are sensible at last," whispered the nun, bending over her.

"Sensible," repeated the woman, turning her wounded head restlessly. "I was never sensible. Wild an' wicked; nothing but drink and damnation. But I saved him for her."

"Saved whom?" asked the nun.

"She fed and clothed me," continued the woman, lifting her blazing eyes; "an' betther, she gave me the kind word. 'Twas long since I heard them—long, long."

A priest was in the next ward, attending a dying man. He had just performed the last sacred rites for him when the nun summoned him to the woman's bedside. He sat beside her with his head bent upon his hand, and after a while she yielded to the divine power of his words, and poured the story of her life into his ears—the old story of betrayed trust, of grief and shame, and uncontrolled passions. Great tears rolled down her hollow cheeks as he gave her absolution, and the nun, who knelt at little distance,

lifted her soul in thanksgiving that another poor prodigal had come back to the feet of God.

Immediately after her mind began to wander; broken thoughts of the past fitted through her brain, and she plucked at the coverlet with her long thin fingers.

"Yes, I am sorry, your reverence, sorry, sorry," she murmured. "I thought to end it often in the river—but I was afraid—afraid to die—I got enough of hell—Big Bill went down, down. I heard the splash—the spy—but I saved *him*; Jesus and Magdalen—I would wash His feet in my tears, too, if I saw Him—they say I'll see Him soon. I'll never part with her cloak again—never—Jesus and Magdalen." Her voice fell away into indistinct tones; she held the crucifix to her breast and fell asleep; when the nurse came to her in the morning, she was dead.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AWAKENING.

There was a sense of relief mingled with Corney O'Brien's emotions when he heard of the death of his rescuer. Lizzie was confident she would not betray him; still the consciousness that it was possible was rather disturbing. In Big Bill's lodgings were papers which proved that he had found a good deal of information, and was following up his clues diligently, but, unfortunately for the authorities, there was nothing sufficiently definite in them, and they only confirmed suspicions that the Fenian ghost, which they hopefully supposed had been laid for all time, was walking the world again with unpleasant vigour.

In the meantime society enjoyed itself, laughing and dancing the happy hours away, eating, drinking, and making merry, as was the agreeable advice of a heathen philosopher. Mrs. Vincent Talbot had additional impetus given to her capacity for enjoyment by the presence of her old lover who had jilted her, and her present aim was to make him see and feel her power. She entirely succeeded, and Philip Moore was again agitated by an emotion which is popularly called love. There is an old saying, "It is easy to kindle a half-burnt sod." The truth of the saw was

proved in his case, and Ethna's increased beauty, witty audaciousness, and improved surroundings, fanned his heart into a new flame.

Ethna was not of an ethical tendency—she never speculated upon causes and effects, nor the consequences of her own actions. She had no desire to awaken an unlawful love in the breast of Philip Moore; she only wished to make him feel that she was worth loving; and to gratify that morbid feeling she encouraged attention, and became a little faster than was natural to her.

"You are engaged to me for the next dance," said Philip Moore, coming up to her at a ball given by the military. Ethna took his arm, and made some smiling remark to the officer with whom she had danced several times.

"What do you mean by this flirtation with every strange man you meet?" he said, in a voice of suppressed rage.

"Flirtation!" she answered haughtily. "How dare you use such a word in connection with me?"

"It is not pleasant to have what we do put into plain words," he said; "but a woman who goes about without her husband, and accepts the attentions of other men, cannot be surprised if she be talked about."

Philip spoke in a highly moral tone, ignoring the fact that his present ambition was to get this married woman, whose flippant behaviour he censured, to look with favourable eyes on him, and him alone.

"I don't care who talks about me," replied Ethna, with a total disregard for truth, forgetting for a moment what a hearty relish she had for admiration.

"No, I should think not. A woman like you cares for nothing but gratifying her insatiable vanity."

"It is not you who should correct my conduct," said Ethna; "as long as my husband finds no fault with me, I heed no comments."

"Your husband!" he laughed, mockingly. "You do not seem to have an extraordinary regard for each other's mode of action, I must say. You go one way, he goes another—a convenient arrangement, and one you seem to relish. The presence of a husband must be a restraint."

Ethna tried to withdraw her arm, but he held it tightly.

"How dare you speak so to me?" she said, crimson with shame

and anger.

"Because I love you," he answered in a passionate whisper; "because you are driving me mad with jealousy."

She pulled her hand away.

"My God," she said, faintly, "am I so wicked that you should say this to me, a married woman?"

"You do not care for your husband," he answered; "'tis a mockery to pretend it. We were lovers once; we must be lovers again. Take my arm; come where I can speak to you."

"Don't touch me," she said, pale with horror. "I could not bear it; let me join my party. It is time to leave."

"You lured me on," he continued in the same intense voice. "You cannot throw me off now. You loved me on the hills of Mona. I will kindle the old fire in your heart. Ethna, I adore you."

His eloquence came to a full stop. A gentleman came up and asked Ethna to dance; she took his arm, sought out her party, and, as soon as possible, proceeded homewards. When she arrived there, she found Vincent sitting at his writing desk, looking over papers.

"What brought you home so early, Ethna?" he said, looking at his watch. "Only three o'clock. Was it stupid?"

"No; it was very gay," she replied. "Why are you not in bed?"

She laid her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head to kiss it, and then looked up at her with a smile on his still boyish face. She looked at him more earnestly than was her wont. The handsome young face had a look of care and a graver expression than seemed natural to it. She stood there, robed in costly velvet; her arms and neck flashing with jewels; but her spirit was clothed in shame, and she was repeating to herself: "My husband here, while another man has been making love to me."

She thought to kneel beside him and tell him the whole story of her early love, her after vanity, and its horrible consequences; but smiled almost simultaneously with the impulse at the tragic picture she would present kneeling at her husband's feet. Those who have a sense of humour will see a comic side even in the tragedy in which they may be chief and real actors.

"I was not sleepy, wife," replied Vincent; "I thought I might as well stay up till you returned, and I improved the shining hours by looking over some papers that require looking over."

"I am sorry I did not remain at home also," said Ethna.

"You are taking a domestic turn at three o'clock in the morning," replied Vincent with a smile; "don't you know that significant and concise little poem about the health of his Satanic Majesty? Your penitential mood will have vanished by to-morrow night."

"Perhaps not; I think I shall remain at home more than I have done."

"Why should you, dear, when it bores you?" said Vincent. "I like you to enjoy yourself. I am very proud of my handsome wife, and have no tendency to Bluebeardism—though home is a safe place to attach one's self to," he added with a sigh.

Vincent had spent several hours that night projecting himself into the future, glancing at the past, and looking the present in the face; the three-fold study did not exhilarate his spirits, nor was it at all calculated to do so. He had begun to despair of the cause in which he had embarked; to despair of its success, its utility, and the honesty of its agents. There could be no doubt but treason sat at their councils, and only waited the proper moment to give forth fatal utterances; but what was he to do? Surely not to draw back at the first moan of the treacherous sea, and let the ship sail out a man the less; no, better to go down into the great deep than prove a recreant.

It was not for himself he felt, but for his wife and his father; his business was almost gone, Ethna's fortune was spent, and he could not tell how much he was in debt. Vincent's incapacity for managing his monetary affairs was one of the reasons why his father was so anxious to have him married, and more especially married to Ethna Moore, in whose prudence and good sense he had illimitable trust; but Ethna's gay career left her little time for household calculations. She gave her orders, and when bills came in she passed them on to Vincent, and took it for granted that they were settled. The young man sat at the desk thinking it all out; he had been a happy, comfortable youth; he had taken life with joyous thoughtlessness, but its hard realities were beginning to press their unpleasant edges on him now, and awake him to the knowledge that it was not all smooth sailing.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

(To be continued).

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

O LITTLE feet that trample dale and hill-side
 The road is far to go,
 And tiny are the prints you leave behind you,
 In dust and rain and snow.
 Dear little feet! I would the way were shorter,
 But, pray you, hasten on,
 Before grim night shall hide the blue of heaven
 And working days be gone.

O little hands, a mighty task is waiting!
 And time out-runs you all;
 Take up your portion which must be completed
 Before the burden fall.
 Dear little hands! I would the task were lighter,
 But, pray you, persevere!
 For it was measured in the angel's workroom,
 And folded with a tear.

O little lives that came from distant glories
 To shadows of the earth!
 How like a rainbow, tender and persuasive,
 Through darkness shone your birth!
 Dear little lives! I would not wish you shorter,
 But, pray you, live aright!
 For God is watching out of stars and sunbeams,
 To call you back to light.

A. M. MORGAN.

NEWRY AND ITS LITERARY HISTORY.

DR. F. C. CROSSLE has printed the address which he delivered at the opening of the Free Library of Newry, in September, 1897, under the title of "Notes on the Literary History of Newry." The appearance of this welcome pamphlet serves to emphasize the neglect of the literary portion of their subject displayed by nearly all Irish local historians. It is lamentable to have to admit that this is almost the only genuine attempt ever made to treat of the literary associations of an Irish town. Cork indeed has had one or two historians who have endeavoured to enumerate its literary celebrities; and a very useful list of "Belfast Printed Books" has been published. As far, however, as the other Irish towns are concerned, the average reader can hardly be blamed for thinking that they have never done anything for literature. Even in the histories of important towns like Limerick and Waterford, the literary associations of the place are usually summed up in a beggarly paragraph. The Irish local historian is generally terribly anxious that not one municipal nonentity should be overlooked, but very indifferent indeed as to the literary men who may have conferred distinction upon his town. There are two histories of Co. Down which, considering the number of literary people born in that county, might have been made much more interesting to the student of literature than they are.

Dr. Crossle's address does something to show that one part of this county has prominently identified itself with literature. Though his record is far from complete, it will astonish the reader. The remarkable list of Newry-printed books which he includes is highly creditable to the town. There are few other towns in Ireland which could show anything like it. Yet even those readers who are most surprised at the length of the list may be able to add one or two books to it. The present writer is able to point to a few publications printed in Newry which are not in Dr. Crossle's list. Should a second edition of this address be called for, it might be worth while to include the items which are here referred to. It was obviously impossible for Dr. Crossle to exhaust such a subject in a lecture, and he might do worse than extend

his researches and give us the result in a veritable book. It is to be hoped that other Irishmen, equally jealous of the reputation of their birthplaces, will follow his excellent example.

In any subsequent edition of this little work, it might be advisable to give the complete and correct title of the locally printed books. Otherwise it will be difficult to distinguish between different works. Thus, it is not easy to say with positiveness that the "Poems on Various Occasions by John Hickie" mentioned by Dr. Crossle, is the book printed in the same year at Newry, and entitled "Parnassian Weeds, or Trifles in Verse, by John Hickie, Sergeant in the 61st Foot." Presumably it is. There are one or two other books in Dr. Crossle's list which are worthy of a little more detail than is devoted to them.

Some of their authors, too, were more notable than appears on the surface. John Corry, for example, whose volume of "Odes and Elegies" is referred to by Dr. Crossle, became in later years a well-known writer in England, author of some very useful and able works of a historical kind. His volume of poems has one curious point about it—its list of subscribers. The names of many of them indicate that Corry was not particularly well affected towards the Government of his day. His book was printed in 1797, and the subscribers include Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Joy M'Cracken, Rev. W. Steele Dickson, Rev. James Porter, John Hughes, Thomas Storey, Dr. Drennan, Oliver Bond, C. H. Teeling, Bartholomew Teeling, Thomas Scott (the linen-bleacher of Dromore, who in later times was known as "Hafiz," and was scarified by Byron in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers") and others. At least half a dozen of those named above suffered in '98.

But to come to the omissions among locally printed books: these are not very important but are worth mentioning. Earliest perhaps is Brownlow Forde's play "The Miraculous Cure, or the Citizen outwitted," adapted from Cibber, printed by George Stephenson in 1771. Forde, who may have been an actor, addresses his preface from Newry. Unless I am mistaken, a family of this name has been settled near Newry for generations. In 1773 "Some Hints on Planting, by a Planter" was printed in the town. It is mentioned in Shirley's "Lough Foa Catalogue," as is also "Finn's Choice, or the Minstrel of the Lee, by a Bard of Ulster," Newry, 1821. Dr. Crossle mentions an

edition in 1846 of a "Picturesque Handbook to Carlingford Bay and the Watering-places in its Vicinity;" but this work had appeared in 1840.

Newry items derived from other sources are "The Expediency and Necessity of a Local Legislative Body in Ireland, supported by a reference to facts and principles" by William Sharman Crawford, Esq. (*Newry Examiner* office, 1833); "Poems, Odes, Elegies, Songs and Satires" (Newry, 1831) by Joseph Carson, of Kilpike, near Banbridge; and "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs," by the Rev. Andrew G. Malcolm (Newry, 1811.)

Dr. Crossle has given a very interesting account of the different publications which have been published in Newry. The name of James Raleigh Baxter, Editor of *The Newry Examiner*, reminds one of the doctor of that name who became the boon companion of Carleton, the novelist, and was possibly identical with the Newry editor.*

Of the distinguished men who belonged or belong to Newry, Dr. Crossle duly commemorates John O'Hagan, John Kells Ingram and his brother, Thomas Dunbar Ingram, William Hamilton Maxwell, and even Charlotte Bronte, and Captain Mayne Reid, who were connected with County Down, but not with Newry itself.

Dr. Crossle carefully records that the Rev. Charles Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" was first published in the *Newry Telegraph*, and that the poet's life by Archdeacon Russell appeared first in Newry; but one misses among the Newry verse-writers the names of Terence MacMahon Hughes, Sarah Parker, and the Rev. Thomas H. M. Scott.

T. M. Hughes, who was born in Newry, on the 27th of December, 1812, was at one time a very well-known writer. His "Revelations of Spain" attracted a good deal of attention in his day. He was successively editor of a London comic journal (the precursor of *Punch*) foreign correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*, and a disappointed poet. His prose is sometimes graphic, and a graceful or humorous lyric may occasionally be found in his

* Our contributor—of whom *The Academy*, reviewing his "Life of James Clarence Mangan," remarked lately that his power of minute, painstaking research almost amounts to genius—must allow us to pass over here a paragraph about "the greatest of Newry men," and about a certain omission which we are sure Dr. Crossle would repair if he had to issue his lecture afresh.—Ed. I. M.

several volumes of verse; but almost all he wrote is spoiled by diffuseness. *The Athenæum* having ridiculed one of his longest poems, "The Ocean Flower," Hughes replied by a fierce satire called "The Biliad, or How to Criticise," in which C. W. Dilke, proprietor and editor of *The Athenæum*, appears as Mr. Bilk—a point which would be lost on those who did not know that "to bilk," from the time of Swift's "Journal to Stella" and before it, means to cheat, to trick, to swindle. This satire is clever but unconvincing. Hughes wrote a good deal for *The Belfast Vindicator* when edited by his cousin, who, most recently of all, has just told, after so very many years, the story of his "Life in Two Hemispheres." He also wrote a little for *The Nation*. Eventually he renounced his early political faith and died an Anti-Repealer in 1849.

The Rev. T. H. M. Scott was for many years a clergyman in his native town of Newry. He published a long poem in Belfast in 1856, and his verse was once a frequent feature in *The Newry Telegraph*. He died a few years ago.

Sarah Parker was born in Newry in 1824 but was taken to Scotland at an early age. She was at one time well known in Scotland as "The Irish Girl;" and extracts from her two books of verse may be found in several Scottish anthologies. She died in 1880, in very poor circumstances. Her sympathies seem to have been strongly Irish.

Much more might easily be added about the literary associations of Newry and County Down. I had lately some correspondence with a Co. Down man in New Zealand, who is engaged upon a history of his native town of Banbridge. We want more of this kind of work in Ireland. The history of very many of our counties and towns remains unwritten, though the materials available are in many cases abundant.

DAVID J. O'DONOGHUE.

THE DIVINE ARTIST.

FOR their own sakes God loves all gracious things.

He plants the pale sea-lilies far below,
 And lays the garden out, and lines the beds,
 And fences round the solitary paths,
 Where never foot of man shall dare to rest.
 He trains the young gull on the rock to catch
 The sweet wild music of the coming tide,
 Which hearing from afar, she lifts her head,
 And beats against her breast the restless wing,
 Repeating oft a welcome harsh and glad.
 He gathers in its food for the small fish,
 And shows him where to find his briny nest,
 'Neath fifty fathoms of the mighty deep.
 He lights the stars along the evening skies,
 Counting the billions of the Milky Way,
 Which never eye of man hath counted yet.
 For the pale wandering moon He sets sure steps,
 And bids the stars attend her night by night,
 And linger round her paths with the grey clouds.
 He keeps the planets each in his own road,
 Marking the bounds, He bids him pass not hence.
 And always through the forests dim and far,
 He feeds and numbers every tender bird,
 That sits and rocks upon the swaying bough.
 He gives to each the special turn and note,
 And music of its voice—and at the eve,
 And 'mid the silence of the lonely dawn,
 They sing for Him, the little song-birds sing
 And give Him of their sweetest and their best.
 He trains the insect from a tropic wave
 To lift the coral reef, to spread its fringe,
 Building an island 'neath the clear blue skies,
 For palm, for cocoa, and for orange grove;
 There, while the waves, upon a night in May,
 Kept pulsing round the fronded, graceful palm,
 How good it were to linger and to dream,
 As ever glancing past, the strange bright birds
 Still uttered some low note of love or joy,

And the green parrot, and the mocking bird,
Made mimic concert in the orange grove—
'The full moon sifting down her silver sands
O'er all.

'Twere good to linger there in May,
And drinking in the beauty half divine
Of that fair land to feel how beautiful
Is God, how fair the meadows where He walks,
Which never fairest scene, however fair,
Foreshadowed here.

From Heaven shall we not see
His coral isles, His palms, His birds, His groves ?
God's Hand is sure ; no unremembering,
Brief moment mars the Master's perfect work.

Alice Esmonde.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER VIII..

BOYS AND BIRDS.

They idle down the traffic lands,
And loiter thro' the woods with spring ;
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

Bliss Carman.

" Well, if you ask me," George was saying—a most comical expression of gloom upon his ruddy face—"if you ask *me*, I should say that, as a family, we are about done for."

The lads were "nesting" in the old spinny that lay on the east side of the park, and they had broken up into little groups of two or three. Their method of nesting was not to take eggs—saving now and then a single specimen to add to their unique collection—but to note the position of nests and the kind of birds that were building or sitting, and to take measures for their protection.

"There are societies for the prevention of pretty nearly everything now-a-days," began Harry, slowly extricating his hand

from a thorny brake where there ought to have been a wren's nest—"why can't they start one for the protection of families from the invasion of——"

"Millionaires!"—interrupted Lance.

"I was going to say bores," returned Harry, "but I'm glad I didn't."

"Might have done," Lance said, as he prepared to climb a tree. "Give us a shove, somebody."

The necessary shove being given, Lance, the light weight whose duty (and pleasure) it was to do the climbing on these occasions, passed from height to height and from bough to bough on an airy journey of inspection. This particular elm was a famous one, and the boys had named it the "Hostel" on account of the many families of birds to which it gave an annual shelter. Lance shouted information from time to time, but very little of it reached the ears of George and Harry.

"And, as time goes on, it'll be worse," George proceeded, leaning back against the trunk of the tree in order to think the matter out comfortably. "This beastly house-warming opens up possibilities of a kind that make one shudder."

"Got to make the best of it, I reckon," Harry rejoined with a laugh; "and perhaps it won't be so bad as it seems."

George was the family sage—a year younger than Harry, but as steady and as thoughtful as his eldest brother Hilary. Of Harry—called Hal and Hally indiscriminately—his father had once said that his second son thought it the whole duty of a boy to laugh.

"It's the meeting of those young beggars from Hardlow one funks most," George went on. "We're bound to have a row sooner or later."

"Don't see that," said Harry, looking at his brother with some surprise.

George blushed a little and was silent. He and Lance had a secret that they had agreed to share with nobody. They were the two Ridingdales who had been insulted by Mr. Kittleshot's grandsons in Miss Rippell's shop. Lance, perhaps because he was the younger, had been addressed by Horace Kittleshot; but George had resented the wounding words more than his brother had done. However, on their way home from Miss Rippell's they had both solemnly resolved that they would never make the

remotest reference to the incident in the hearing of any member of their family, or of any other person whatever. George was sorry for the remark he had just made to Harry.

"Daresay you're right, Hal. I shan't row if they don't, and anyhow——"

"Look out, George, if you don't want to be brained by Lance's clogs!"

The younger lad was coming down with alarming swiftness. Reaching the ground very much out of breath, he began to pour out a store of delightful information. The Hostel was fuller than ever. My lady thrush was sitting and seemed inclined to show fight. There was the usual robin. And if a blackcap wasn't on the build, Lance added when at length he reached the end of a long catalogue of wonders, he was prepared to eat his own hat.

"Which is an article you don't possess, Master Lanny," remarked George.

"Well, my own blue cap, then. But, I say, what's the time?"

"Haven't a notion," said Harry. "Let's find the watchman."

Hilary answered to many names, the commonest, perhaps, being "Hilly." ("Most appropriate for a tall chap like you," Harry had told him; whereupon Hilary had immediately given his brother the title of Hally. To this, as the boy was a musician, was sometimes added "Sir Charles.") But "Mentor" and "Time-keeper" were also acknowledged by the big brother—the only one of the boys who owned a watch.

So a great cry of "Hilly, Hally, Hilly-ho!" now rang through the wood, and very soon—the cry having been responded to with an inversion of vowel sounds—Hilary and the rest showed themselves.

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed Hilary, "it's awfully late! Only just time to get back by running! And you know Mr. K. is lunching with us?"

It is not at all easy to keep up a connected conversation when you are running at full speed; but very soon the air was filled with interjectionary remarks, one of which, emitted by Harry, sounded most unpleasantly like "Mr. K. be blowed."

"Look a little blowed yourself," remarked Hilly to Hally, as the latter after much exertion managed to catch up to his longer-legged brother.

"Enough wind left—to blow away—your chaff," panted

Hally. "But tell us, Hilly—Is Cræsus coming to lunch with us *every day*?"

"Can't say," answered Hilary. "Looks like it. Hold on!"—looking at his watch—"It's all right! No need to hurry!"

As Hilly and Hally slackened speed, seven other boys joined them—five younger Ridingdales, Willie Murrington, their foster-brother, and Algernon Bhutleigh, the son of the absconding bank manager. Willie was about the same age as Lance, and Algernon almost a year older.

Lance, the ever voluble, ready of speech and musical of voice, and laden with all the wisdom of his years (which were not quite thirteen) was laying down the law in regard to the person he always referred to as "Mr. K."

"It's not the man I object to so much; it's the catechism he puts one through. It's getting to be as regular as—as—"

"Friday's fish," suggested George.

"Thanks, George, you've hit it. He's been dodging about the place for a month or so, off and on, and he's very nearly mastered Hilary's name. Oh, yes, and he knows poor Sweetie now, when he sees him. I am going to ask father to let us all wear dog-collars with our names on them. It gets monotonous when you're called by a new name every twenty minutes. 'So you're Mr. Ridingdale's adopted son, are you?'—he asked me the day before yesterday. Fancy that, you know! And Willie himself he always calls George."

"That," said the sedate George with great gravity, "is unpardonable."

Willie Murrington, a pale-faced lad with a pitiable history, was certainly as unlike the cherry-cheeked Ridingdales as a boy could well be. In other respects, however, he was not unworthy of the house that had adopted him. Indeed his devotion to his foster-parents had developed into something like worship, showing itself sometimes in ways that caused no little merriment in a family that believed far more in smiles than tears. Thus, the Squire who had had a somewhat lonely but very bookish boyhood, was in the frequent habit of quoting scraps of verse and prose—greatly to the (pretended) annoyance of his friend the Colonel. His quotations were not uncommonly used with an applied meaning, and indeed very often uttered in order to provoke a little fun; but Willie Murrington waited for them and devoured them as the

blackbird waits for and devours the first ripe strawberry. On his own account, too. Willie had begun to store his young mind with lines of poetry and sounding sentences of prose, and since his foster-father had patted him on the head and declared that he was beginning to show "quite a pretty trick of quotation," the boy had read and remembered more than ever. He did not talk much, for the simple reason that it was a perfect joy to him to listen to his foster-brothers' chatter—as the smile that now so often lit up his otherwise sad face plainly showed.

"Well," remarked Hilary, as Lance showed signs of fatigue, "I must say that I sympathise with Croesus. It's all very easy for us who know one another so well; but fancy a poor old gentleman introduced into the society of sixteen brats——"

"Including Hilly," ejaculated Lance—moving out of his brother's reach.

"Shut up, Lanny! I say, fancy a man trying to remember sixteen names and faces all at once. Why, even Miss Rippell trips occasionally, and after my father, and perhaps our friend Willie yonder, she has the most amazing memory of any person I know."

Willie's blushes did not conceal the pleasure he received from Hilary's praise, for, as Lance remarked, *sotto voce*, "Praise from Sir Hilary Ridingle was praise indeed."

They were nearing the Hall now, and Willie's quick eye saw the Squire standing in the entrance.

"There's father!" he exclaimed, burning for the opportunity of "lugging in" (as Lance put it) a parting quotation. "There he is, as a modern poet puts it—'Smiling at the door with April, saying *the vagabonds are come*.'"

Whereupon Willie was seized by strong hands and haled along at a double trot until the hall-door was reached, when he was made to repeat his quotation to the Squire.

"Just to take the conceit out of the others, Willie, you shall have an extra half-holiday this afternoon," said Mr. Ridingle when he had ceased laughing.

"And we, father?" cried a chorus of anxious voices.

"And you for making him repeat it."

The hurrahs were so loud that the Squire put his fingers to his lips.

"Willie," said Lance very solemnly as they entered the house, "you stuff yourself with poetry. It pays—sometimes."

CHAPTER IX.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION.

Over all

A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

WORDSWORTH.

"I say, you fellows,—have you heard the latest?"

The "fellows" were sitting after dinner in one of the three rustic summer-houses that stood at different corners of the lawn, and were known respectively as Snaggery, Sniggery, and Snuggery. The last-mentioned retreat was reserved for father and mother, and such visitors or children as they might from time to time invite thereto. The Snaggery was sometimes called the Day-Nursery, and was given over to the younger members of the family, while Sniggery sheltered the bigger lads.

Harry had crossed the big lawn very slowly, and was entering Sniggery with a face (as Lance put it) as long as a 'cello.

"Have you heard that Hilary is booked for the afternoon?" he asked, as his brothers clamoured for the "latest."

"Well"—burst forth Lance—"I do call that a beastly shame! And just as we'd made our plans for the day! I wish old K.—"

"Gently, Lanny," interrupted George quietly. "Let's hear the whole story."

"It's father's day for the *Review*, as you know,"—Harry explained, "and mother has two sick people to see. The Colonel's in London and won't be back till the end of the week, and Mr. K. is dying to go all over the place and see everything."

"With Hilary for guide?" asked George. "Poor old chap!"

"What do you say to rolling the cricket-patch instead of playing our first game of the season?" Harry suggested.

"The very thing," assented George. "The ground's in an awful mess. And it wouldn't be fair to start cricket without Hilary."

"Suppose we make a move, then," said Harry. "I don't want to do the elder brother in Hilly's absence, but I'm sure mother would think too much Sniggery is not good for us in the month of April. It's a bit chilly out of the sunshine."

Lance was indulging in one of his (very rare) flashes of silence, but he rose with the rest and wandered towards the park.

The lads had barely left the lawn when Mr. Kittleshot and Hilary appeared on the terrace. The old gentleman took out his cigar case and looked curiously at the tall lad by his side—wondering if the boy thought himself old enough to smoke. Mr. Kittleshot had heard Hilary's age more than once, but he could not recall it. The lad was big enough for eighteen, but his face, as well as his dress, was that of a much younger boy.

"May I—er—ought I—to offer you a cigar?"

"No, thank you, sir."

"You never smoke?"

"I have done so—several times."

"And what happened?"—Mr. Kittleshot asked jocularly. (He was thinking of his own first cigar).

"I was birched for it."

Hilary spoke as promptly and as simply as if he had been asked a question of the catechism, but Mr. Kittleshot was sorry for his question. He felt that he had blundered. He was not used to boys, scarcely knew how to talk to them, and, speaking generally, did not like them. Yet—though he did not know that Hilary was losing an afternoon's play—he had wished to propitiate this fresh and happy-looking youngster. Mr. Kittleshot felt that he had made a false start.

But Hilary stood there while his companion lighted a cigar—stood straight as an arrow (thanks to the Colonel's drill), his head well in the air, alert, ready and eager to answer any question Croesus might put, and to show him the beauty as well as the nakedness of Ridingdale Hall and Park.

"This is the Snuggery, sir."—Hilary was the first to break silence as the two stepped from the terrace to the lawn and confronted the nearest of the three summer-houses. Mr. Kittleshot's *pince-nez* came into operation immediately.

"Decidedly snug," he remarked—greatly admiring Hilary's adroitness in so quickly introducing a fresh topic—"and full of conveniences."

"It looks much better in the summer," Hilary made haste to add. "The cushions have not yet been put in these low chairs. My father reads aloud to my mother here when the long evenings come."

"Very nice, indeed," Mr. Kittleshot remarked. "But what a noble lawn you have got!"—turning round to look at the acre and a half of well-mown grass. "This is one of the many things that England alone can produce. So thick, and close, and springy! So suggestive of years and years of cultivation. But what an army of mowers you must need!"

"Harry, and George, and Lance and I are responsible for the lawn, sir."

Mr. Kittleshot's *pince-nez* were directed to Hilary.

"You don't mean to say that you have no gardeners here?"

"No, sir. Sometimes a man comes to work in the kitchen-garden beyond; but we boys have charge of the lawn and of the flowers."

Mr. Kittleshot was looking at the daffodils, the forget-me-nots, and primroses that bordered the lawn with April profusion.

"Whose idea is this?" he asked, showing evident pleasure at the massing of those two delicate tints—the sweetlight-blue of the forget-me-not, and the pale yellow of the primrose.

The idea was Hilary's, and he said so.

"And I notice that you have made the border at the far end of the lawn a receptacle for the more vivid colours. That blaze of gold does not kill the lighter tint of the primroses—as it might have done if you had distributed your daffodils among them. This is indeed very pleasing,"—Mr. Kittleshot added as he took a general survey of the garden and lawn.

"This, sir,"—said Hilary as they neared the end of the lawn—"is 'Snaggery.'"

"And why 'Snaggery'?"

"It's a corruption of 'Snarlery,' I fancy; but Willie, Murrington, who goes in for philology, says it comes from *snag*, a short branch or shoot; and that it is a most appropriate name for the children's play-place."

"And the one at the opposite corner?"

"That, sir, is 'Sniggery.' We bigger boys use it a good deal. In very hot weather we have school there. Will you come in sir?"

Mr. Kittleshot stepped into the big, roomy arbour, hexagonal in shape, and furnished with strong benches and a centre table of great solidity. The wooden walls were literally covered with coloured prints—not fixed at haphazard, but arranged according

to a scheme prepared by the thoughtful and artistic George. Above the doorway hung a large crucifix, and opposite to this, on the far wall, a bracket supporting a statue of the Holy Child, and vases of fresh white flowers. The floor was deeply scored with the marks of olog-irons, but Mr. Kittleshot noticed at once the exquisite cleanliness of the whole interior. The outlook was that of an earthly paradise, for from the open door and the two big windows could be seen the whole expanse of lawn and its deep borders of blossoms.

On this April afternoon the sunlight lay lavishly on green grass and spring flowers, and Mr. Kittleshot sat down on one of the hard benches of "Sniggery" with great content.

"The meaning of Sniggery is obvious," he remarked with one of his rare smiles.

"I think so," said Hilary laughing a little, "but here again there is a difference of opinion on the subject. George and Willie say the word comes from *snig*, which as you know, sir, is a sort of eel. Well, an eel wriggles, and boys are apt to do the same."

Mr. Kittleshot laughed outright.

"Very ingenious, I'm sure. But I prefer the more obvious meaning. In fact, I think the influence of the place is upon me, and that I myself am inclined to snigger."

Hilary began to feel more at home with the millionaire, for, though the boy had appeared to be perfectly at ease from the beginning, he was in reality a little disturbed. What was there about Ridingdale that could interest a man like Mr. Kittleshot? And how could he, Hilary, be expected adequately to entertain such a personage for an entire afternoon? The knowledge that by giving up two or three hours' play he was doing a service to his father was in itself a sufficient recompense, but—well, as he sat down side by side with Cræsus, the lad could not help wishing that he had had time to make some trifling change in his clothes. The contrast between his own carefully mended suit of blue serge—the jacket sleeves of which *would* show such a quantity of woollen shirt at the wrist, just as the knickerbockers *would* keep slipping above the knee—and Mr. Kittleshot's spotless and perfectly fitting broadcloth, was distressingly startling. Then although Hilary had early that morning before going to Mass, put quite as brilliant a polish on his clogs as the millionaire's servant had imparted to his master's shoes, the boy had not been able to walk

to church and back again, and after school to take a long ramble in the wood, without sullyng the brightness of those same clogs. One thing, however, he was glad of—his big broad collar was snowy and stiff, and his long black stockings were flawless. His mother looked to it that these things were always so.

So Hilary tried to be what a lad of sixteen finds it so hard to become—less and less self-conscious. He did not know that Mr. Kittleshot had already given him credit for the possession of this great quality.

The afternoon was a memorable one, and Croesus did not soon forget the impression of it. He had not been prepared for such a succession of surprises, natural and domestic. The lawn, itself, for instance, appeared to have no outlet on its farther side—beyond Snaggery and Sniggery—but Hilary led the way through a winding path lined with shrubs to that fairest of April sights—an apple orchard in full blossom! Mr. Kittleshot's amazement and admiration astonished the boy and pleased him. He was, in fact, delighted to find that, after all, he and the millionaire had something in common. Perhaps if the latter had been questioned he would have admitted that this was the first time in his life that he had had the leisure, or the inclination, to examine and appreciate an orchard "pranked with nodding daffodils," or to linger by "old boles flushed with the wine of Spring."

By the time Mr. Kittleshot had wandered through the monster kitchen garden,—not a rood too big for the needs of Ridingle Hall—and looked into the stable-yard, and taken a peep at the various pets belonging to the boys, he found himself too tired to take the walk necessary for reaching the farm, and begged that he might be conducted there on a future day.

As they returned to the house by way of the park, Hilary began to wonder if his father would wish him to show Mr. Kittleshot the many parts of the interior that gentleman had not seen. "Show him everything"—Mr. Ridingle had said, and so, as it was not quite five o'clock, the boy put it to his companion as to whether he would rest in the drawing-room or see the house. Mr. Kittleshot was evidently anxious to peep into the interior of Ridingle Hall.

Mrs. Ridingle's domestic laws were few and light, but always rigorously enforced, and one of these commands was that, though to be worn on the ground-floor, they were never to be

taken upstairs. So Hilary excused himself for a moment and passed into the long room on the left-hand side of the entrance hall—an apartment known to the boys as the Cloggerly. Mr. Kittleshot not hearing, or not understanding the boy's remark, followed him.

"May I ask how many servants you keep?" the millionaire inquired as his eye followed the long line of boxes filled with clogs and shoes of every size and shape.

Hilary guessed the reason of this question and promptly answered—

"Two, sir. But a charwoman comes twice a week. We bigger boys clean our own clogs and boots, and one extra pair every morning, so that the servants are saved everything of that sort."

Hilary might have added that the boys relieved the servants of many items of daily labour; but he did not say this.

"Then you rise early?"

"At six in the summer and seven in the winter."

"Hum! Any lessons before breakfast?"

"Only in the summer half of the year, sir. When we get up at seven, there is only just time to hear Mass before breakfast."

"But your chapel is a mile away!" exclaimed Cræsus.

"Not quite, sir,"—Hilary corrected, courteously. "Perhaps a little under the three-quarters. Most of us can get there in ten minutes."

"And you go every morning?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Kittleshot evidently thought that boys existed, primarily, for purposes of interrogation. Tennyson says: "In children a great curiousness be well, who have to learn themselves and all the world;" and it is certain that the little ones ask more questions than their elders can answer. Perhaps, then, it is fitting that the interrogated of childhood should become at once the interrogator and the Nemesis of boyhood.

Hilary led the way upstairs, and it was soon evident to Mr. Kittleshot that many of the rooms had been put to a use for which the architect had not intended them. The great drawing-room, for example, had been turned into an oratory, and two handsome reception-rooms on the same floor were day and night nurseries respectively.

The children's apartments were silent and empty. Even

little Antony, the ten-months-old baby, was out of doors in the April sunshine.

Mr. Kittleshot's quick eye took in everything, but every remark he made came in the form of a question.

"Pretty cold up here in winter, isn't it?" he asked, as they reached the second floor. He was inspecting the boys' dormitories—big rooms as bare as a barracks, and each containing three or four cubicles.

Hilary admitted that it was sometimes a little chilly in the early morning.

"I should think so!" Mr. Kittleshot said with a shiver. "Where does this lead to?"—he asked, with his hand on the knob of an inner door.

The boy stepped forward hastily—but he was too late. There was only one skeleton in the cupboard of Ridingdale Hall. It was the skeleton of a *horse*. Hilary, with crimson cheeks, followed Mr. Kittleshot into the "Punishment-room," and found that gentleman fingering the strong leathern straps of the whipping-block with admiration.

"Your father does things very thoroughly, I perceive," he remarked with a grim smile. "These, I take it, are for the wrists and ankles?"

"Yes."

Hilary answered shortly and sharply. He could not help the thought that Mr. Kittleshot was wanting in delicacy of feeling and tasteful speech. The boy would not say what he might have said, viz.: that the straps had been fixed to the block at his own request. ("They will save the presence of a third person," he had urged, "and will make things easier for you, father").

The millionaire seemed determined to end as badly as he had begun.

"Is it much in use?" he asked, examining the birch-rod through his *pince-nez*—quite unconscious of the boys' uneasiness.

"Once or twice a year, perhaps."

Hilary turned to leave the room, and Croesus followed him—beginning dimly to realise that he was blundering again.

Under other circumstances, the lad might have told his companion many interesting facts. He might have explained his father's method of procedure—Mr. Ridingdale's unwillingness to impose corporal punishment unless the culprit would admit that

he deserved it—his care to inflict it without passion, and his anxiety to prove to the sufferer that the pain endured was a thorough expiation of the fault. Now, however, Hilary led the way down-stairs in silence. One glance at the boy's face made Mr. Kittleshot a trifle repentant.

"The lad is sensitive," thought the millionaire, "and I have been thoughtless. Now the wounded feelings of the average boy could be healed by putting a sovereign into his hand; but, if I ventured to tip this fellow he would be my enemy for life."

By which reasoning Mr. Kittleshot proved himself a judge of character.

"Forgive me, my boy," he said, as they reached the entrance hall. "I am sorry to have hurt you," he added, holding out his hand.

Hilary's face cleared as he shook the proffered hand. From that moment he decided that the millionaire was not wholly heartless.

"May I show you the school-rooms, sir?"

But Mr. Kittleshot pleaded fatigue, and Hilary led the way to the drawing-room. Father Horbury was there, alone, and deep in the pages of a new book. The millionaire was glad to be introduced to him.

Among the many things for which the Squire daily thanked God was the friendship of this devoted priest. The two men had known one another from boyhood—neither of them at that period ever dreaming that the day would come when his dearest possession would be the faith of the Catholic Church, neither ever imagining that for so many years of his future life he would be bound to the other by a stronger tie than that of school-boy friendship. It has been said that little Jack Ridingdale's boyhood was a lonely one: it would have been much lonelier but for the kindness of Hubert Horbury. The Squire had reason enough for his love of country life. He could never forget the earlier years of his boyhood, spent in his mother's London house—years that would have been intolerable in their monotony but for the books that became his solace and his pastime. "The frivolous Lady Ridingdale," as she was called, begrudged every week spent out of London, and for most of the years of Jack's boyhood his soldier father was away on foreign service. Drinking in the delights of park and woodland, meadow and garden, and watching his own

boys grow tall and strong and ruddy with abundance of plain food and delicious air, the Squire often thought of the little nursery and the shabby school-room on the top floor of that stuffy Belgravian house ; of the days, and sometimes weeks, that passed without even the conventional walk in the park. He thought, too, of the reasons of this cruel deprivation of air and exercise. Often enough the lack of decent clothing, or of whole shoes, was the sole cause ; still oftener, the necessary preparations for one of his mother's frequent "little parties" made it impossible for the servants to do more for the children than was involved in the preparation of a hasty, and not unfrequently an insufficient, meal.

But when little Jack reached the royal age of nine, a good fairy appeared in that ill-managed and neglected household, and to the small boy's lasting delight he was carried off to his grandfather's place in Yorkshire. It was here that he first met Hubert Horbury, the son of the rector of the village in which stood Lord Dalesworth's biggest country house. Here were spent four happy years, marred only by occasional visits to his mother. Then Lord Dalesworth sent him to Harrow, and at school Jack and Hubert were not divided.

On this April afternoon, as Mr. Kittleshot sat sipping the tea that Hilary himself had brought to the drawing-room, he looked at Father Horbury with great interest. The millionaire had never before been at such close quarters with a Catholic priest, and the novelty of the position gave Croesus a certain pleasure. But when the Squire came in, closely followed by Mrs. Ridingdale, and Mr. Kittleshot noticed the pleasure with which they greeted the priest, and the terms of easy but entirely courteous familiarity with which they welcomed him, the old man said to himself : "Here is a new force, and one to be reckoned with."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

OLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

PART XIV.

THE answer to No. 27, as we have it in the handwriting of the author of it, Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., is *pestle and mortar*. The poet alludes to more than one meaning of each word—to the "Song of Pestle," to mace and Mace (whilome prize-fighter) and to many other persons and things. The first letters of the two words are P. M.—*post meridiem*; but the "light" throws no light on the subject, for which of us remembers now the celebrated sea-song?—

" 'Twas post meridian half past one—
By signal I from Nancy started."

Let the reader who cares for this ingenious game refer back to our instalment for last month, to see how Mr. Reeves makes use of this, and how he obscures the other "lights" which run thus in order: *electro, Storr, tot, Lavinia, eager*. "Electro-plate" is with us still, but I do not know if Storr and Mortimer are still famous London jewellers. "The young Lavinia" figures in Thomson's "Seasons" which are hardly as familiar now as in Mr. Reeves' schoolboy days. The last "light" seems so weak that we can hardly have read it aright.

We leave to the ingenious reader till next month No. 28 which is by no less eminent a man than "F."

No. 28.

Fleeting, fierce, of brief endurance,
We're united in assurance.

1. Loud and joyous is the chorus!
2. Opera goes all adore us.
3. Steady, boys! There's death before us.
4. I describe the power of Porus.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Passion Flowers. By Father Edmund, of the Heart of Mary, C.P. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers).

The Passionist, Father Edmund, is an English convert whose name in the world was Benjamin Dionysius Hill. His missionary life has been chiefly spent in South America, but he is now working in the United States. Twenty years ago he published a small volume of devotional poems which bore unmistakable marks of inspiration and cultivation. He has since been a frequent contributor to the religious magazines, especially the *Ave Maria*; and he has been induced to make a final collection of his poems. The present volume, which happily is only one of three, consists chiefly of lyrics and sonnets that are directly or remotely concerned with the Passion of our Divine Lord. In the poet's extremely interesting preface we are surprised and pleased at his reference to Moore's influence upon him. We are more pleased with this passage than with his theory of sonnet-making, though in this department also he has done excellent work. This book, which the publishers have made very beautiful exteriorly, is full of true poetry and true piety. The date of composition is affixed to many of the poems, and the first of them is dated 1866, the year of the author's conversion to the Faith. This and the other Eucharistic pieces seem to be among his best, though some of the poems of human feeling attain perhaps a higher degree of artistic merit, such as the exquisite stanzas "to a widowed mother on the death of her only daughter aged seven." The present collection closes with some sixty pages of musical blank verse on the story of the Spanish Saint, Hermenegild, who was the hero of a little schoolboy drama by the saintly Father Augustus Law, S.J. We hope we shall not have long to wait for the second volume of this collected edition of Father Edmund's poems, which is to contain his tributes to our Blessed Lady and to bear the title of *Mariae Corolla*. We turn for the present from "*Passion Flowers*" with a word of thanks for the Irish feeling betrayed now and then by this English poet-priest.

2. *Lyrics.* By John B. Tabb (Boston: Copeland and Day).

Although there is little in this dainty volume to indicate the fact, we have here another poet-priest, not only living in America but American by birth. Father Tabb has often gained admittance into the principal magazines of New York, generally by one of those quatrains of which American editors seem to be so fond. In the present extremely elegant little quarto most of the pages have at the top four such lines of small

type, all the rest being left blank. Even through the remainder of the volume the poems seldom spread beyond six or eight lines. But though brevity may be the soul of wit, poetry requires a good deal of expansiveness: and a great many of these condensed quasi-epigrams appear to us to be excessively obscure. There is much refinement and poetic taste, but we think there would have been truer poetry if the feeling and the subjects were more human and more priestly. However, Father Tabb has without doubt a genuine inspiration far removed from the commonplace; and many of his exquisite little poems are worthy of the very artistic presentment that his Boston publishers have given to them.

3. *Fidelity: A Catholic Story, with Glints from Real Life.* By Mary Maher (London: Burns and Oates).

This prettily produced volume of two hundred pages consists of a single story, which makes very pleasant reading although decidedly written with a serious purpose. The opening chapter interests us at once in the fortunes of two schoolgirls who are starting, one for St. Louis in Missouri, the other for London, after having completed their education together at "St. Agatha's, a well-known educational establishment in the South of Ireland." Each of them goes through a good many adventures before they meet again, when Gertrude (whose surname we have failed to discover) makes her honeymoon trip to the States and visits Agnes O'Connor in her Good Shepherd Convent. Incidentally we have vivid glimpses of Dr. George Conroy when Apostolic Delegate to Canada, of Cardinal Manning and (under a slightly disguised name) Lady Georgiana Fullerton. There is plenty of interesting incident and careful character-drawing; and we think that many a "Mother Alphonsus" will be very glad to add this handsome volume to the library of her Children of Mary, who are not likely to let it lie idle upon the shelves, though they may accuse it of preaching a little too much. We will join with it now another story-book which ought certainly to be added to such a library if not found there already. Many of our readers remember "The Secret of the King," one of the most interesting and effective tales that this magazine has ever presented to its constituency. Its author, the Rev. Frederick Kolbe, D.D., of Capetown, had already published through Burns and Oates, a volume called "Minnie Caldwell," consisting of three stories of very high literary merit and extremely interesting, although frankly edifying and didactic. We were glad to find lately this beautiful book on the counter of a Dublin bookseller—which showed that it is still in demand. One of its most prominent lessons is also taught in this new tale "Fidelity."

4. Cardinal Vaughan has prefixed a very interesting preface to a

volume by his illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman—"Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord" (London: Burns and Oates). He very wisely remarks that, as regards methods of meditation, it is not necessary to condemn one system because we may personally prefer another. *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum*. Many will be greatly assisted in their loving study of Jesus Christ Crucified by these devout meditations of the holy and gifted man who was the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

5. Benziger Brothers, whom we have occasion to name so often in connection with their bookselling establishments in three great American cities, have published "The Catholic Father," by Dr. Egger, Bishop of St. Gall—revised and adapted for use in the United States, by an American Missionary priest.

6. The Catholic Truth Society have added to their vast series of penny books "The Rosary Confraternity" by Father Procter, O.P., an exceedingly effective and interesting piece of controversy by Father De Zulueta, S.J., entitled "Bessie's Black Puddings, or the Bible only," and a good sketch of Father Burke, the genial and richly gifted Dominican preacher, which we prefer very much to Mr. Fitzpatrick's long biography, and even to the "Inner Life" published more recently. Another excellent penny Life is "Bishop Milner (1752-1826)" by the Rev. Edwin H. Burton. We are sorry not to have been able to announce sooner the admirable "Readings for Lent," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., issued by this indefatigable Society.

7. Besides Cardinal Wiseman's "Meditations on the Passion," there is another book suitable for Passiontide and Lent—"Ecce Homo," by the Rev. D. G. Hubert (London: R. Washbourne). It consists of forty devout and simple meditations on the Passion and Death of our Divine Redeemer. The publisher has produced the little volume with his usual taste and neatness. It is in a second edition; and Lady Herbert of Lea prefixed a short preface, when it appeared first in English (for it is translated from the French) in the year 1894.

8. Nowadays schoolbooks are brought out in a very attractive fashion. Messrs. Browne and Nolan, Nassau Street, Dublin, have published, with even more than their usual elegance, Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," which has been edited in an altogether admirable manner by Mr. John D. Colclough, who has furnished it with full and excellent notes, a critical introduction, and a glossary. The editor seems to us to have discharged every part of his duty very satisfactorily.

9. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has added to his Jewel Series a new volume,

"Jewels of Prayer and Meditation from Unfamiliar Sources (London: Burns and Oates). There is an immense variety in the extracts that Mr. Fitzgerald has taken from all sorts of writers, from Tauler to Adelaide Procter. He joins together a great many prayers from the *Imitation of Christ* and in another place some dozen of separate thoughts from Father Faber and from Cardinal Manning. It is a pleasant and pious book.

10. Messrs. Burns and Oates have brought out the fourth volume of their beautiful new edition of "The Formation of Christendom," by T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. This volume treats of its subject as seen in Church and State. Though it is a continuation of the three volumes already published, it is complete and entire in itself. Mr. Allies' position, as one of the most learned and most authoritative of Catholic historians, has long been established. Cardinal Vaughan has said of his "Formation of Christendom":—"It is one of the noblest historical works I have ever read. We have nothing like it in the English language." The treasures of erudition contained in the present addition to this great Work are placed more conveniently at our disposal by a minute table of contents and a good index. We Catholics ought to be deeply grateful to such laborious and self-sacrificing scholars as Mr. Allies. He has done noble service for the cause of historical truth.

11. Messrs Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, have published two very valuable and original contributions to Irish grammar and lexicography, by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., F.R.U.I. D. Litt. : An Irish Phrase Book illustrating the various meanings and uses of verbs and prepositions combined, and, secondly, a Handbook of Irish Idioms. Each of these may be had for 1s. 6d. though the first contains 144 pages and the second 136, involving so much labour and care even in the accurate printing of many hundreds of Irish idioms and many thousands of Irish words. Father Hogan wishes to bring the student face to face with the real features of the language and make him thoroughly acquainted with its real difficulties, which are its idioms. These idioms are connected chiefly with the prepositions, which in Irish play a larger and livelier part than in other languages. Thus we have it on the authority of Father Hogan himself that a certain passage of the Bible has in Greek 140 prepositions, in Latin 158, in German 236, in French, 304, in English 323, while the same passage requires in Irish 508 prepositions. We regret that neither of these excellent books has an index. We hope that the author will supply this omission in a new edition of each; for, according to the learned bibliographer Antonio, "the index of a book should be made by the author himself, even if the book should be written by someone else."

12. The seventh volume of the "Calendar of the Ancient Records of Dublin," has just been issued from the press of Mr. Joseph Dollard, edited in his usual thorough and masterly manner by Sir John T. Gilbert. This volume embraces the period between the years 1716 and 1730. Gratitude is due to the Dublin Corporation for this noble series.

13. *My First Prisoner*. By the Governor. (Aberdeen: Moran and Co.)

The dedication of this handsome volume is signed "B. T." We do it a service by saying that these initials reveal to us a name which connects this work with Wolfe Tone's Secretary, and still more closely with the Author of the "Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion." In this centenary of '98 why is not this authorship put forward plainly? We are not sure that the name of the story has been happily chosen. In reality it is a very unconventional novel, full of incidents and accidents, utilizing the experiences of an Irish Zouave at Rome, in the Pope's service, and also the Land agitation in Ireland, taking a generous and chivalrous view of the many practical questions that the changes of the story introduce. Besides the two chief characters there are a great many subordinates who talk very characteristically, and add liveliness to the tale. The ending is too dramatic.

14. The Very Rev. John Curry, P.P., St. Mary's, Drogheda, has compiled, and published through Browne and Nolan, of Dublin, an excellent pamphlet containing the most instructive documents concerning the Glebe Loan Question in Ireland, on which he is himself the greatest authority.

15. We end with another expression of our admiration for the zeal and ability displayed by the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. The eighth volume of its "Records" is most interesting even for readers thousands of miles away. For instance, the "Diary of the Rev. Patrick Kenny," who was born in 1766, and has surely been in heaven these sixty years—for he was, indeed, a holy, humble, and laborious priest. Many excellent portraits are given.

MAY, 1898.

THE PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN.

I TRAVELLED on a windy cloud
That sailed the midnight sky,
And saw, wrapped in a sable shroud,
This world go wheeling by.

Upon a circling wind I spun
The moon and stars between ;
Uprose from out a hidden sun
The holy Mary Queen !

A golden flame her long hair was,
Her eyes were wet with rain ;
As sweet a face no lady has—
Two cherubs were of her train.

Her gown was made of every flower,
Her girdle gold entwist,
Her veil was all a rainbow shower,
Her feet were silver mist.

She stood upon the world's dark rim,
Her lifted hands implored,
Along with her sweet whisper, Him,
The Universe's Lord.

Most piercing sweet the voice, "O mine
Own Son, of mortal born !
The robes are still incarnadine
On Calvary were worn.

"Is earth grown barren to Thy spade?
Yet grew it the rood tree;
Of its sharp thorns Thy crown was made,
It gave a grave to Thee.

"Its daughter Thou wert wont to call
Thy mother; Oh, be then
Still patient with her kindred, all
The wayward sons of men!

"Thy purple robe is spread with stars,
Thy head is crowned with suns,
The wheels of Thy life-laden cars
Turn while Thine ordinance runs.

"A many gold ships navigate
The seas of boundless space,
And carry their immortal freight
To port of Thy loved face.

"Their children follow their sun, Thee,
To days without the night;
Their souls sail for Eternity,
And fearless run the light.

"Yet hast Thou mother of their kin :
My Babe upon my knee,
I link thee to a world of sin—
Thou wilt not unmake me.

"My race shall yet put on the sun,
And darkness rule no more.
Now, finish what Thou hast begun,
The law of light restore.

"O Child, who from my humble knee
Unto the Temple strayed,
Thou didst come quickly home with me
Because I wept and prayed.

"O meek and gracious Son of mine!
At Cana in Galilee
Thou gavest them the needful wine
For but a word from me.

" O heaven's uncomprehended Lord !
 Thy mother still am I.
 Now hearken, hearken to my word—
 Let not the sinner die.

" So bid the rebel orb go by ;
 Sweet Son, Creator dread,
 Be mercy only. Saviour, die
 Again, to raise these dead !"

* * * *

The sun uprose, the heavens were rent
 And took her from my sight,
 Rose-red grew the wide firmament,
 And morn was glad with light.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

LVII.

THE reason why this dish gets so early a place in our menu this month is that it has often been set down before to take its chance after fiction and verse and essay ; but it was always sure to be crushed out at the last moment. Now, there are one or two little items for which I wish to secure the permanence of print : therefore to guard against casualties, our banquet leads off with the present very miscellaneous *plat*.

* * *

This series of pigeonhole paragraphs began at page 345 of our sixth volume in the middle of the year 1878, "twenty golden years ago." It began with these cautious words. "In the first sentence of an unwritten set of Notes it is dangerous to speak of them as a series ; for many a proposed series has ended with (or before) the publication of the first number thereof." The misgiving thus confessed has been happily falsified by the long continuance of our Pigeonhole Paragraphs. That opening number of the series won the approval of a very eminent man who

happened to glance at it and who probably has never read any of its successors. How many of them have there been? I will not count the individual paragraphs; but of the monthly batches there seem to have been fifty-six, every year since 1878 having its share, from one to half a dozen. Therefore the present instalment may be called No. 57.

* * *

A friend wished to ascertain the dates of certain articles of Mr. Henry Bedford, M.A., concerning the religion of Shakespeare. I appealed to the best authority on the subject, and I venture to print the result of my inquiries in Mr. Bedford's words. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' final and mature judgment on the question is of the highest interest and authority.

* * *

"I wrote a series of studies on English Literature; the one on Shakespeare appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of April, 1881, the last paragraphs of which treat slightly on Shakespeare's religion (see pages 236-7). This led to a letter or two in the newspapers; but beyond that I wrote no more. But much more came of it in this way. I sent a copy to an old College friend, Halliwell-Phillipps, after reading in 1883 his 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.' In February, 1884, he wrote—'You will kindly pay no attention to what I have said in former years about Shakespeare's Religion. I have accumulated large stores of material, and, if I am spared, shall hope to be able to work it up into something. Davies' authority of course outweighs an unlimited number of modern opinions derived from the plays.'

"In May, 1887, he sent me this new and enlarged edition of the 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,' (Longmans, 1887), preceded by a letter in which he says: 'I have entered at some length and with much care into the question of Shakespeare's religious views in a new edition just ready of my Life of Shakespeare, and I much want to send a copy for your acceptance. I know you will frankly tell me if I have failed in my case.' On the cover he writes: 'the religious history treated of in Vol. I., pp. 37, 38, 263-266; Vol. II., page 390 (note 369 important). In the same vol. pp. 396-405. Note No. 396 the first time that John Shakespeare's Catholicism has been distinctly shown.'

"The case he proved was that Shakespeare lived and died a Catholic; and it is worth bearing in mind that Halliwell-Phillipps

lived and died a Protestant. He died not long ago. In subsequent lectures in class I have not failed to impress the evidence of the best Shakespeare student and investigator of the present day.

These facts are at your service. The books can be found in any good library, and the references make the work easy, for the two volumes are tall and stout and will well repay careful reading."

* * *

Some persons take a keen interest in comparing various versions of sacred or profane classical poems, and especially among sacred poems the *Dies Irae*. If any such have access to a complete set of *The Irish Monthly* either in private collections or in public libraries in London, Dublin, Chicago, and Newry—to name four places that we chance to know afford their citizens the opportunity in question—any such inquirer can find the best translations of this great hymn by Philip Stanhope Worely and R. D. Williams, at page 292 of our fifth volume, and Judge O'Hagan's fine version at page 136 of our second volume. Of another famous hymn, *Adore Te devote, latens Deitas!* translations have been given in our pages by the same John O'Hagan, vol. v., 295; by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J., vol. xv., 78; and by Father Coleridge, S.J., vol. xxiii., 14. The newest version, on quite original lines, is given in the excellent little devotional work which we earnestly commended among our Book Notices two months ago—"Confession and Communion," edited by Father Thurston, S.J. This clever but somewhat unhymnlike version we take the liberty of adding to the three already enshrined in our pages; and, with our usual spite against anonymity, we take the still greater liberty of conjecturing that the letters "G. T.," appended to this translation, are the initials of the Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J.

O Hidden God, devoutly unto Thee
 Bends my adoring knee.
 With lowly semblances from sight concealed,
 To Faith alone revealed.
 Fain would my heart transpierce the mystery,
 But fails and faints away and yields itself to Thee.

Vision and taste and touch forsake us here,
 Nor tell us Thou art near.
 The ear alone we safely trust, and turn
 In faith from Thee to learn.
 What God's own Son hath spoken is my creed:
 No truer word than His, Who is the Truth indeed.

When to the Cross Thy sacred limbs were nailed,
 Only the God was veiled ;
 But on the altar here Thy manhood too
 Lies hidden from our view.
 Both I believe, though neither can I see,
 And with the dying thief I cry, " Remember me."

I cannot see those Wounds now glorified
 In hands and feet and side ;
 Yet upon Thee, with Thomas, do I call :
 My Lord, my God, my All.
 Increase my faith, fix all my hopes on Thee,
 And bind my heart to Thine in deathless charity.

O dear memorial of the death of Christ
 For sinners sacrificed,
 O Bread that art alive and givest life
 In this our mortal strife,
 Grant that my soul may live upon this food
 And find in Thee its sweetest, sole abiding good.

For me, dear Pelican, Thy bosom bled,
 For me Thy blood was shed.
 Stained and polluted though my life has been,
 That Blood can make me clean—
 That Blood whereof one precious drop could win
 Abundant pardon for a thousand worlds of sin.

O Jesu, Whom by faith I now descry
 Shrouded from mortal eye ;
 When wilt Thou slake the thirsting of my heart
 To see Thee as Thou art,
 Face unto face in all Thy glad array,
 'Tranced with the glory of that everlasting day ?

* * *

A still grander eucharistic hymn of the Angelic Doctor is the *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*. I have never seen it noticed that St. Thomas Aquinas in one stanza of this marvellous composition versifies Ecclesiasticus XLIII., 33 : "Benedicentes Dominum, exaltate illum quantum potestis, major est enim omni laude."

"Blessing the Lord, exalt Him as much as you can, for He is greater than all praise." St. Thomas only changes the plural into the singular :

"Quantum potes, tantum aude,
 Quia major omni laude."

* * *

There is a household of straitened means which is, I suspect, very dear to God. It consists of four persons somewhat advanced

in years—a man and his wife and her two widowed sisters. The wife and one of her sisters are stone-blind, having lost their sight in mature years. There is no child or young person in the house, and they are their own attendants. The sister who is not blind sent two grown-up daughters to heaven, *via* Consumption, several years ago. She herself is dying now slowly and painfully of cancer under the eye. The man takes the two sightless ones to Mass every morning, though the church is many streets away ; but the dying woman, the only one of the three who could make her way thither by the help of her own eyes, has not heard Mass for many months—she who from time immemorial thought daily Mass a bounden duty, a blessed necessity, a matter of course, one of the necessities of life. Yet even this supreme privation provokes no murmur. In trying to find out faults to confess, she was unable to accuse herself of discontent of any kind or degree. “Of course I am contented, for I like God to be punishing me.” This precisely is the way she put it ; these are her exact words. She said that she knew God could not let her into heaven till she had been punished for her sins ; and she “loved ” (that was her word too) to get her punishment from God in this manner. It will be well with her for all eternity. Her purgatory will be over before her last anointing.

* * *

In our twenty-fifth volume (1897) there was at page 455 a paper entitled “Two ways of Saying One Thing,” in the course of which were quoted passages from different authors about sleep. We had no notion of attempting an anthology of sleep, in which two sonnets of Wordsworth would have a high place, and Mrs. Browning’s “He giveth His beloved sleep,” and the *Veni, Somne* of Sidronius Hoschius. A correspondent reminds me that such a collection ought to contain the inscription that Thomas Warton wrote for a statue of Somnus :

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori ;
 Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vita
 Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

Dr. Wolcott translated it thus :—

Come, gentle Sleep ! attend thy votary’s prayer,
 And, though Death’s image, to my couch repair.
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
 And, without dying, oh ! how sweet to die !

An American priest, the Rev. John B. Tabb, devotes two at least of his tiny poems to this theme.

Blind art thou as thy mother Night,
And as thy sister Silence dumb,
But nought of soothing sound or sight
Doth unto mortals come,
So tender as thy fancied glance
And dream-imagined utterance.

And again he addresses Sleep thus :—

What art thou, balmy sleep ?
Foam from the fragrant deep
Of silence, hither blown
From the hushed waves of tone.

* * *

It is well to preserve this paragraph from the *The Westminster Gazette*, some day in January, 1898 :—" Mr. T. E. Lloyd, formerly Chief Constable of York, who a few months ago was appointed a resident magistrate in Ireland, presiding at Cahirciveen (Co. Kerry) Petty Sessions on Tuesday, said :—" I should like to congratulate the public and the police of this district on the fact that after nearly four months' constant attendance to my duties as resident magistrate in this portion of Ireland, comprising six Petty Sessions districts, and an area of about one thousand square miles, I have never yet had before me a single complaint of theft, and not one single case of criminal assault on women or children. Both of these classes of cases are terribly common in England—I say so as an Englishman myself—where I lived all my life until quite recently, and I think that it speaks volumes for the people of South-West Kerry, amongst whom my lot is at present cast, that they should be so strictly upright and honest, considering their great poverty and the hard times they are now so patiently enduring.' "

* * *

This letter of the Duke of Norfolk seems to be worth preserving also :—

" Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

" December 11th, 1897.

" My Dear Canon Gordon—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter telling me that the Catholics in Sheffield propose to hold a meeting to protest against the calumnies against our priests and nuns which have been put forth in lectures delivered lately in Sheffield. You say also that a wish has been expressed that I should take part in this meeting.

"I hope I am not presuming on the forbearance of my fellow Catholics in Sheffield if I venture to express the hope that such meeting may not be held. I gather that these lectures were of the filthy kind usually delivered on these occasions, and that, as usual, some persons were found with appetites for the ill-flavoured food put before them.

"I am sure no one will think that I do not share as keenly as anyone the indignation and disgust which exhibitions of this kind must arouse in us.

"But I must protest against our suggesting to our fellow-citizens in Sheffield that we think they can believe such things of us, and on such authority.

"It is because I thank God with my whole heart that in His mercy I am a Catholic; because I glory in belonging to the old faith; because I love and reverence our priesthood as I do, that I decline to be driven to bay by accusations which no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe.

"Thank God, two of my sisters are nuns. Thank God, one of my wife's last acts in this life was to found a convent. Am I wrong in thinking that Sheffield would be ashamed that I should have to defend their fair fame before my fellow citizens?

"Let us, Catholics of Sheffield, draw closer together; let us put aside all personal aims and factious interests; and we shall hush the voice of calumny, and promote the cause of God's truth among our fellow citizens, for whose highest and most lasting welfare we would humbly wish to labour.—Yours very truly,

"NORFOLK."

* * *

And so does this little note of Mr. Gladstone's, especially if it should be (as it alas! must be) his last public utterance on the Irish Question:—

"Bournemouth, 9th March, '98.

"Dear Mr. Dillon—I send a word of sympathy for the banquet on St. Patrick's Day. Your cause is in your own hands. If Ireland is disunited, her cause so long remains hopeless; if, on the contrary, she knows her own mind and is one in spirit, that cause is irresistible. With kind regards and good wishes,

"I am, dear Mr. Dillon,

"Yours faithfully,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

ROSA MYSTICA.

I.

The rose full of mystery—where is it found ?
 Is it anything true ? Does it grow upon ground ?
 It was made of earth's mould, but it went from men's eyes,
 And its place is a secret, and shut in the skies.

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
 Find me a place by thee, Mother of mine !*

II.

But where was it erstwhile ? Which is the spot,
 That was blest in it once, though now it is not ?—
 It is Galilee's growth ; it grew at God's will
 And broke into bloom upon Nazareth Hill.

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
 I shall look on thy loveliness, Mother of mine.*

III.

What was its season, then ? How long ago ?
 When was the summer that saw the bud blow ?
 Two thousands of years are near upon past
 Since its birth, and its bloom, and its breathing its last.

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
 I shall keep time with thee, Mother of mine !*

IV.

Tell me the name now, tell me its name—
 The heart guesses easily, is it the same ?
 Mary, the Virgin, well the heart knows,
 She is the mystery, she is that rose.

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
 I shall come home to thee, Mother of mine !*

V.

Is Mary that rose, then? Mary the tree?
But the blossom, the blossom there, who can it be?
Who can her rose be? It could be but one:
Christ Jesus, our Lord—her God and her Son.

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Show me thy Son, Mother, Mother of mine!*

VI.

What was the colour of that blossom bright?
White to begin with, immaculate white!
But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood,
When the rose ran in crimsonings down the cross-wood.

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall worship the wounds with thee, Mother of mine.*

VII.

How many leaves had it? Five they were then,
Five like the senses, and members of men;
Five is the number by nature, but now
They multiply, multiply, who can tell how?

*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Make me a leaf in thee, Mother of mine!*

VIII.

Does it smell sweetly, in that holy place?
Sweet unto God, and the sweetness is grace;
The breath of it bathes the great heaven above
In grace that is charity, grace that is love!

*To thy breast, to thy rest, to thy glory divine,
Draw me by charity, Mother of mine!*

GERARD HOPKINS, S.J.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NELL SAVES THE FENIANS OF MONALENA.

IN the meantime Louis Sarsfield, *alias* Joe Smith, had gone and come from America, and early in the comfortless month of February was travelling near and far inspecting insurgent troops ; he had to obey orders, but still kept to his own opinion that any recourse to arms would only result in shameful disaster. A secret council of delegates had been held in Dublin, and the 12th of February was fixed for a universal and fiery outburst ; a couple of days before that date the conspirators deemed it wise to postpone the rising to the 5th of March, but the countermand failed to reach the captain in command at Cahirciveen, and on Wednesday, the 13th of February, the tidings rang through the land that Kerry was in revolt. Word came from Killarney that the wires were cut, that a policeman carrying despatches was taken and put to death ; that coastguard stations and barracks had been blown up, and that the Iveragh hills were covered with armed Fenians breathing fire and fury. Much was exaggerated, but the worst was believed. The gentry gathered their valuables and household goods into Killarney, arms were distributed, scouts sent out to reconnoitre, and alarmed appeals for aid were telegraphed to Dublin Castle. Troops came pouring in to annihilate the rebels, but when they arrived the rebels were nowhere to be found.

When the Cahirciveen contingent came near Killarney, expecting to meet the forces of all the neighbouring districts, they became aware of the countermand, and the insurgents dispersed as best they might. In vain police and military beat the woods, and tramped the heather—no human head appeared among the giant ferns. The movements of the wild deer sometimes beguiled them into military displays. Bugles were sounded, forces were

drawn up to charge the foe, until he sprang from his cover and sped away over the breezy hills.

A bitter wind blew over the mountain that rose behind the village of Monalena as Louis Sarsfield left Father Garrett's, and directed his steps towards it, to meet all the Fenians in that locality at the old fort upon the hill. With an uneasy heart Nell O'Malley went to her own room, wrapped a shawl about her, and sat in the window looking out upon the churchyard opposite, and further up at the lights in the shop-windows shining out upon the wet streets. She sat there lost in thought, her eyes wildly wandering from one thing to another, when suddenly she became conscious that a shadow passed slowly by the old vault in the churchyard. She looked upwards; there was no rift in the dull sky, no passing cloud to account for it. With a creeping sensation she gazed again, and unmistakable figures, one after another, passed by the vault and disappeared in the gloom farther on. Thirteen figures, she counted them mechanically as they glided by; others may have passed before she began to notice them. She thought to call her brother, whom she heard moving in the sitting-room, but her voice died away. Were the dead stealing from their graves to walk once more the upper world? No, the dead do not throw down stones. Nell's superstitious fears vanished as she heard some portion of the churchyard wall falling. Could it be the Fenians? It was not possible; they were to be on the hill of the fort at nine o'clock, and it was almost nine now. Softly she put down her window; there was no light in her room, so she could not be seen, and looked out. Two figures got over the wall opposite, and walked up the street; they paused for a moment at the open door of a publichouse; the light shone full upon them.

"Policemen," she said, under her breath, "and the churchyard is full of them."

In one moment she was beside her brother.

"Garrett," she cried, "they must get word to fly; the village is full of police."

"What—where?" he started up.

"Hidden in the churchyard; two are gone up the street."

"God of heaven, my poor people! Where's my hat? I must give them word."

"No, not you," said Nell. "You will be looked for. I'll go; give me the pass."

"Folly, girl; you could not cross the hills at this time of the night. I must go."

"If you go, you will ruin all," said the girl. "They will come looking for you surely; keep them, delay them, and let me go."

"You could not find your way in the dark," answered Father Garrett.

"I know my way through the hills as well as I do through the house," she said. "For the love of God give me the word. I'll go on to Mona after."

"Liberty," he answered. "But, Nell"——

Nell waited for no more; she was down the passage and out of the back door of the cottage before he could add another word; he thought to follow her, when a knock came to the hall door, and two policemen requested to see Father O'Malley.

Nell ran into the cold darkness of the night. Gusts of wind blew the stinging sleet into her face; sometimes through a rift in the heavy clouds a few pallid stars gleamed faintly for a moment and again disappeared. Her path lay through bogs and mires dangerous to the inexperienced traveller, even in the light of day; a false step might plunge her into bog-holes deep enough to drown her, or sink her in morasses that would close silently above her head. Holding her shawl tightly around her, she hurried up the boreen that lay at the back of the house; then, making the Sign of the Cross, climbed the wall and slipped down into the next field. She ran rapidly on, praying to God to guide her aright, until she came to a deep river whose bridge was a narrow plank of wood. It was wet and slippery with the rains; but she did not hesitate, for it was much the shortest way to the mountains. With cautious firm footsteps she stood on it, pausing for a moment to let a gust of wind pass, and then crossed in safety to the other side. She fled on, but suddenly recollected if the police were led by an informer it was this way they would be likely to advance. She turned back, and with strength lent her by excitement, she rolled away the stones that kept the plank in its place, and pushed the end of it into the torrent. She did not wait to see the other side give way, but sped on again. She came to a ploughed field; splashing through the water in the furrows, stumbling, but never falling, she toiled on breathlessly until she reached the bogs. This was the most dangerous part of her journey, but her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. She could mark the weird

light of the water in the holes, and avoided them; and her light footsteps flew over the soft ground, scarcely leaving an impression. The worst was over. She came to the foot of the bare green hill surmounted by the fort. Taking breath for a moment, she sprang up with renewed vigour and toiled on. With a beating heart she approached the summit, when a voice hissed in her ear:

"The word—the pass?"

"Liberty," cried the panting girl. "Let me see your captain."

The murmur she had heard in the fort ceased suddenly. In a second Louis Sarsfield was by her side. Nell struck the match he lighted out of his hand. "Nell! Great heavens!" he exclaimed "what has brought you here!"

"Fly!" she cried breathlessly. "You are in danger. Monalena is full of police."

She told him what she had seen, and how Father Garrett wanted to come to warn him, only she thought it wiser he should remain at home least he be looked for.

"My brave Nell," he murmured.

They stood within the fort.

"Disperse, boys," he said in a low, distinct voice. "It's likely we are betrayed. Let each man return as quick as possible to his home and conceal his arms. The police are in Monalena."

In one second the multitude of erect, motionless figures melted away as noiselessly as if they were sheeted spectres, and Nell was left alone with the rebel chief.

"Go, go," she cried. "Why do you delay?"

"I cannot leave you," he said, "alone here at such an hour."

"Don't think of me," she answered, wringing her hands. "There is no fear of me. I will cross down to Mona."

"I will go with you. I have time enough to escape."

"You have not a moment, a second," she cried. "You must not come with me. Fly, for God's sake."

"It was always hard to leave you," he said; "it is harder than ever now. Nell, my girl, one word before I go. I love you with all my heart and soul. Tell me do you care for me?"

"I do," she answered with a sob—"but go, go!"

"'Tis a wild wooing," he said, "but a true one, my heart's treasure. I loved you from the first time I saw your sweet face. You will be true to me, my Nell, until I can claim you?"

"I will," she answered, weeping; "but fly, for the love of God."

"No more delay," he said, clasping her in his arms. "I have something now to make me value life; one kiss, my precious love—my brave darling; nothing but death can keep our lives apart. Good-bye, for awhile. Tell Father Garrett. God bless you."

He kissed her wet face with passionate fervour, then released her, and disappeared over the wall of the fort.

Wiping away the tears of excitement, fear and happiness that rolled down her face, Nell descended a different side of the hill and directed her steps to Mona. Thoroughly exhausted, she arrived there, climbed the sunk fence, and tapped at the parlour window where the Madam was sitting alone.

"It is I, Nell O'Malley," she said, in a low voice.

The Madam admitted her, and gazed on her in utter amazement, as she stood in the light without hat or bonnet, her hair tumbled down, and covered over with mud.

"What on earth is the matter? Has anything happened to Father Garrett?" she exclaimed.

"No, thank God. I'll tell you when I am able," gasped Nell, putting her hand on the back of a chair.

"Don't attempt to sit down in your wet clothes," said the Madam. "Come into my room at once. My poor child, what a state you are in. Here, take this candle and undress at once, while I get you a cup of tea."

Nell was soon sitting before the fire, presenting rather a curious figure in a suit of the Madam's clothes, and related her adventures, to which her hostess listened with a very sad face.

"Father Garrett will get into trouble," she said. "I am very uneasy about him, Nellie. It is altogether dreadful. God forgive those who have filled our poor countryboys' heads with such dangerous folly."

"But Father Garrett only tries to repress them," answered Nell.

"If he were caught to-night giving them word to fly, see how it would be," said the Madam. "I hope to God no one was caught. The poor young lunatics, thinking they can turn the tide! My heart bleeds for them."

Nell and the Madam had talked over many things, when a knock came to the hall door, and, as a natural consequence, their hearts sprang into their mouths. The servant admitted two policemen, and with a nervousness born of Nell's nocturnal visit, the Madam

went out to interview them. They merely requested permission to rest for half-an-hour by the kitchen fire; they had had a weary tramp through the hills, and seeing the light in the windows, ventured to disturb the kind-hearted mistress of Mona.

The hospitable Madam made them welcome, ordered the servant to make up a good fire in the kitchen, and soon set out upon the table there a comfortable supper of cold meat, bread and ale.

CHAPTER XL.

VINCENT LEAVES THE COUNTRY.

In the morning it was known all over the district that twenty men had been on duty on the hills. They had come on sure information to arrest a leader who was to have held a midnight review, but found nothing but the peaceful sleepers in the houses they thought it necessary to disturb.

In crossing the hills much time had been lost, for the plank over the river had been torn away; they had to make a considerable detour, so when they arrived at the supposed lair the lion was gone.

The newspapers teemed with arrests and disturbances as the days crept on; mistrust was in the cold, chill atmosphere. With troubled hearts women watched their sons and brothers. It was what the poor Irish have an intimate acquaintance with, a hard spring; and the harvest of '66 was far below the average; the ghastly figure of poverty sat by many a fireless hearth; everything looked hopeless and comfortless when the March of '67 broke cold and ghastly over the land.

The last Fenian explosion, the insurrection of 1867, was one of those frantic ebullitions of which ruined men are capable, men who have nothing more to lose, and who have got into a "slough of despond," in which they see no stepping-stones. A Fenian Council again met to make final arrangements for a great armed struggle, and the 4th of March was fixed on for the universal outburst; but an informer sat at the board, and the Government were in entire possession of the intended movement of the sanguine rebels.

It was a disastrous defeat. The very elements combined to quell the outbreak. Such a snowstorm had not fallen on the island for the past hundred years. There was racing and chasing through whitened hills and valleys. Many a gallant steed perished in the brief, but hard, campaign. The troops, though they had barracks or pickets at night, had rather an uncomfortable time of it; while the unfortunate insurgents, homeless, hungry, and almost frozen, hid among the snow-clad hills.

Vincent Talbot and Corney O'Brien sat in the office the night after the attempted rising, which had been a complete failure, in the city.

Like the fair widow of Carrabas, "both were silent and both were sad."

There was little pretence of business now. Vincent looked over letters and papers.

"These will tell no tales," he said, at length, flinging a bundle of them into the fire. "What an end it is—what an end to everything; and to think of the poor fellows on the mountains! What a night they have! But I wish we were with them."

"Where would be the use of it?" answered Corney, gloomily.

"If we had one fair fight," said Vincent, "one chance of facing the enemy! But we were trapped and betrayed on every side—ruined, cause, country, and prospects."

"What will you do, Mr. Vincent? Will you tell the old master?"

"I don't know what to do, or where to turn to," said Vincent. "How can I ever tell him? Money spent, debts accumulated, business gone. How on earth did we spend so much? My God! What a mess I have made of everything!"

"You wouldn't be long pulling up, sir, if you got the chance again. 'Tis the wonder of the world, though, if we aren't suspected; but we behaved cautious."

"There is no fear," said Vincent, "Joe Smith warned us off in time; he knew how it would end; but it would be better for me be shot in a good cause than in the state I am, not knowing on earth what to do."

"Ah, cheer up, Mr. Vincent," answered Corney, trying to throw off his depression; "sure the old master will stand to you, and you will be as good as ever you were."

"He stood to me too often," said Vincent, "he has not the

means people suppose, and he lost considerably in that bank failure this year. Everything seems to have gone wrong."

After some further conversation upon the annihilation of their dreams and their ruined fortunes, Vincent went upstairs and found Ethna seated in the drawing-room, trying to put aside uncomfortable thoughts in the thrilling pages of romance. It was but a few nights after her adventures at the ball, and she had not yet recovered the humiliation of Philip Moore's impassioned declaration. It had utterly shocked her innate sense of womanly purity as well as matronly dignity; the very idea of a married woman encouraging such demonstrations was revolting to her, and the disagreeable conviction was constantly presenting itself that something in his behaviour—some levity of manner—must have fostered such presumption.

"Why did you not go to Mrs. Bewley's to-night, Ethna?" asked Vincent, as he slowly sipped his tea.

"Ah, balls are becoming stupid," she replied; "it is from the same to the same; saying the same platitudes to the same people; dancing with the same partners to the same music. I am getting tired of it."

"Everything becomes weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," said Vincent, leaning his head upon his hands. "Is there anything at all substantial in life—anything or anyone to be trusted?"

"Are you becoming a cynic, Vincent?" answered Ethna, with a forced laugh, the colour slowly deepening in her cheeks, "you who take everyone on trust."

"It is only right such foolish confidence should be betrayed," he said. "One ought to look before he leaps. It seems to me, now, as if I was just like a blind man, who only *felt* before him. Ah, Ethna, we have made a great mistake."

"How? Why?" she faltered, with dry lips, her guilty conscience giving but one meaning to her husband's words.

"We have not counted the cost of anything," he said. "We have not"—

A knock came to the hall-door, and Lizzie Lynch came up with Philip Moore's card. He wished to see Mrs. Talbot for a moment. "I cannot see him," she said, with flaming cheeks. "Say I am engaged, Lizzie."

"Why not see him?" exclaimed Vincent. "He must have

something to say. Tell him to walk up."

In a moment Philip Moore was in the room. Vincent received him in his usual cordial manner. Pale and cold, Ethna sat at the tea-table, and acknowledged his bow.

"Just in time to have a cup of tea, Moore," said Vincent. "Come and sit down."

"I have not time," answered Moore in a low voice, "neither have you, Mr. Talbot. I came to give you a hint. I may as well give a distinct one: the sooner you leave the country the better."

"Leave the country," repeated Ethna, standing up. "What—what has he done?"

"He knows best himself," said Philip Moore, coldly.

"He is incapable of doing wrong," replied Ethna, passionately. "What do you mean by telling him to leave the country?"

"I have learned that you are a Fenian conspirator," said Philip, addressing Vincent. "You would be arrested were it known you were at home; you are watched for at some of your usual haunts. I came to warn your wife, who it was to be supposed was in your confidence."

"She was not in my confidence," answered Vincent; "she knew nothing of my proceedings."

"The sooner you leave the better," said Philip. "My brother knows; he will be here immediately to help you to escape. You have no time to lose."

Ethna, white to the lips, had sunk into a chair. Vincent a Fenian, in danger, warned to quit the country!—she could not grasp the horror of it.

"You have behaved like a friend, Moore," said Vincent. "Cheer up, Ethna; all will come right yet." He put his arms about her and bent over her. "Will you forgive me? I have brought great trouble upon you."

"Don't leave me," she gasped. "Take me with you."

"You ought to make your preparations, Mr. Talbot," said Philip Moore. "I warn you there is no time to be lost."

"Yes, yes, I'll prepare," answered Vincent, "it won't take much time."

He left the room and ran downstairs to look for Corney O'Brien.

"It is for your sake I save your husband," said Philip Moore to Ethna, "it is one proof of my love for you."

She put out her hands with a gesture of despair and horror. He said no more, but went quickly down stairs, and she heard him close the front door after him. Vincent entered the room again.

"My poor girl," he said, taking the cold hands of his wife between his own. "Will you ever forgive me? I have spent your means and ruined your life. I—I"—his voice choked.

"Take me with you, Vincent; don't leave me," she answered, in a voice scarcely audible.

"It is impossible," he said, "I have hardly enough money to take myself; everything is gone, Ethna, and we are over head and ears in debt. Oh, God! oh, God! what an end to all my dreams."

A knock came to the hall-door again, and Harry Moore ran quickly upstairs.

"Come, come, cheer up," he cried, "this will all blow over. You need not be in the least uneasy, Mrs. Talbot; I will go with him to Cork, and see him safe on board ship."

"Could I not go?" she asked, clasping her hands.

"No, no, not at present; we must manage to get him off secretly. Let your man, O'Brien, come with us, Talbot, and start for Beltard, he will let the Madam know. Come, now, it is time to be off. Believe that I will take care of him, Mrs. Talbot; he will come back all right to you by-and-by."

Vincent put his arms about his wife and kissed her pallid lips. She had not even the strength to respond, but when he released her and was leaving the room she gave such a cry of agony that he returned and clasped her again to his breast. She closed her arms about his neck in a passion of love and despair.

"Ethna, remember you are keeping him in danger," said Henry Moore; "if you love him, let us go."

She took her arms away and pushed him towards the door.

"Go, go," she whispered, hoarsely. "No more delays"—with one last kiss upon her white cheek, Vincent rushed from the room, and was followed out of doors by Henry Moore and Corney O'Brien bearing a portmanteau.

CHAPTER XLI.

RUIN.

Lizzie Lynch, weeping bitterly, went up to her mistress, who lay down upon the bed and turned her face to the wall. The cold, gray dawn stole over the city before Ethna slept; it was a night of bitter self-condemnation, a veil seemed to have fallen away from her eyes, and she grieved now, not for having to suffer, but for having sinned. What kind of a wife had she been to this young, warm-hearted, thoughtless husband; she had lived for the eyes of others, not for him; she did nothing to make his home happy; she was glad when he went out, so she could read her novel undisturbed; she took no interest in his movements; she went where she wished without him. Yes, they were in debt; she began to realize it; was it any wonder; she never asked how much they could afford to spend; never calculated what their means were; though she knew she was careless in money matters, she took no thought about it; she left the management of her house very much to her servants; she indulged her tastes; she gratified her inclination for display; and led an idle, useless, frivolous existence.

Her cheeks burned as she thought of her pitiful endeavours to show herself off before Philip Moore, and how that poor unmeaning vanity had stimulated her into great extravagances. She was punished for it all, the man to whom she had given so much thought had spoken words that were an insult; and her neglected husband was gone from her, and ruined.

The knowledge that had she been a true and tender wife, Vincent would never have got into trouble, added poignancy to her grief. She had only to exert her power over him to counteract any external influence; his want of confidence was begotten by her indifference. When they were boy and girl he used to tell her everything he thought, felt, and projected. She was interested in the relation until the shadow of another man fell between them, obstructing the vision and altering the position of life.

The hours passed slowly by; she got up in the afternoon and lay prostrate on the sofa. In the evening a bustle in the lower part of the house roused her; her heart leapt in her bosom. Was it Vincent come back to her? But no, he could not return, and she wrung her hands.

The door opened and she was clasped in her mother's arms. The Madam had been in Beltard when Corney O'Brien, who had travelled by the night train, arrived there; she, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Talbot set out at once for the city. Corney, who had a wholesome fear of both gentlemen, gave very indefinite information; but Harry Moore had written a line in pencil telling them that Ethna required her mother and either of her male relations as soon as possible.

Late that night Harry Moore returned and joined the two gentlemen in Vincent Talbot's dining-room. He grasped the hand of the broken-down father.

"All right, my dear sir," he said, cheerily, "he is off to America; I saw him safe on board. Such a lucky escape as he had. I was speaking to a policeman I knew, who was watching for possible Fenians among the emigrants, never suspecting my companion was one."

"I can never be grateful enough to you," answered Mr. Talbot. "My poor unfortunate boy!"

"Oh, he will be none the worse for this," said Harry Moore. "It will be a good lesson to him. Hot-headed young fellows, sir, easily get into mischief. Roughing it for a while will teach him the value of what he grew careless about. He will do well yet; there is no better fellow. I have the greatest regard for him."

"It was fortunate you were in town," said Mr. Taylor.

"I only came up on Monday. It was late last evening when Philip came in to me, and told me Talbot was in danger, and I had better try to get him out of town. I made as little delay as I could. They are troubled times, faith. People one would never suspect were deep in the conspiracy. But I think the Fenians are done for; they have fired their last shot."

The two attorneys overhauled the office, the father's face becoming more haggard as they proceeded in the examination of Vincent's papers. He had been so well trained to habits of order, that even to the end he observed a sort of system, and sufficient memoranda were discovered to prove that he was inextricably involved in debt. Ethna was appealed to, but, covered with shame and confusion, she had to confess her ignorance of everything relating to her husband's affairs.

"Surely dear, you looked after your bills for housekeeping,"

said the Madam, who wondered at an incompetent housekeeper. "You saw that your butcher and your baker were paid and did not overcharge?"

"I thought Vincent used to settle everything," was Ethna's answer.

"Let us make capital out of Vincent's debts," said Harry Moor; "it will injure him less to say he had to fly from his creditors than that he was mixed up with Fenianism."

And in an incredibly short space of time it went through the city that Vincent Talbot was overwhelmed with debt, and had fled from the country. "No wonder," said his acquaintances, "he and his wife went too fast, it was only surprising they held so long; a mere attorney, and she used to dress as if she had an estate at her back. Yes, she was handsome, men allowed "good points about her—form and colour, but was up to a thing or two; knew how to hold her own, cheeky to no end, but a splendid woman, faith." Women could not see why men admired her so much, she was red and white certainly, and she dressed to perfection; but she was terribly fast, always having men about her, going here and there as if she had neither house nor home to look after. "It was no wonder her husband came to grief." Such were a few of the mean remarks made by the fashionable friends Ethna had made, for whom she lived and moved, dressed and posed herself, and whose admiring gaze was her ambition.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

(To be continued).

LEAVES.

MYRIADS and myriads plumed their glistening wings,
 As fine as any bird that soars and sings.
 As bright as fireflies or the dragon-flies,
 Or birds of paradise.

Myriads and myriads waved their sheeny fans,
 Soft as the dove's breast, or the pelican's,
 And some were gold, and some were green and some
 Pink-lipped, like apple-bloom.

A low wind tossed the plumage all one way,
 Rippled the gold feathers, and green and gray,—
 A low wind that in moving sang one song
 All day and all night long.

Sweet honey in the leafage, and cool dew,
 A roof of stars, a tent of gold and blue.
 Silence and sound at once, and dim green light,
 To turn the gold day night.

Some trees hung lanterns out, and some had stars,
 Silver as Hesper, and rose-red as Mars;
 A low wind flung the lanterns low and high,—
 A low wind like a sigh.

Myriads and myriads, more in number than
 The sea's sands, or its drops of water wan,
 Sang one Name in the rapture that is May;
 With faces turned one way.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER X.

YOUNG MR. SIMPKIT'S PUZZLEMENT.

Workmen up at the Hall!

The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire.

T'ENNYSON.

WHATEVER the High Street of Riddingdale might be on Saturday night, at Fair-time, and on one or two other festive occasions—during the forenoon of an ordinary week-day it became the “abode of ancient peace.” Once the boys and girls of the elementary school had answered the call of a bell whose tone was as the tongue of a nagging housewife, and whose metal was unworthy of the name, the High Street pavements, partly flagged and partly cobbled, were subjected to the minimum of wear and tear, until noonday was tolled by another bell, one of six that the fine old pre-Reformation church tower was condemned to shelter. It may seem unfair to quarrel with a peal of bells because they date only from the end of the seventeenth century; and indeed if their tone had been of a better quality the most enthusiastic antiquarian of the Dale would have declared himself satisfied. As it was, the whole of Riddingdale and Timington suffered from depression of spirits whenever the bells were pealed. When they were chimed for Sunday service, the bulk of the population slept.

There never was a town, however small, without a grievance—fortunately, perhaps, for the townsfolk themselves. And a grievance created by circumstances more or less historical, is far better than one provoked by the quarrels of living men. “Roger Shypleigh, of the parish of Riddingdale, Esquire, and Dame Elizabeth, his wife,” meant to do a kindly deed in bestowing that peal of bells; and a descendant of theirs, one Thomas Shypleigh, who in the late forties placed a clock in the tower of his parish church, deserved well of dwellers in the Dale. But neither Roger nor Thomas foresaw the full value or the true extent of their benefactions. Thomas, of course, knew that the giving of a

tongue to time "was wise in man" because he had read the "Night Thoughts" of the poet Young; but it never, probably, occurred to any member of the Shypleigh family that to give a population of (not quite) five thousand souls a safety-valve for the escape of disaffection might be a wiser thing in man or woman. Yet how many characters would have been ruined, how many fierce enmities fostered, how many reconciliations prevented, how many deadly quarrels intensified, how many moments of *ennui* prolonged, and how many idle people would have been deprived of their sole subject of discussion, if Roger's bells had been melodious, and Thomas's clock had kept good time!

And yet Mr. Colpington, the chemist, was not nearly so grateful to the memory of the Shypleighs as one might have supposed, while Miss Rippell's sentiments on the subject of these deceased benefactors were lacking both in gratitude and politeness. Now Miss Rippell's good qualities were many, but without a doubt the most prominent was her politeness—extended as freely and graciously to the buyer of a halfpenny paper as to the purchaser of the latest three volume novel at thirty-one and six.

To be appealed to now and again for the time o' day is a thing no reasonable person could object to, but to be made an unwilling referee in a hundred daily disputes as to the hours and minutes is another matter. There was young Mr. Simpkit, for instance, who had a gold repeater, unbounded leisure, and a very deficient supply of brains. Both Miss Rippell and Mr. Colpington were sorry for the youth, of course, and did their best to show him kindness and consideration; but a very young person with only one idea in his head, and that an imperfect one, is apt to become very trying and to degenerate into a nuisance of the first order. There were times when young Mr. Simpkit took refuge in Colpington's or Miss Rippell's shop, to escape his tormentors—Ridingdale idlers or rough lads whose persecutions stopped short at the teasing stage, for that they feared the anger of the young man's father. It is however only fair to say that young Mr. Simpkit himself generally provoked these attacks, for his volubility was as great as his belief in his own power of argumentative chaffing.

But a day dawned upon Ridingdale when even young Mr. Simpkit forgot to compare his watch with Mr. Colpington's, and

neglected to hand in to Miss Rippell a written statement of the vagaries of the church clock—variations daily noted by him between the hours of nine and six. Even the bells of Ridingle were ignored, and for something like a week the name of Shypleigh was not uttered. The one subject of interest in the Dale was Mr. Kittleshot's House-warming.

Quite early in the month of May, Billy Lethers, in his character as a walking book of reference on Dale doings, was at a premium. Neither Miss Rippell nor Mr. Colpington was appealed to as often as Billy the professional. Credited with accurate knowledge of the very latest detail of every local matter, it was felt that his connection with the Hall gave him a great advantage over the average gossip in relation to Mr. Kittleshot's house-warming. It was to Billy's honour that he never tried the illicit method of pumping the Ridingle boys in order to gain desired scraps of information. What the lads knew they spoke of quite freely and simply, for they were under no promises of secrecy, and all that Billy had to do was to play the part of a good listener.

During the month of April Mr. Kittleshot's visits to Ridingle Hall had been frequent. The fact was noted by the Dale and gave unmixed satisfaction to many. To a few it caused anxiety. The Vicar of Ridingle did not approve, and said so—in Miss Rippell's shop. His wife declared that Mr. Kittleshot was tempting providence, and asked the prayers of several intimate friends that the millionaire might be preserved from the infection of a Popish atmosphere. Mr. Simpkit's father—a most worthy person who sold honest wine and whiskey, wholesale and retail—ordered two thousand copies of his own tract, "*Rome—Ridiculed, Refuted, and Rebuked.*" Something, however, interfered with the circulation of this entertaining booklet, and if it had not been for the guileless and irresponsible chatter of young Mr. Simpkit, Ridingle would never have known what that something was.

Miss Rippell's shop was unusually full one day when young Mr. Simpkit entered and found the subject of general conversation was, as usual, Mr. Kittleshot. But on the present occasion everybody was mildly excited, and no wonder. The millionaire himself had only just left the shop after—in the words of a waiting, but perfectly contented customer—"ordering pounds and pounds worth of things."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Kittleshot had that day visited all

the principal shops in Ridingle—by no means forgetting the wine stores of Mr. Simpkit. And in each case he had prefaced his ample order with the words: "My friend Mr. Ridingle recommended me to come to you."

Now young Mr. Simpkit was bursting with the importance of the news of "the very largest order, you know, my father has ever received," and exhilarated by the sight of an interested audience, he became more voluble than usual. In great detail he described Mr. Kittleshot's demand for "more cases of champagne, you know, than we have actually got in stock," while the colossal order for sherry, claret and whiskey was clearly more than the brain of young Mr. Simpkit could grapple with.

"Father, of course, is very pleased," the young man continued, "and he takes it very kind of the Squire to have mentioned his name to Mr. Kittleshot. But what I can't understand is"—and here young Mr. Simpkit grew mysterious and dropped his voice—"father's getting in a wax with me just as I left the stores. I had some of father's tracts in my pocket, you know, because he had asked me to distribute them all about the town. Said, you know, that he wanted the town *flooded* with them. That was the very word he used, you know, *flooded*. Well, just as I was leaving, a few minutes ago, he asked me what I had got in my pocket. I said 'some of your tracts, father.' He said, 'Don't be a fool, now; hand them over to me.' And, you know, he took them every one and locked them up in his drawer. I can't understand it at all. Particularly, you know, when he said over and over again that he wanted the town flooded with them."

Young Mr. Simpkit looked round the shop for sympathy—possibly also for some explanation of this insoluble problem. But several of Miss Rippell's customers looked another way, and one or two moved towards the door. One elderly man laughed aloud, and Miss Rippell herself turned her back and began hastily to replace certain scattered articles upon their shelves.

CHAPTER XI.

ENCHANTED GROUND.

There marvelling stood he still,
 Because to one bough blossoms clung
 As it were May, but ripe fruit hung
 Upon the other.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Our friend Colonel Ruggerson had lived at Ridinglee ever since the death of his wife. He had been a brother-officer and a very close friend of the Squire's father, General Sir John Ridinglee, C.B., leaving the army much earlier than he wished in order to please his invalid wife. It was now nearly eleven years since Mrs. Ruggerson's death, and during the whole of that time the Colonel had occupied "The Chantry"—a late seventeenth-century house said to have been built on the site of an ancient chapel. A cosy and picturesque building was the Chantry, standing in its own grounds and surrounded by the high wall so dear to the eighteenth century mind, and so indispensable to the comfort of a well-to-do Englishman. The Squire used to say, teasingly, that, for its size, the Chantry was the most luxurious establishment he had ever entered—a statement the Colonel would combat with great energy and fierceness.

"Monastic isn't the word for it," the old soldier would contend. "The place is a hermitage—that's what it is. Look at the room we're sitting in! [the two would be, perhaps, in what the Colonel called his 'loose box']. Out of barracks, who ever saw a place with so little in it? Luxury, indeed! Why, it's not a patch on that cell of St. Jerome in the picture."

Then the Squire would get up and begin a perambulation of the room, mischievously making an audible catalogue of the many really costly things it harboured.

"Item, a pair of silver candlesticks two feet in height, and worth a hundred and fifty pounds—probably more. Stolen originally, no doubt, from the altar of a church. Now in the possession of Colonel Ruggerson," &c., &c.

The Colonel would literally dance on his hearth-rug in the energy of his protestations; but the Squire generally proceeded with his inventory until he had proved to his own satisfaction that the

"Loose Box" contained articles amounting in gross value to some thousands of pounds—which, as a matter of fact, it did. For though the Colonel was by no means a millionaire, he was really very well-to-do, his wife having left him the bulk of her large fortune, together with the furniture and appointments of a much bigger house than the Chantry. But just because the gallant man had sold a great quantity of the furniture, and also because he had a constitutional objection to rooms over-crowded with chairs and tables, and loved a luxurious plainness for its own sake, he affected the airs of a hermit, and convinced himself (if he could not convince others) that his surroundings were those of a soldier and an ascetic.

It was much the same in regard to his diet.

"I wish I could offer you some dinner," he had said to Mr. Kittleshot on several occasions; "but there's not a scrap of anything to eat in the house."

The first time Mr. Kittleshot heard this, he begged his host not to think of him in connection with dinner; but before Cræsus could get away from the Chantry the dinner-bell rang, and the Colonel, murmuring something about there being 'a bird and a peach,' led the way to the dining-room.

"It is thirty-five years since I enjoyed so good a dinner," Mr. Kittleshot declared as a few hours later he bade his host 'good-night.' "Your pot-luck is better than a banquet. Your cook is an artist, and you—well, every man must have his joke."

The Colonel was speechless with astonishment.

"Nothing but a bird and a peach," he muttered to himself when his guest had gone, "and the man carries on like that! There's a conspiracy abroad to make me out a *gourmet*!"

On the second of these occasions Mr. Kittleshot implored the Colonel to lend him his cook—"for one night only." The old soldier's amazement, real or affected, was great.

Perhaps the crowning grievance of the Colonel's life was the Squire's refusal to dine at the Chantry oftener than once or twice a month. Another great subject of dispute between the two friends, and one that made the Colonel specially irate, was Ridingle's refusal to allow his boys the run of the Chantry whenever they went into the village. In a house like the Squire's where the family was big and the number of servants very small, the errands were numerous, and a day seldom passed

without the appearance in Ridingle High Street of one or more of the boys from the Hall. Now in coming from the Hall one cannot get into the High Street without passing the Chantry, and (for a long time, at least) to pass the Colonel's house without calling was, for a Ridingle boy, impossible. The most terrible threats were fulminated against the lad, "so lost to the sense of what was right and fitting" as to evade the Colonel's hospitality; so that Hilary and his brothers felt there was nothing for it but to regard the Chantry as a second home.

This, however, greatly interfered with the progress of errands, and the Squire was at length obliged to interfere in his own interests and in that of his household. Moreover, Mrs. Ridingle found that the dispensing of powders was becoming quite a common sequel to a high tea at the Chantry, and the end of it was that a compromise was made with the Colonel, to his great disgust, and the visits of the boys reduced to one in the week.

As an aider and abettor of the Colonel's hospitality, Mrs. White, his housekeeper, was easily convicted. Her master never touched sweets or pastry, and yet whenever the Ridingle boys appeared, the Chantry was immediately transformed into a confectioner's shop. There were rooms in the house that Mrs. White would allow no visitor to enter; yet the most sacred of these apartments, the big white drawingroom, was cheerfully given over to the tender mercies of six or seven clog-shod lads. This all-powerful housekeeper was wont greatly to resent visits made before noon, or after a certain hour in the evening—Mr. Kittleshot, to his great amusement, was already in possession of a piece of Mrs. White's mind; but, somehow or other, Messrs. Hilary & Co. were welcome at any hour, and the rough side of the old lady's tongue was held in reserve for older and more hardened offenders.

But when the weather was fine and warm, the Colonel had one frequent guest upon whom no embargo had been laid, and whose visits neither father or mother wished to restrict. When the master of the Chantry was at home, and he was seldom away, little Sweetie Ridingle was one of his constant companions. The Squire greatly deprecated the giving of too many presents to his boys, but whatever was for the convenience or the amusement of his blind child was received from the Colonel with gratitude. So Sweetie had an equipage fit for a prince—a wheeled chair drawn by willing brothers, and not unfrequently, when the journey

would have interfered with lessons, by the ever-ready Billy Lethers. Sweetie had many devoted slaves, and, as the Squire said, they were all anxious to be bound to the wheels of his chariot.

The Chantry had peculiar attractions for Sweetie. There was "God-father" himself to begin with. The Colonel was kindness itself to all the Ridingle youngsters, but towards the elder boys he often affected the tone and manner of a martinet; though not one of them was taken in by this attitude, saving perhaps at the time of drill when he sometimes dealt out original and fantastical punishments. All the old soldier's tenderness seemed to be reserved for Sweetie.

The blind child had his own well-cushioned nook in the Loose Box, where he would lie hour after hour listening to the Colonel's stories—sometimes of marvellous doings in the mystical East, but, more frequently, selected tales from the Arabian Nights, or delicate fairy legends, carefully prepared by his god-father from the latest book that dealt with that fascinating lore. Moreover, the Colonel possessed the very unmilitary accomplishment of organ-playing, and the instrument that stood in the entrance hall could, under its owner's touch, transform the Chantry into a church, a battlefield, or an enchanted palace.

Blessed with the sense of sight, the little child might have been the genius of his family, for his intelligence was much beyond his years, and his marvellous display of memory often frightened the solicitous Colonel. As he grew older, Sweetie's constitution seemed ever more delicate and fragile, and his god-father had a fixed idea that the little one's days would be few and short. In this, however, he was mistaken. Every great expert that the Colonel called in declared that, while the blindness was hopelessly incurable, and the constitution exceedingly delicate, the child was organically sound and with care his life might be a long one. As indeed it was.

The atmosphere of his own home was very sweet to the blind boy, and, if it had not been for the Colonel, he would have been content never to leave it. But Ridingle Hall was essentially a place of stir, bustle, and activity, a house where the father found the day all too short for the work that won his children's bread, and the mother had sometimes more than she could do in dispensing that same bread and in seeing that her sons and

daughters were decently clothed. Then, although every brother and sister was from time to time at Sweetie's service, there were necessarily many lessons and games and occupations of various kinds, in which the blind boy could have no part; so that some lonely hours would have fallen to the little man but for the constant kindness of the Colonel. Also a sort of constitutional shrinking from anything like a crowd was sometimes shown by the afflicted child, and though he could be quite content and happy in the society of any one or two of his brothers, he showed a certain restlessness when many of them were together, and a pathetic anxiety to get away into some quiet corner where, as he put it, he could "talk about things with somebody."

Perhaps this "talking about things" was one of the most interesting features of his visits to the Chantry.

"Talking to Sweetie over the luncheon table means having your wits about you," the Colonel said.

Mr. Kittleshot called one day while the two were at their one o'clock meal, and, hearing voices in the dining-room, would not allow the servant to announce him. But before he turned away, promising to call a little later, he saw through the half-opened door the Colonel at one end of the table listening with eager and almost reverential attention to the little one sitting at the other end, his delicate food almost neglected, his sightless eyes raised to the ceiling while in slow and dreamy but most accurate language he put a question to his host.

The impression left upon Mr. Kittleshot's mind was vivid and lasting. He had more than once seen that rapt look on the child's face, and the attitude an artist would have called "Inspiration;" but the Colonel's softened expression and worshipful attention was something new to the millionaire.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOOMING OF THE BIRCH.

A race of real children ; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good ; but wanton, fresh,
And banded up and down, by love and hate ;
Not unresentful where self-justified ;
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy ;
Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds ;
Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft
Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight
Of pain and doubt and fear, yet yielding not
In happiness to the happiest on earth.

WORDSWORTH.

On a certain evening in May, Sniggery was crowded. Every member of the Ridinglee parliament of boys was in his place, save one, and the House was almost inconveniently full. The Speaker was Hilary.

"It's not a bit of good making a fuss about the thing," he was saying. "We're all booked for the warming-pan business and we'd better make the best of it."

"It's not the bun-fights I object to," began Harry,—“though, if Croesus is going to entertain all the school-children of Hardlow as well as of Timington and Ridinglee, the job will be a big one ; it's the swell garden-party that frightens me.”

"Ah, yes," murmured the quiet George who was sitting on the step of Sniggery, watching the rising of the young May moon, "yes, the swell garden-party ! That's the staggerer !"

Willie Murrington looked from one foster-brother to another with an expression which said quite plainly : "Well, if I have to go to this dreaded garden-party, you will take care of me, won't you ?"

"There will be strawberries and cream !" put in the ten year old Gareth, "Jane told me."

"Little pig !" ejaculated Harry laughingly. "The middle of June is rather early for strawberries, Garry. But if Jane says so——"

"And there'll be Punch and Judy," interrupted Alfred. "William Lethers told me to-day, and he *knows*."

"Lance thinks—that is, he hopes—there'll be a clown," Gareth went on ; "but Jane says clowns are low."

"Well," laughed Hilary, "I am glad some of you are pleased with the prospect, and I've no doubt we shall all be as jolly as possible when the thing comes off."

"How we miss Lance," Harry said after a pause. "There's nobody to do 'the young man eloquent' to-night. Wonder if there's any chance of begging him off?"

"I'm afraid not," Hilary answered a little sadly. "Might have been all over by this if he'd owned up at the beginning. As it is, he'll have a bad night and wake up only to face the rod."

It is not true that sorrows *never* come singly, but that they sometimes come in battalions is an unaccountable fact. Lance had begun the day badly. Rising late, he had gone off to Mass after a toilet of so imperfect a character that when his father overtook him he stood self-convicted. The rectification of this error took up most of the "looking-over" time between breakfast and school, and led, first to an altercation with Jane, and afterwards to a reprimand from his father for badly prepared lessons.

It was while the Squire was taking his son to task, and pressing for an explanation as to this catalogue of naughtiness that the father scented a strong smell of stale tobacco, an odour that seemed to arise from the pocket of Lance's jacket. Asked if he had any tobacco, the boy produced the charred half of a villainous cigar.

"How did you get this?" the Squire asked.

"It was given to me, father."

"In the house or outside?"

Lance hesitated. He knew what his father meant very well, but for several seconds the temptation to prevaricate was strong. It had been given to him in the park, not in the house; but by outside the Squire meant the village. At length the boy said:

"Here."

The father did not ask by whom. He knew there was only one member of the household who would offer tobacco to a young boy like Lance. That person was Algernon Bhutleigh.

The Squire was in a dilemma concerning the son of the absconding bank manager. The lad did not know the whole truth about his father—who seemed to have placed himself beyond the reach of justice—nor did he know the extent of his mother's poverty, and the Squire very naturally shrank from speaking to

him of either. The idea of a long visit to Ridingle Hall had given the youngster a certain satisfaction ; but he never guessed that he was undergoing a kind of probation, and that if his conduct proved satisfactory the Squire would adopt him as he had adopted Willie Murrington. Unfortunately young Bhutleigh's stay at the Hall had been marked by a good deal of discontent and not a little downright disobedience. The Squire was not a fanatic on the subject of smoking, but in a young boy he exceedingly disliked the assumption of a rakish air, an affectation of the manners of a Piccadilly club-man, and the speech of a music-hall habitué. Fortunately, the healthy public feeling that prevailed among the Ridingle boys was much too strong to be immediately affected by one individual, and it was soon made clear to young Bhutleigh that the very things he prided himself upon most were what they held in contempt. Nevertheless the Squire (who had looked after Algernon far more sharply than the boy suspected) was beginning to be fearful of possible bad influences, and his recent interview with Lance increased the father's anxiety.

The boys in Sniggery, enjoying the beauty of the May twilight, were unconscious of the fact that Algernon Bhutleigh, taking advantage of a lively discussion started by Hilary, had slipped away and was hiding in the shrubbery in order to enjoy (?) a cheap cigar.

They were also unaware of an interview then going on in their father's study.

At the end of morning schools, Mr. Ridingle had told Lance to withdraw himself from the rest, and to ask for punishment as soon as he was convinced of his laziness and disobedience. The end of night studies came, and still Lance had not "owned up." But, just as the Squire was beginning to think of lighting the lamp on his writing-table, the culprit entered.

"Well, Lance?"

"I've come, please father."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Ridingle striking a match and putting it to the lamp ; "but you needn't stand so far off."

Lance, who had remained just inside the door, came a little nearer to the writing-table. As he did so, he raised so pale a face to his father that the latter was almost startled into an exclamation. Checking himself in time, Mr. Ridingle sat down and beckoned his son to step nearer to the light.

"Have you come to ask for punishment, Lance?"

The boy turned his head away, but his "yes, father," was clear and distinct in spite of the suppressed sob.

"And you are sorry?"

"Yes, father."

"What is it to be, or rather—how many? For you know, Lance, there are four or five distinct offences. You know also that for smoking and anything like rudeness to servants, it must be the birch."

"I know, father."

But the Squire had never before seen his fourth son tremble so violently. The boy was standing close to his father's chair now, and one small inky hand lay on the writing-table. Mr. Ridingdale thought it looked strangely white, and touching it for a moment discovered that it was cold as ice. But he made no comment upon this and only asked—

"Well then, Lance, the only thing you have to settle is—how many strokes."

"It ought to be . . . twelve . . . *this time*."

"Yes, I think it ought."

"Only, father——"

"Only what?"

"Well, father, if you *would* give me six to-night . . . and six to-morrow——"

"But why divide it? Much better to get it over at once—eh?"

The pale face twitched, and the trembling increased.

"All right, father," the boy said with a great effort; then after a pause he added: "but will you please strap me *very* tight?"

The Squire looked at his son with surprise. Lance had always taken his punishment so well—perhaps because during the past year he had been in trouble oftener than his brothers.

"Tell me, Lance," he said turning up the lamp and examining the boy's face "are you suffering to-night?"

"Oh, father," he sobbed, but making very little noise in his crying, "if you *would* put it off till to-morrow—all of it, I mean. I've got such an *awful* headache. Had it all day—when I got up. *Honour bright*, father, I'm not begging off. I don't want you to let me off. Fact, I wouldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't said me."

The Squire did not say much. He knew that a certain rank cigar had started his boy's illness, and that the troubles of the day had worsened the headache. There was no doubt as to the present suffering. The peony-cheeked Lance was scarcely recognisable in the pallid-faced, trembling boy in front of him.

"Your punishment will be over, Lance, when the headache is better. And that I hope will be to-morrow morning."

"You don't mean, father, that I'm not to be——"

"Yes, Lance, I mean that. Twenty-four hours of headache and heart-ache must suffice. Go to bed now, my dear. Sleep will take away the pain."

Lance had buried his head upon his father's shoulder.

"Father, I *will* try hard after this," he sobbed.

"I know you will, Lance."

And he did—though sometimes with only a mitigated success. Like the grown-up children of the great All-Father.

The May twilight had deepened, and the boys in Sniggery were waiting for the eight o'clock supper bell. A figure appeared on the terrace and began to cross the lawn—more slowly than Lance was wont to do. Then a pale but smiling face showed itself in the doorway of Sniggery, and was greeted with a chorus of anxious enquiries.

"Is it over, Lance?"

"Come in, poor old chap!"

"How did you get on?"

"Is everything all right again?"

"Bravo, Lance. Hurrah!"

"I've come only for a minute," said Lance in a low tone. "Father said I might run and tell you, because you'd be jollier afterwards."

The boy told his story very shortly—feeling a little mean the while, but knowing that his brothers would not misunderstand. The loud hurrahs at the end did not help to lessen the narrator's headache.

But when many iron-shod feet began to stamp on the floor of Sniggery in an excess of congratulatory enthusiasm, the petals of a great bough of whitethorn (placed over the image of the Holy Boy) were all loosened, and the snowy, scented shower fell upon the happy lads like a benediction.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

MARY'S MONTH.

IT is in the month of Mary
 That the hawthorn boughs are white,
 That the violets frail scent wood and vale,
 And the buttercups are bright.

It is in the month of Mary
 The lark sings loud and clear
 A rapturous strain 'tis almost pain
 For the heart of man to hear.

It is in the month of Mary
 The long day comes and goes
 In cloudless light of amber bright
 And of jasper, pearl, and rose.

It is in the month of Mary
 The chestnut cressets glow,
 That a laughing rune in the sunbright noon
 The brooks sing as they flow.

It is in the month of Mary,
 When all the world is fair,
 When Mary's praise fills the livelong days,
 That God grants many a prayer.

It is in the month of Mary,
 When all the world is gay,
 Earth's sorrows seem but a passing dream,
 And Heaven not far away.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

EASTER TUESDAY AT FRASCATI.

A SERMON AND A FESTA.

April 20th, 1897.

Such a glorious morning, with long shafts of sunlight streaming in the moment the shutters were opened; it would have been impossible not to get up after seeing all that outside radiance, even if we had not planned our delightful expedition to Frascati for to-day!

Besides, in Rome, so many things distract one and call one to the window. First, the goat shepherd, very quaint and picturesque, with long hair falling on his shoulders, playing a faint sad little tune on his pipe, as he drives his dainty, unruly flock out to feed in the Campagna. They always pass us about eight o'clock, for, being so near the Porta del Popolo, we see them when they are all collected and starting for the day.

This morning, too, the Piazza was alive with soldiers returning from some early drill with gay fanfares and beat of drum. I never can resist going on to the balcony to see the Bersaglieri running past in their pretty dark uniforms.

To-day, however, there was not much time for dallying, as our train left soon after 9 o'clock. We were three altogether, myself, pretty Lady H——, and her very practical cousin, Miss R——, to whom we were both delighted to give ourselves "in charge," entrusting to her all the disagreeable money matters such as taking of tickets, etc. It sounds rather a selfish proceeding, but she likes all those little, useful details, and we are ready to obey like lambs, so it really suits us all.

The station was crowded, and, as is usual when one has to do with Italian officials, we were treated with the utmost severity and sternly penned off until the train came puffing in. At length, after the customary scrimmage, we get places in a carriage with some nice looking Italians. I lean back to enjoy the Campagna, always so strangely, enticingly beautiful. I do not know when it fascinates me most, exquisite, opal-tinted, and mysterious as it is in the evening with its soft distances melting into a far

horizon, or brilliant as it is this morning, the fresh green throwing up the clear red line of aqueducts bathed in the April sunshine. Even the sunlight, however, cannot give life and gaiety to this great expanse which is imposing by its very desolation, covering as with a pall so much dead and forgotten greatness and lapping the Eternal City round with its strong silence and brooding melancholy.

I am thinking so much of all this, that speech seems superfluous until Miss R—— commands me to get some information from our fellow companions as to Padre Agostino's preaching. She would be quite willing to undertake the Italians herself, but her knowledge of the language, although invaluable for the discomfiture and rout of over-rapacious cab-drivers and shopmen, is not to be trusted in a long conversation, so I throw myself into the breach. They are very intelligent and enthusiastic over his style. It appears that they have often come out to hear him during Lent, and that this is to be his farewell sermon. Gradually the Campagna breaks into little patches of glowing colza, and soon the bare vine-clad hills warn us that our destination is near. Those dear, patient vines, shorn of all their natural grace and loveliness, crucified against hard stakes, always cut and lopped and ill-treated, and repaying all this unkindness by rich harvests of green and purple excellence! The streets of the little town are alive with people; they are streaming up the steps from the station and are standing in animated groups in the piazza; for to-day is the birthday of Frascati, and for such a festa the contadini of all the neighbouring villages have come over in the new bravery of their best garments.

We elbow our way up the steps of the Cathedral, which are black with people; and with infinite difficulty we get inside the brown leather curtain, which hangs across the door, and then turn to each other in dismay! The church is simply packed, nothing to be seen but a sea of heads; of hearing there is not the remotest chance, so we come away again to try the sacristy door. A dear old priest comes out, and on hearing that we come from Rome and that I am a Catholic, he takes us under his protection and eventually gets us seats in a side chapel. It is a wonderful sight, this immense crowd so silent and attentive. People are sitting on all the altar steps, on the rails, everywhere in fact that they can possibly squeeze in, and all praying with extreme

vour. Surely those who say that religious feeling and devotion are dying out in Italy are mistaken ! It is not really the case, though, seeing the disbelief fostered by most of those in charge of education, one wonders that there is any faith left.

Why do people try in the name of modern thought to argue that religion is superfluous, when the only thing which makes life endurable, specially in the poverty and misery which seems inevitable in the present state of affairs, is the hope of heaven ? Resignation is the one alleviation of those whose lot is cast in rough places and who can see no chance, humanly speaking, of bettering their condition. Much good, no doubt, is being done here, as in other countries, in the name of mercy and philanthropy ; but neither here nor elsewhere will there be a Millennium, and meanwhile it is the *want* of hope and faith which fosters, not to say causes, anarchy and revolution.

This is all beside the point, perhaps, but the appeal in all those gentle, patient faces, made one pray that the cloud might lighten a little.

Presently Padre Agostino appeared in the pulpit, a man past 50, wearing the Franciscan habit, with a rough, rather expressionless face, and curious quick utterance. At first I was disappointed ; the voice was so unchanging and rather monotonous in spite of the rapid flow of words. None of the graces of elocution as we understand them, were there, and very little variety of tone or inflection. Presently, however, and even as this passed through my mind, I fell under the spell, as does everyone who hears him, and then I had no more time to judge or think, or analyse, I was so carried away by the torrent of eloquence. The words came rushing out like a mighty stream, so sonorous and rich and full, and yet very simple and earnest. It really seemed as if he had a message to deliver and gave it with all his heart. The sermon was on justice, charity, and peace ; and indeed if these were universally practised, this world would be an outer court of Heaven. He dwelt specially on that sweet "*pace*" or serenity which might almost be termed the atmosphere of the soul, but which is only to be acquired and maintained by constant effort ; that "*peace which passeth all understanding,*" the longing for which is surely a proof of our immortality. Afterwards he thanked the congregation for the patience with which they had listened to him during Lent, and said goodbye to them very

touchingly, and then ended by raising up the crucifix to bless all those present. The church emptied very slowly, so I missed seeing the Padre again; he slipped away through a side door into a carriage which was waiting. The enthusiasm about him is so immense that he always has to escape at once in order to avoid being mobbed by his too emotional hearers. When we got out into the Piazza I regret to say that "lunch" was the first word that escaped our lips; and, guided by Miss R——, we made our way to a dear little albergo, not at all fashionable, but exquisitely neat and clean, where we had a delicious meal served in a big dark room upstairs. Then arose the question what to do next. But, as Lady H. never will make up her mind to anything, we just drifted out of the inn and up a little tortuous narrow lane between high walls till we reached the great wrought-iron gates of the Aldobrandini Villa. These, although looking so formidable, are only guarded by a gentle mannered custode who admitted us in exchange for half a lira, and then we were at liberty to wander at our own sweet will over the soft shorn turf and under the deep cool shadow thrown by a grove of giant ilexes, which stand motionless as grim tall sentinels, their knotted and gnarled branches writhing like limbs in pain. Then on, past the Villa itself which was closed; but this left us indifferent, as last time we had wandered through the large cool rooms where one's steps re-echo on the tessellated pavements; besides, to-day was so lovely that it would have been a sin to go indoors.

Opposite the Villa the fountains, built all up the slope of the hill, were splashing in the sunlight, the water leaping and dancing from one stone ledge to another, just into the brown shell-shaped basins, and then out again, sparkling and glimmering like a silver ribbon twined through the verdure. The fountains are, no doubt, roocco and in bad taste, too elaborate and artificial, and here and there the painted stucco-work is peeling off the sea-gods and tritons, but in this brilliant southern light they somehow just suit the scene, which is full of fantastic grace and charm. In this favoured land even decay has a certain delicate pathos of its own.

We climbed the stone steps which run up at either side, and dipped our hands idly in the murmuring water; and then after a while of drowsy content we wandered down by the great wall, where pink and crimson roses rioted in a tangle of scented loveli-

ness near a blossoming Judas tree, rearing itself aloft in all the splendour of its plumed purple; and then oh! joy and wonder, we found an open gate into the garden! A veritable kingdom of delight this, where one could just kneel and thrust one's hands into the cool green foliage of lily of the valley, and pick masses of their dainty perfumed blooms, to which add great tufts of blue forget-me-not and tall spikes of golden irises, and to that again white lilac and frothy guelder roses till one's arms ached with the fragrant load.

In vain Miss R. threatened us with long languishing in a foreign goal. We paid no heed, and at last she was merciful and helped us to tie them up; and finally we passed through the frowning portals unmolested, even the custode having disappeared—probably gone to the Festa. When we reached the lane outside, we found a never-ending stream going in that direction, the men swinging along with rapid strides, talking to the girls, who were laughing and chattering, showing their white teeth and dancing eyes, their coloured neckerchiefs and gay print gowns, making a patch of brightness against the grey walls. Here and there a cheerful-looking donkey, laden with children, was being urged up the hill, whilst the funniest sight of all was a young priest or clerical student who, with soutane flying, bestrode askitish mountain pony which he sat with infinite difficulty, scarcely able to keep his buckled shoes in his rough stirrups of knotted cord. All this gaiety was infectious, and we all simultaneously cried "Let us, too, go to Tusculum!"

No sooner said than done. Down the hill we ran and found a carriage with a good-looking pair of horses in the Piazza, which we approached and finally entered after a severe scuffle between Miss R. and the coachman anent the buona-mano.

I doubt even now if she would have come off victorious but that another carriage drove up at that moment eager for prey, which, of course, settled the matter. The drive was too beautiful for words. First through the park-like gardens of the Villa Lancelotti, then up, leaving Mondragone on our left, on, on ever upwards through fragrant whispering woods of olive and beech and chestnut, till we reached a grassy road bordered by tall cypresses, where ever new views of Rome and the Campagna unfolded themselves before us, whilst in the foreground glimmered and shone the red roofs and grey towers of Frascati! It is all so historic,

every inch of the ground one looks upon ! Far away the dazzling streak of sea against the sky shows where distant Ostia used to display her pride and splendour when she was port to the mistress of the world ; whilst quite near almost at our feet is the site of Horace's Sabine farm. Above on the blue hills Rocca di Papa and other white villages nestle to the mountain-side like snow-flakes on a dark rock.

The further up we climb the lovelier the scenery ; range upon range of blue and purple hills open out before us, their near slopes thickly wooded, whilst the further peaks are rugged and bare.

It was so steep that we had to do a good bit of walking, but none of us minded, as the flowers by the way were simply too exquisite. The fields and hedges were full of them. Such a luxury of honeysuckles, poppies and daisies, such wealth of red orchids and cyclamen with its faint elusive perfume, and many-tinted anemones, periwinkle, wild mignonette, and a host of other kinds ; here and there, too, flaunted high bushes of yellow broom scattering on the balmy air their heavy sweetness which makes one think of ripe apricots. And over all there was the subdued hum of countless insects, hovering with drowsy content over the sun-kissed blossoms. The whole scene was almost unreal, like an exquisite poem, or some glad strain of music. It made me think of the enamelled meads of the "Charfreitagezauber" in Parsifal, and I could almost fancy the young knight, spectre-pale and weary, yet victorious from many combats, returning by this very road to the Castle of the Holy Grail.

Arrived at our destination we found a grove of walnut trees under which a sort of fair was being held, at least there were many booths of eatables, long rolls of bread and rounds of cheese, with other delicacies such as sugar hearts and the inevitable Maritozzis (delicious Lenten buns made with oil), and tables heaped up with the cheaper kinds of fruit, green almonds and bright yellow loquats, and (last but not least) the homely orange. The wine vendors were doing a roaring trade, as was evident by the long-necked bottles of country wine which were being drunk by the gaily-attired groups under the trees. The people all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying this *al fresco* entertainment, but to the classic remains all round them they paid but scant attention. And yet, here at our very feet ran the old Roman roadway, where we could distinctly see the marks made by the chariot wheels in

the huge paving stones, whilst a little further on we came upon the perfect little theatre, tier upon tier complete and wonderfully preserved, the places that used to be filled with an eager brilliant crowd, now given over to a band of school children, who sang and chattered on, unawed by all the long-dead grandeur of the past.

It was a curious contrast, not without a certain mute cynicism, all those simple country folk holding their festival in this spot, where of the old grand race that made it, nothing now remains save a memory. How true it is that "tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse!" Time is inexorable, and so is the law of change, and we know, though the contemplation of these changes may make us sad for the moment, that all things work themselves out by degrees to fresh harmony, and that our little human lives, these few brief unfinished moments we can call our own, are part of a vast scheme of which we shall one day know the meaning and the end.

Besides ourselves there were no other forestiere up there, so we felt quite in another world, and would gladly have lingered, studying the rural graces of the scene, but that Miss R.'s watch called us to order. As it was, we had only a few minutes to spare, by the time we had once more driven through the sylvan woods to Frascati, just long enough to get some coffee before making for the train. The sun was sending long slanting, almost level rays of light across the Campagna as we steamed along, and the whole air seemed to be full of a subdued radiance, which rested tenderly on vineyards, colza fields. and Campagna alike, veiling them all as with a mysterious garment.

The aqueducts now stood out dark against a glowing pink background, and here and there a patch of water mirrored the sunset above, which gradually changed from flame-colour to crimson, and then died away in a sea of primrose and pale green, broken by dark rifts of jagged purple. As we went on the moon slowly swam into sight in a canopy of blue ether, cold and calm and beautiful; and I was just lost in a dream, marvelling at these shifting effects of light and shade, when all too soon the dark walls came into view, and the cries of "Roma, Roma-a!" warned us that we were at our journey's end. And alas! with the final jolts of the train, away fly all my beautiful intangible dreams! I cannot call them back again, though I try to catch them, dim

wraiths born of mist and moonshine, as they float away into the distance. I almost see them disappearing, and hear them mocking me with faint, voiceless mirth, as they vanish back to that vague cloudland where all illusions dwell.

KATHLEEN BALFE.

AT TWICKENHAM.

THERE'S a road athwart the gardens
 Where your London lilies grow,
 All ill-kept, the clod but hardens
 Where the market-waggon go.
 Yestermorn a rain-pool lurked there,
 Who would pass were at a loss ;
 " Friend," said I to one who worked there,
 " Soon we'll need a bridge across."

He that toiled, a Munster peasant,
 (Fifty years had left him young)
 Made reply with accent pleasant,
 Sparkling eye, and ready tongue ;
 " Sir, the path will soon be dry t'ye—
 " In the breeze the branches toss ;
 " *Give an hour to God Almighty,*
 " *An' He'll make a bridge across.*"

Home of Fancy's glinting fountains,
 Laughing Erin, land of woe,
 Land of faith that moveth mountains,
 Jestings aye at every foe.
 Grieve not, Mother, when they sigh t'ye,
 " Golden hope hath proven dross " ;
 Give His hour to God Almighty—
 He will build His bridge across.

JOHN HANNON.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

PART XV.

THE well known London Society journal, *The World*, proposed certain double acrostics lately with fifty pounds to be distributed as prizes among the successful solvers. It was announced in March, 1898, that of this amount nearly forty pounds had been won by citizens of Dublin; and we noticed among the prize-winners a name that stands high among the authors of our "Dublin Acrostics."

We are going to make a change in our manner of presenting the answers to these ingenious *jeux d'esprit*. The answers to all of them we possess in the handwriting of Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., who acted as secretary to the clique of barristers and others who conspired twenty or thirty years ago in concocting and then publishing the dainty little volume that we have named so often and described more than once. We are also in a certain way the residuary legatee in literary matters of two of the most distinguished of the band. We therefore have felt authorised, and almost bound, to make the revelations that we have done, and to give these "Dublin Acrostics" a new lease of life.

We have not, however, like *The World*, invited our readers to compete for fifty pounds in prizes. A few priests and doctors—no lawyers—have shown great ingenuity in solving these subtle exercises of wit and knowledge, one sending his solutions all the way from India. But we shall probably consult for the convenience of the greater number if we do not delay the answers for a month but give them on the spot. Few can refer back to a magazine a month old. The conscientious student can refrain from looking at the answer till he has made first his own honest attempt—as good children used to do with their "sums" in Arithmetic long ago.

As among the deceased authors of "Dublin Acrostics" were such men of mark as Judge O'Hagan, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, and Baron Fitzgerald (the latest to die), Lord Justice Fitzgibbon will, we trust, not be displeased with us for identifying him as

their colleague in this graceful pastime, and the author of the Acrostic which we left unsolved last month.

Fleeting, fierce, of brief endurance,
We're united in assurance.

He would be a clever man who could dispense with "lights" and name off hand the two words here described. The "lights" show that they are words of four letters each; and, as a fact, they are *fire* and *life*. Life is fleeting, and fire is fierce—pennyaliners call it the devouring element—and we have all heard of Fire and Life Assurance Companies. Did anyone ever make out the "lights?" Mr. Reeves gives "Foll-de-roll" as the word which begins with F and ends with L, and which is supposed to be faithfully described by the line—"Loud and joyous is the chorus;" "I Puritani," as conveyed by "Opera goers all adore us;" *reef*, as prompting the cry—"Steady, boys, there's death before us;" and *elephantine* as "I describe the power of Porus," for which name some of us would require to refer back to Pinnook's Goldsmith's Greece. The initials of those four words spell *fire*, and their finals spell *life*; and both of these are united in a certain Assurance Company.

Next time we shall give at once, and in the briefest way, the the answer to the puzzle proposed.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Christmas Day will this year be Sunday, for Sunday is the First of May. This link between the first day of Our Lady's Month and the Birthday of Our Lord struck very forcibly a certain client of Mary who had not been taught the Hail Mary in her childhood; but in reality it is a mere bit of arithmetic, finding that 7 goes evenly into the sum of the days between May Day and Christmas. This circumstance has no connection with any of the books before us, but is only suggested by our resolution, in honour of the month and day, to mention first the "Month of our Lady" from the Italian of the Rev. Augustine Ferran, by the Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D. (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago). It is a good book, much more solid than many of the *Mois de Marie* that have been needlessly translated. Father Mullany at the end of each day bids us read some book, a whole volume, no portion specified. Many of the books are out of the reach of most readers. For instance the "Immaculate Conception" by J. W. Bryant, and even "Mary Queen of May" by Brother Azarias.

2. The preceding book came just in time for its month. Not so "Meditations on the Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross" by Father Charles Perraud, brought out very neatly by the same Publishers. 1890 at page 7 seems right and 1880 at page 169 wrong. The first note in the appendix gives some hope for the Impenitent Thief, as Tradition calls him.

3. "Trinity of Friendships, or Girl Chums," by Gilbert Guest (Donohue and Henneberry, Chicago) introduces to us an author and a publishing Firm of whom we have never heard before. We are sure to hear of Gilbert Guest again, perhaps not under that name, for it is only the injudiciously chosen pen-name of a Sister of Mercy working at Omaha in Nebraska, whom we shall punish for disguising herself so well by telling all that we know about her. One of her American reviewers describes her as the "daughter, niece, and granddaughter of Irish patriots who risked their lives in the troubles of 1798 and 1848." Using other hints that the newspapers kindly let drop, we find that "Gilbert Guest" is in reality Sister Mary Angela, once Florence Brennan, daughter of Joseph Brennan to whom James Clarence Mangan addressed a stately poem in terms of reverence that seem extravagant, considering that he must have been still less than 20 years old, for he was born in Cork in 1826. The young rebel in 1849 took refuge in the United States, where he died in 1857. He had married a sister of John Savage (1828-1888) another Irishman of high literary abilities and achievements. One of Joseph Brennan's most beautiful poems, given in all the larger Irish Anthologies, is "Florence my Child"—and we can now conjecture the after-fate of that child of song.

Before giving our opinion of "A Trinity of Friendships" let us refer to an earlier and slighter work, "Meg," which is "the story of an ignorant little fisher girl." There is a great deal of merit—fun, pathos, vivid description, dramatic force. It deserves to be brought out more carefully in a new edition. Not only the printers but the writer has faults to correct. Her "brogue" is not good, but "indade" she can only do her best. There are some traces here of what we have noticed in American stories: the people are often represented as laughing obstreperously at sayings which would not seem calculated to produce such striking effects. Even if the things are funny, let them speak for themselves, please.

"A Trinity of Friendships" is a different sort of work, more than double the size of "Meg," and the scenes are on American soil. The three friends are three girls in a Convent school; and their adventures, the formation and development of their characters there and in their respective homes, are told so well as to form a very interesting and

very useful story. A great variety of persons come on the stage, and are made to act and talk in a very life-like manner. The publishers have printed many testimonies in favour of this excellent tale, given by journalists, educators, and priests who understand better than one at a distance can understand the circumstances of those for whom it is written. But we can safely exhort our librarians at home, in convents, and elsewhere, to add Gilbert Guest to their list of interesting and more than safe Catholic story-tellers.

4. We gave a brief notice last month of a dainty book of "Lyrics" by the Rev. John B. Tabb. Nothing in that volume pleased us so much as this sonnet of his, which a friend has sent to us to join with the pieces that we quoted about sleep at page 455 of last year's volume, and at page 281 of our present Number.

I wrestled, as did Jacob, till the dawn,
With the reluctant Spirit of the Night
That keeps the keys of Slumber. Worn and white,
We paused a panting moment while anon
The darkness paled around us. Thereupon—
His mighty limbs relaxing in affright—
The Angel pleaded: "Lo, the morning light!
O Israel, release me, and begone!"

Then said I, "Nay, a captive to my will
I hold thee till the blessing thou dost keep
Be mine." Whereat he breathed upon my brow;
And, as the dew upon the twilight hill,
So on my spirit, over-wearied now,
Came tenderly the benediction, Sleep.

5. "A Practical Guide to Indulgences, adapted from the original of the Rev. P. M. Bernad, O.M.I., by the Rev. Daniel Murray," (Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) has, at least in the original French, the written approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences. After the usual explanatory chapters it describes succinctly in order the indulgences attached to certain Sodalties, to certain pious practices, then the indulgences that may be gained every day, every week, every month, every year, in the last case treating of the twelve months one after the other.

6. "Archbishop Manning on Purgatory" (London: Burns and Oates) is merely a very short note taken by a lady of a very simple sermon preached by Cardinal Manning in 1870. It was shown to the preacher ten years later, and is now printed with good intentions which will have their reward.

7. *Genesis and Science. Inspiration of the Mosaic Ideas of Creative Work.* By John Smyth. (London: Burns and Oates).

We hardly think that the second title of this work can be defended as a proper and accurate expression; and the same misgiving haunts us as we advance in our examination of Mr. Smyth's manner of

treating a most difficult and perilous subject which he has approached in a most orthodox spirit, but, we fear, with a very inadequate acquaintance with the theological and philosophical questions that are involved. Surely a work of this kind ought to be guaranteed by an official *Imprimatur*. The book is handsomely produced with several well executed illustrations, two of which undertake to represent to us the earth on the first of the six days of Creation, and the sun and moon on the fourth day.

8. *The Priest in the Family*. By Miss Bridges (London; R. Washbourne).

We are sorry that we can only admire the publisher's part in this story. The binding is pretty, and the printing is good.

9. Messrs. Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago have brought out in their usual excellent style "Spiritual Exercises for a Ten Days' Retreat, for the use of Religious Congregations," by the Very Rev. Rudolph V. Smetana, O.S.S.R., and a much larger book, "Sermons for the Children of Mary," by Ferdinand Oallerio, Canon of the Cathedral of Novara. The latter book is recommended by Father Richard Clarke, S.J., in a few kind words. The first of these little discourses professes to give a short history of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, in which however there is not the slightest allusion to any connection with the Society of Jesus. Did not the Sodality spring up and flourish under its auspices? Does not each new Sodality require a diploma of aggregation from the Father General of the Jesuits?

10. Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a fifth edition, admirably printed and bound, of the "Life of St. Patrick" by the Rev. William Bullen Morris of the London Oratory. That so large a work, of three hundred octavo pages, should have gone through so many editions is a remarkable triumph considering the present state of our book-buying world. This biography is not the only literary result of the self-sacrificing enthusiasm with which Father Morris has for very many years devoted himself to the study of everything that concerns our national apostle, and which has extorted the admiration of many sufficiently hostile critics.

11. The most important of the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) is "The New Utopia" by Augusta Theodosia Drane, who in religion was Mother Francis Raphael of the Dominican Convent at Stone in Staffordshire. We well remember our delight in reading in manuscript the first chapters of this admirable tale which came to us from one whom we did not recognise as the brilliant author of *Christian Schools and Scholars*.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

We consider it one of the most perfect works of Mother Raphael Drane; and her we consider to have been one of the most gifted women of our century. When we add that a very interesting and edifying story of such high literary merit is sent forth anew in a well-printed and neatly-bound volume of two hundred pages at the price of one shilling and six pence, we hope we have made sure that "The New Utopia" will forthwith be added to very many household and convent libraries.

12. We can only mention some other publications of the same Society.

For one penny each No. 27 of the Catholic's Library of Tales, No. 6 of the Bishop of Clifton's Catholics and Nonconformists, and Parts I., II., III. of Mr. James Britten's entertaining "Protestant Fiction" relating respectively to Nuns, Jesuits, and Priests. Another penny tract is "The Age of the Sun: An Astronomical Argument against Darwinism," by the Rev. Aloysius J. Cortie, S.J., F.R.A.S. This seems to us much too learned and profound for the readers into whose hands it is likely to fall in this form. Cheaper still is an admirable paper, "Plain Fact a Clear Interpreter of Scripture."

13. The Art and Book Company, London and Leamington, sent us a handy volume containing the "Order of Divine Service for Palm Sunday," in Latin and English, but too late to be of any use this year. They have published also for one penny an earnest and excellent essay by the London Oratorian, Father Kenelm Digby Best, on the reasons "Why no Good Catholic can be a Socialist." Father Best supports his views by the authoritative teaching of our present Sovereign Pontiff and his predecessor.

14. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, have published in a particularly neat volume, "Three Lectures on Gaelic Topics" by P. H. Pearse, President of the New Ireland Literary Society. The subjects are Gaelic prose literature, the Folk-songs of Ireland, and the Intellectual Future of the Gael. These papers were read before the Society of which Mr. Pearse is President, and he injudiciously retains the occasional "Mr. Chairman" of the spoken address. He has worked up his subjects with the industry of enthusiasm, and he has a clear, correct, and unaffected style.

15. Though it is not called a new edition and is dated 1898, we think we have seen before "The Five Marys," a play for girls by Mary T. Robertson. The Five Marys are Mary Stuart and her maids of honour, Mary Seton, Mary Beton, Mary Livingstone and Mary Fleming. Many effective plays are uninteresting when read

privately. We fear this is the best that can be said for "The Five Marys."

16. *Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic of the Mother of God (Barberi), Passionist, Founder of the Congregation of Passionists in Belgium and England.* By the Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist. (London: R. Washbourne).

Father Devine has earned well of his Order by giving us in full detail the edifying lives of Father Ignatius Spencer and now of Father Dominic. Father Dominic from a very early period of his life felt drawn to missionary work, and especially with a view to the conversion of England. In spite of extraordinary difficulties his holy ambition was achieved. The great glory of his life lay in the choice that God made of him to receive into the Church the most illustrious convert of our age, John Henry Newman. The vicissitudes of his religious life before and after this grace are full of interest and edification and are set before us very effectively in Father Devine's biography which forms a handsome volume of three hundred pages, brought out with Mr. Washbourne's usual care and skill.

17. The four books that at present remain on our table are all published by Benziger Brothers. The smallest of them is "The People's Mission Book" by a Missionary Priest. "How to Comfort the Sick," from the German of the Redemptorist Father Krebs, is intended for the instruction and consolation of religious persons devoted to the service of God in His sick and suffering members. It is a very full and solid manual of three hundred pages. The third is a large octavo life of Sister Anne Katherine Emmerich of the Order of Saint Augustine. It was written in German by Father Wegener, O.S.A., who is the postulator of the cause of her beatification. An American member of the same Order, Father McGowan, has translated it from the French edition. His work is the best and fullest account that has appeared of this wonderful servant of God. The fourth of Messrs. Benzigers' publications must wait till next month.

18. We have often expressed our admiration for the exquisite illustrations which are strewn so lavishly over the pages of the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. It rivals the American secular magazines which in this respect leave the best English magazines far behind. There is another magazine appealing to our Catholic public that seems to us to have recently attained a higher degree of attractiveness and usefulness; namely, *The Lamp*, (7 Pleydell Street, off Bouverie Street, London) the oldest of all the Catholic magazines. It appears in penny weekly numbers and then in sixpenny monthly parts. Each week it presents its readers with a picture of some ecclesiastic, generally accompanied by a sketch of his career and of his

actual work and its surroundings. In the latest volume most of those have been of English priests; but the number for April 23rd has an excellent likeness of the late Father John Norton, S.J.; and we are promised a portrait and short account of Father Gaffney, S.J. If we mistake not, it was an Irishman who established *The Lamp* more than half a century ago; and it is likely to make a fresh start in Irish popularity.

19. The Rev. J. Magnier, C.S.S.R., has issued a new edition of his "Short Life of the Venerable Servant of God, John Nepomucene Neumann, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Philadelphia." It is very well printed and brought out in a very readable form, though the price and form aim at a very wide circulation. Herder of St. Louis in Missouri is the publisher, and the Irish agents are James Duffy and Co., of Dublin. The holy Bishop is likely to be the first canonized Saint of North America, as St. Rose of Lima is of South America. His career is most edifying and most interesting; and his Irish brother has given an admirable account of it.

20. *Giuseppe Riconosciuto*. Translated from the Italian of Pietro Metastasio. By M. P. Crinion, B.A., (Dublin; Ponsonby, Grafton Street.)

Our space is running out rapidly, so we must secure a line or two for this excellent literal translation of one of the texts for the Intermediate Education examinations, to which Mr. Michael Crinion has prefixed a brief biographical introduction.

21. *Devenish, Lough Erne; its History, Antiquities, and Traditions*. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).

This is a really admirable work, and the only fault we can find with it is that it suppresses the author's name. The Belfast printers have produced it in the most satisfactory manner, and the illustrations which adorn nearly every page are printed off most successfully. The anonymous author has collected all possible materials with untiring industry, and has arranged them very clearly and agreeably. For the natives of Fermanagh this book has special attractions; but it will be read with keen interest by many who have never strolled along "the winding banks of Erne," and we therefore mention that, though it contains some hundred and fifty large octavo pages and a hundred very beautiful illustrations, the nett price is a single shilling.

22. *Virgo Prædicanda. Verses in Our Lady's Praise*. By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).

The April showers of 1898 will bring forth no more beautiful May-flower than this. It is an exquisite booklet in every respect. Each of the little poems is *morum nectar*, distilled most skilfully from a heart brimful of piety and poetry. In strange contrast with the foregoing, our last announcement this month is the publication, long expected in a certain narrow circle, of "Sonnets on the Sonnet: an Anthology." As the compiler is the editor of this Magazine, all that we shall add at present is that the publishers, Messrs. Longman, Green, and Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, have done their part well.

JUNE, 1898.

GLIMPSES IN THE WEST.

I.

THESE papers ought to be "illustrated"—but they are not : for that the readers of "THE IRISH MONTHLY" are responsible. Other Magazines, at its modest price, revel in "black and white," the text being crowded by the pictorial matter into odd corners, where he who searches for it may find it. But the ascetic tastes of the readers of this Magazine "will have nothing to do with these things," and the Editor must bow down to their decree. Nevertheless I hope that I may have something to say on the scenery and associations of this favoured angle of England which will bear reading though unhelped by illustration, and at the present time perhaps may help some one in doubt as to where to spend his month's holiday on bicycle or on foot, to "try Devon and Cornwall." To any of my countrymen who read this such is my advice, as to any such in England I would say, "try the Lakes and Fiords of Kerry and the coast of Clare." Speaking as an Irishman and from experience, I know that they who live fifty or eighty miles from Killarney are those who least often visit it : and it is only natural that such should be the case. In our holiday times we are wishful for a change other than that of environment only. The strange speech, customs, and atmosphere of a foreign land at once afford stimulation and refreshment to the mind wearied of routine ; our thoughts grow wider as we mix with the people of another land. When the writer of history in the coming century looks back into the social life of the closing decade of this one, not the least important item he must note will

be the social change worked by the general adoption of the bicycle among men and women of all classes as a mode of travel. It has enabled them to visit regions of the world otherwise miles beyond the reach of their incomes; what the railway did for civilisation in the close of the first half of the century, the safety and the pneumatic tyre have done in a lesser degree for the closing years of the latter half. France, Italy, and even Spain are each year invaded by an ever increasing number of cyclists, men and women, who have learnt what the bicycle alone can teach, how simple and how cheap a fare will satisfy the healthy appetite, and how hard a bed becomes a luxury to limbs that are wholesomely wearied. But the terrors of an unknown tongue are a deterrent to many from venturing upon the continent: and for such England and Scotland offer inducements which, judiciously selected, will not disappoint them. I would only note that for those who cycle "only for cycling's sake" the counties best suited for them are those least interesting to the lovers of nature, whilst those haunts which here are the loveliest require some sacrifice from the rider in the matter of hill pushing, and maybe also in the qualities of the road. I am not saying more than is to be said of Ireland, nor, for the matter of that, of any land under the sun. Nature does not intend that you shall "scorch" through her best efforts; if the uphill road is slow to climb, here as in the longer road of life, it is good, having reached the summit, to rest and look around. The wind from off the upland moors is fresh and sweet, the world is wide beneath you, and hazy in the summer sunshine is the far off glitter of the silver sea.

And for us Irish this corner of England that reaches towards the vanished land of "the sunset bounds of Lyonesse" is full of deep and moving interest. It was the harvest land of many an Irish saint long before Augustine landed on the shores of Kent: where their chapels, crosses, and wells mark the places still which their feet once made holy; where even now they are maintained in better preservation than similar relics in their own land; and where, if not held in full intelligent veneration by the country folk, they are yet invested with so much dim awe and superstition of ignorance as prove how vast a work must have been wrought on the minds of the forefathers of this Keltic people to have lasted through all the mutabilities of faith and doctrine which the last three centuries have brought them.

Finally, Devon and Cornwall are cheaply reached from Cork and Dublin twice a week by a service of steamers, good in accommodation and sea-going qualities; and the country abounds in hotels and inns with moderate tariffs and good comfort—a blessing until quite recently denied our own country. Even in the height of the season, August and September, there are few places where a little patient enquiry will not furnish one with a cheap but cleanly inn where comfort, if not luxury, will be assured. For the cyclist I would add only two pieces of advice: be thoroughly adept in the understanding of your machine in its various parts and especially in the matter of tyre-repairing; let your break be trustworthy and effective; and, unless you know every inch of the ground, or can see a-head a quarter of a mile, never once coast down a hill. Devonshire down-hill roads especially have a nasty trick of turning sharp at right angles at the bottom, and the notice boards of “dangerous to cyclists” are few and far between as yet in this country.

I do not believe that this country of which I write does in any way equal in natural loveliness the lake districts of Kerry, nor the wilds of Connemara. Neither can the sea “all down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,” even in the wildest October gale, for a moment be compared with the everlasting might of the deep Atlantic as it surges against the iron coast from Kilkee to Moher. But on the other hand I doubt if anything in the world surpasses the beauty of colour of the summer seas that sweep the Devon and Cornish coasts; whilst, for beauty of *line and colour* both, there is nothing to equal the cliff formation of Cornwall and parts of Devon. To one who knows only the wan gray or deep blue of the Atlantic as it washes our own land, the play of iridescent colour for ever shifting into newer beauties that rival the rainbow, is a revelation, and a fact not easily accounted for, though we know that it must be due to refractions of light from the varying and shallow beds of the ocean in the channel. And so it is that, whilst never here can the wildest storm lash the sea to the full grandeur of its might, as it does when it climbs a cliff’s face two hundred feet high, a solid mound of foam, against a headland of Clare, and, breaking upon its summit, streams down the land for miles, a plume of driven spray—yet, on a summer’s day, when the sea at the coast of Clare is monotonously blue, and the sheer-out cliffs are a monotone of line and of black shadow, here, th

colours of the opal are at play upon the deep, the cliffs are warm with red and brown and gold, and the scarped traceries of their formation, due to upheaval rather than to the work of the waves, throw shadows down their sides, softened by a blue glamour of haze which rises from the wet strip of yellow sands that encircle their feet.

Here too, wherever the "lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm," the cleft is a wooded gorge that leans back into the land. Down from the moors through this chasm which it has wrought, redolent of heather and of thyme and in a twilight coolness of woodland shadow, leaps a stream, beneath oak and ash and lime and sycamore, not stunted and tortured by the storm, but so tall and stately in their great sheltered age, that the moss and ivy of centuries have covered their trunks and run riot amid their branches, so closely woven that the stray shaft of sunlight which finds its way lights up but a point of foam on the waterfall, or a mass of fern on the bank, making them to glow like fire in the gloom. It is these countless wooded valleys with their moor-fed streams which make one of the chief charms in this favoured land. They are everywhere, the character of each is the same as its fellow, and yet each is new with the infinite and subtle difference which marks the works of God. In the torrid heat of mid July, when wearied with a walk along the summit of the cliffs, where the grass was burnt yellow, "toiling with languid steps that by the slippery ground were baffled," how often I have come to the verge of such a gorge, and with a sigh of thankfulness slid downwards through the trees as to a certain haunt of rest. Fed by deep springs upon its way, the stream, great or small, is always there, the music of its tiny waterfalls and waterslides is as the laughter of a child, its icy coolness is balm to the tired feet and heated forehead, and a draught of its water crystal-clear is like that vintage which poor Keats sighed for in the feverish languor of his decline. The moss about the elm-tree roots is lush and cool, and lying back against its trunk it is good to rest and pry between the branches for glimpses of the blue upper sky, or to stay so quiet that the shy brown squirrel no longer fears to slip down the nearest tree trunk, and pursue his studies in the strange habits of the "lower animals:" and through the gorge, and beneath the trees, comes a faint cool wind that has some bitterness in its breath, and is laden with a sound which for all the nearness of

the laughing stream has a vague note of menace in it, for is it not the eternal note of sadness brought in upon the lips of the approaching tide? Surely it is good to know that there are left some places where it is sweet to rest upon earth's green sod . . . before we rest beneath.

To get a glimpse of another characteristic of this country, supposing this to be one of the larger streams, it is well that we follow it downwards to the sea. In the break of the cliffs and on the westward side of the gorge which it has worn out of the land, rises the fishing village, climbing from its lowest house built almost on the shingle of the beach, up the face of the precipitous cliff, so that the roof of one house is almost level with the ground floor of the one above it. I wonder if there can be anywhere in this world anything so quaint and curious as a western fishing village? Hemmed in by the sea on its front and the cliffs, crowned by lonely moorland behind it, can you imagine any community of, say, a couple of hundred souls, or perhaps not even so many, living in more complete isolation? You come upon it suddenly and for the first time, and you doubt the evidence of your senses. Its structure is like the vague inconsequence of a dream. Between its tiny houses built of granite and often roofed with slabs of the same, wander the footways hewn out of the stone of the cliff, and worn smooth by the countless feet that now are silent;—you clamber up one of these footways from the beach, to find that it suddenly doubles round the corner of a cottage and leads you down again to the shore; and you are startled as its edge dips unawares, and leaves you looking into the sea, seventy feet below. Or stand in a narrow "side street," seven feet wide, and look through a house whose front and back doors stand open; framed in the gloom, you get a picture of iridescent flame and sunlit sea on which a brown-sailed fishing boat is standing out in startling relief as it drifts towards you on the incoming tide. You have nothing by which to judge distances or relations of perspective, and the boat, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, appears to be at the very threshold of the cottage door, about to sail into the house. A village such as this in summer time seems to be a quaint home only of drowsy idleness and of quiet rest. Even the voices of the children playing among the updrawn boats upon the shingle sound faint and languorous, and the men that smoke and lean upon the sea wall of the little pier have few words for each other. The

women only seem to be upon the alert. If you are at all observant and watch any of these women, you will note the peculiar glance she turns on the sea, a look of questioning suspicion and of dread. You would feel aggrieved, were such a look cast at you by the veriest stranger. Yet in this matter and for this woman it only expresses the habit of mind of a lifetime. If fate placed you on this spot next October on a day when the sky is one wash of Indian ink, when the air is thick with spume and spray, and the vision is narrowed to a mile seaward, through the dim darkness of the tempest you would see, rising out of the vast mystery of the distance, a wan mountain of grey water, "green glimmering at its summit," and, staggering on its crest for a moment, some dark objects come into view. As they rise, you hear a wild wail, sharpened by shriller shrieks, from a group of women huddled together at the head of the village street, to be followed by a moment of silence as each with straining eyes singles out the boat which holds all she loves. The wave rushes for the shore and hides the boats from sight; above the howl of the tempest, as it sweeps up through the barren branches of the wooded gorge, comes the louder voice of that incoming wave, as it bursts upon the pier and fills the little cove, roaring up the shingle with the voices of the fiends. It recedes, leaving the little harbour half empty, and "the shriek of the maddened beach dragged down by the wave" is echoed from the women up above, for another mound of foam has grown from out the distance bringing the boats in view, and the women count again. If one be missing, you will know it in the wail of a woman on her knees; and it will seem to you as though all the tragedies of this earth are uttered in that cry. Do you wonder at the glance this fisher's wife from habit bends upon the smiling summer sea?

So from out the seaward-gazing gorge with its cluster of close built houses, sleeping to-day in the still warmth of a summer's afternoon, there rises to your apprehension a short epitome of the history of England's greatness in the past, for these are the homes, and such the mothers of those sons who made her what she is. It was in such isolated haunts as these that the men who fought under Hawkins and Drake, and later under Nelson, were reared; and the school of danger and hardihood in which they were taught was so stupendous that no after vicissitude or danger could daunt them. No broadside of an enemy's battleship could equal the

terrors of the oncoming sweep of an Atlantic "comber" hurled on a small fishing boat struggling to make its harbour within sight of home; and it may one day be tested whether training ships and science will accomplish as much. However that may be, the charm of this western land, apart from its beauties, is this, that every corner of her sea board is full of the history of those Homeric times, when the world was wide and large and its seas were yet scarce sailed, and the sons of one small island were awakening to the knowledge that thereon lay their heritage.

I shall avoid in these papers in any way the adoption of a fixed route, or of a guide-book catalogue of places. If in the faintest outline and wash of colour I can suggest the elements of western scenery and hint at the atmosphere of romance blended with history which pervade the haunts I know and have seen, I shall have done that which I hope will prove more interesting to the general reader, and leave the possible tourist better able to judge whether the suggestion I give in the beginning of this paper is worth considering.

A word is due concerning the people of Cornwall, since they are "first-cousins" of ours, and their far off progenitors were taught their catechism at the knees of Irish Missionaries. The Keltic as spoken by the Cornishmen in the days of St. Pieran may not have been much different from the language in which the saint preached in his own island; and it will startle you to-day to hear the striking likeness in *inflection* between the English speech of a South Devon or Cornish peasant and the same language as spoken by the peasant of Munster—but especially by the peasantry of Kerry and Cork. My readers will remember that I allude to the inflection, *not* to the pronunciation. In Cornwall I do not think the likeness stops here—character and temperament are often strongly and amusingly similar in my experience; and all these tendencies fade northward and to the east of Devon, as the land stretches to the borders of Somerset. The parallelisms between the folk lore, and to descend still lower, between the superstitions of the two races, would furnish a study for Dr. Douglas Hyde, or Mr. W. Yeats, and might fill volumes. As one who knows to the wearing point of his patience the ideas of the two peoples in matters of sickness due to "fairy strokes," "the evil eye," and "witchcraft," with the corresponding antidotes or charms, I have often met with old friends under very thin disguises, and some-

times even the disguise was wanting. But I would warn the visitor that, if it is difficult in Ireland as Mr. Yeats tells us, to induce the wise man or woman to speak to their "knowledge," it is doubly so here, where English reticence has been grafted upon the Keltic candour of speech. As little as any other Englishman does the Cornishman wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. Nevertheless a knowledge of Irish folk-lore, and a few judiciously told anecdotes, will often set aside the barriers between the traveller and the "wise woman;" and once she opens the floodgates of her speech, he will be given food for reflection for some hours. We may leave folk-lore here to glance at it again later on.

Three Harbours of the West may be said to represent the three chief periods of England's maritime history: Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth. Each, taken in order from East to West, had its day of supremacy and of decline, but the destiny of Plymouth was in reality always assured, and to-day she is the centre of England's greatness on the seas, as she was three centuries ago, when Drake stood upon the Hoe, surrounded by his brother heroes and watched and waited for the Spanish Armada to heave in sight. The time of Dartmouth's greatness goes farther back, and since it originated because of the greatness of a certain town far up the tidal estuary, it goes back very far indeed. For a certain prince of Troytown on leaving his city, wasted by the wrath of Achilles, was blown on his wanderings somewhat farther than was the pious Æneas, and having weathered the Bay of Biscay, made the land-locked harbour of Dartmouth. The tide was setting fair up the river, and his companions being exhorted by large words and the vision of fertile hills beyond the wooded and precipitous shores, they ran the oars out, and "sitting well in order, smote the sounding furrows," and drove the galley into the loveliest spot in England. "*J'y suis et j'y reste*" has been attributed as an original saying to Maréchal St. Arnaud, but that is all a mistake, for, having clambered up the hill and looked about him, Brutus the Trojan sat him upon a stone, and exclaimed in verse that had more reason in it than rhyme—

"Here I am, and here I rest,
And this town shall be called Totnes."

If you doubt this—and I have no less authority for it than

Geoffrey of Monmouth—look at the very stone on which the Trojan founder deposited himself, preserved to this day by his descendants, the present Corporation of Totnes—where it lies opposite No. 51 Fore Street, and let doubt for ever depart from your mind. One thing is at least certain when you enter Totnes, that you are in the oldest and best preserved town in England. Of course the modern town has escaped from the environment of the old battlemented walls, and has run downward to the water's edge; but once you have passed beneath the old town's gateway, Eastgate, you are in streets that look very much the same as they did three or four centuries back, save that they are now sleepy and deserted, where once the busy tread of merchant-princes echoed as they passed to and from the battlements from whence they watched for the argosies which bore their rich ventures from strange lands through unknown seas. That was a fine taste for architecture possessed by the men of those days, who knew how to break the front of a house wall in two directions, and hung each story beyond the one below, allowing them the luxury of quaint carving and elaborate design on the lintels and beams that supported them. But I have not the pencil of Herbert Railton nor of J. Robins Pennell, and having said thus much, must come to a pause. Altogether the view from the Norman keep above the town gives you the heart and soul of Devon scenery at its loveliest. In the summer haze the hills of Dartmoor lie blue against the sky-line, a faint wash of colour in which nothing is definite but the sharpness of their outlines where they meet the sky. The land between is the richest in Devon, and the roll of the hills with their wooded valleys give an abiding sense of rest which no flat country can ever convey. The young green corn springs from a rich red earth, a fact which confers on the pastoral scenery of Devon a warmth of tone just where it is most wanted, and breaks the monotony of the green uplands. To the south is the long reach of the river between its wooded hills. But to see this element of the scenery at its best wait the turning of the tide and drift down it in a boat. Do any of my readers know the superb watercolour by Turner of this scene, taken just a short mile below the town—the "*Totnes on the Dart*," in the series of "*The Rivers of England*," now in the National Gallery? The engraving can give you no hint of the wealth of colour of the original, but it will show you at least the grandeur of line into which all Devon scenery falls.

It was on just such another day as Turner pictured it I saw it first. There was the same massing of luminous grey clouds of sultry summer, with the same soft lights and shadows on distant moor and hillside. The old town, with its church tower and keep upon the hills and its poplar trees on the brink of the river, slept, mirrored in the stillness of the clear smooth water, filled with innumerable variegated reflections; and the steep wooded hill in shadow on the left hand threw its darkness deep into the picture; one only wanted the boat with sail and the group of gulls on the near water to skip half a century, and make Turner live again. He was at his best in Devon; he never painted anything so entirely English as this and the "*Ivy Bridge*;" and the period in which he painted them was the true centre of his artistic life.

That is a beautiful voyage down the Dart on a summer's day, with the breeze cool and bitter off the tidal stream, and the steep wooded hills dark in shadow on the right hand, yet with all the details of their dusky boskage felt, and their summits crowned with colour in a blaze of bronze and gold just where the sunshine topples over their edges and lights the tree tops or the glory of the gorse; and suddenly the river widens, the water becomes green, and we are in Dartmouth. There is no harbour in England so naturally defended as is this one. "It is not walled. The mountains are its walls;" so wrote an Italian spy in 1599, when a fresh Spanish invasion was planned. Its entrance is but a narrow gorge between the precipices of the hills, with a castle on its rock to guard it, where in old days a chain was drawn by night from shore to shore, for the channel is straight and deep and needs no pilotage. When a modern romancist places a pirate on the high seas, he must find him a land-locked harbour in which to careen and refit; and then he thinks of Dartmouth, describes it and places it somewhere off Labrador or the Agullhas. That the men of Dartmouth in old days should be blind to the natural advantages of the place in which Providence had placed them would be expecting too much; and, to do them justice, they made full use of it, developing quite early in English maritime history into a race of lusty pirates, which gives "the Schipman of Dertemouthe" a lasting place in literature at the hands of Dan Chaucer among his Canterbury Pilgrims. For whatever sins he rode thither to be assailed of, be sure that robbery was the least

grievous, since what the good man fought for and took to-day, ten chances to one he perforce yielded up to-morrow; for over across the narrow sea was Brittany, with its own complement of land-locked bays and resulting hordes of sea robbers; and these men were so fierce and numerous that a policy of retaliation was the only one which could maintain the existence of Devon merchandise. Those were fierce and desperate ages, when the "Barons of the Crag" inland were no better than highway robbers who demanded toll of all the wealthy wayfarers on the roads beneath them; we must not apply too strict a code of morals to these seamen of the middle ages whose ways lay on trackless waters where the idea of law did not exist, and where might was the only right.

At any rate the condition bred a race of hardy seamen, and for the matter of that, a race of amazon women; for when the Breton Knight Dominus de Castellis, turning his thoughts toward Dartmouth, found it to be a pestilent place, and determined on a expedition across seas "to exterminate the vipers," and indulge incidentally upon a general and lighthearted *divertissement* of rapine, murder, and burning all along the western seaboard, thanks to the alertness of the men of Dartmouth "it fell out otherwise than he had hoped," as Walsingham quaintly expresses it. For, when his expedition came to land and take Dartmouth in the rear, six hundred men entrenched upon the shore and backed by women having slings, gave the noble Breton knight and his retinue so sound a drubbing, that the ditch of their entrenchment was filled with men at arms, most of whom the Dartmouth men finished off without mercy, misunderstanding their cries for quarter, says Walsingham. But after the heat of the battle had cooled, and the remnant of the conquered had scrambled back into their ships, there remained some goodly hostages and ransom money, and the men of Dartmouth were rich for the time and made merry; until, in the following year, the men of Brittany paid a second visit, and, taking them unawares, burned Dartmouth to the ground. So, year in, year out, fortune swayed to this side or to that; but through all vicissitudes the men of Dartmouth were never idle, whether pillaging Brittany or rebuilding their own homesteads; and the fighting, as was the wont in those days, was savage and fierce.

However, up to 1385 these duelloes were looked upon by the

State as private "affairs of honour," until, when Edward III. declared war on France, the Dartmouth men with the help of the men of Portsmouth made a dash on their own responsibility across channel and up the Seine, where the French fleet lay, sank four of them, carried off four more, and with them the barge of one De Clisson, "which had not its like in the realms of France or England," which contained in splendour of booty "enough" says Walsingham, "to satisfy the greediest." And that in truth is saying a good deal. Forthwith then as a reward and acknowledgement of their prowess, the State identified herself with the ancient grudge which the men of the west bore to those of Brittany, and King Edward III. having appealed vainly to the Duke of Bretagne to keep his subjects in better order

"Did devise

Of English townes thre, that is to say
Dartmouth, Plymouth, the third it is Fowey,
And gave them help, and notable puissance
Upon pety Breтайne for to warre."

I like that little word "pety" there; it is so delightfully "English," the King's liege majesty making over another man's country to his pet sailors as "a good sporting property." These good seaports could scarce have benefitted further from this gracious permission however, seeing how it allowed them no more than what they had been doing with sportsmanlike enthusiasm from their earliest days.

And so the tale of fighting runs on into the time of the "Reformation," when, upon the frank give and take earnestness in combat with his enemies which in the middle age helped the seaman to see in them men no worse nor no better than himself were grafted a smug fatalism, and pietistic conceit, which made these rough pirates of the West behold in their enemies the enemies of the Lord, and made their ends His ends. There is an episode in the story of one Robert Lyle, a seaman of the time, so grim, and yet naive an illustration of this, that I must quote it. He is telling how he behaved in what Yankees would call "a tight place."

. . . . "Then said I, 'Lord, what shall I do now?' Then the Lord was pleased to put me in mind of my knife in my pocket." No need to quote further; commentary halts before such ready reckonings with heaven.

Yet, favoured as Dartmouth was by Norman kings, and included by them in the estates of the Duchy of Cornwall, to which it still belongs, it is not of them one thinks the most as one wanders round its wharves, now somewhat forlorn and silent, but rather of those men of later days, whose lofty dreams and eager enthusiasms strike downward through time, and light the present with their splendour. It was Dartmouth which in the reign of Elizabeth gave us the first dreamers of the "North-west passage" to India, the quest which later laid the bones of so many of England's bravest seamen in frozen graves on the ice-wastes by the Arctic Sea. And his liege lady the Queen, perceiving therein some glory, and much profit, did graciously, and with much verbiage, give leave to "our trustie and well beloved servant, Adrian Gilbert, of Sandridge, in the County of Devon," to venture out into the unknown, and seek "the passage unto China and the Isles of the Moluccas by the North-westward, that they may be known and discovered, *known and frequented by the subjects of this our realm* . . . Now we" which further amounts to saying he was free to do so, and that no one was to prevent his thus risking his life for fear of her august displeasure. Having been thus cheered greatly, Adrian Gilbert and "certain other honourable personages and worthy gentlemen of the court and country," sought one John Davis, also of Sandridge on the Dart. This good sailor was nothing loth to go, and fortunately for the expedition, for on his knowledge and skill in seamanship hung the lives of the expedition. Two ships, as they were styled in those days (in these we would call them pilot-boats), were fitted out in Dartmouth, and named the "*Sunshine*" and the "*Moonshine*," respectively, and one June morning saw them drift out between the castles guarding the harbour, and make sail for that unknown sea of drifting ice pack and berg of which no chart existed, and only the vaguest rumours came from previous voyagers. Strange race of men were these of England's maritime youth, for they not only faced dangers to which their later descendants with infinitely greater chances of success succumbed, but they conquered them, in part, at least, and returned to Dartmouth, to brave them again and yet again. Into the terrors of the ice pack and the drifting bergs old John Davis drove his cockle-shell ships, and of these and their doings among the Esquimaux, and of all their hairbreadth escapes, you will find in the pages of

Hakluyt. Is there no poet to come who will seize upon this mine of wealth and give us from its pages an epic of England's maritime greatness?—no decorative dreamings here amid Arthurian legend, where the light at best is wan and doubtful, and the material too often reels back into the mist of the elusive as we strive to grasp it—but an epic of the sea and shore, as definite and full of certainty as is the surge and thunder of the Odyssey, where the struggle between cosmic forces and man's immortal energies shall be fought out day by day, where the climax ends in no

"Darkness of that battle in the west
Where all of high and holy dies away,"

but where the feet of Englishmen shall be set once more on English shores, and the light of victory and of achieved endeavour shall kindle in the faces that we know.

MONTAGU GRIFFIN.

THE VISION OF GRAINNE.*

GRAINNE and Diarmuid, fleeing Finn's wild wrath,
Sped from the Birch Glen at the ring of dawn
Past Carrach southward hasting o'er the hills,
Past Laune and by Loch Lein a summer day,
Till in the moist cool wood they gathered breath
Darkling above Toun Toime. The sun was low,
And westward shadows folded round the hills,
And thick'ning closed the blue eye of the lake
Like lids of slumber. Diarmuid spoke: "Yon peak
Will grant sweet heather for thy rest to-night."
"Nay, I am tired," said Grainne, "rest we here."
So Diarmuid gathered fragrant apple boughs,
And rowan-tops, and silver-bannered reeds,
And laid them on a low bank violet-dazed,
A couch for Grainne: then he slept apart.
And Grainne had a vision in the night

* This Celtic name is sometimes written phonetically "Grannia." In the south—whence the story of Diarmuid comes—it is heard as Graunyë.

Of Diarmuid lying bloody on a mound,
Finn laughing nigh ; and thrice he looked to Finn,
And thrice Finn mocked him : Diarmuid closed his eyes ;
And Grainne woke chill-damp with dread, and chill
With damp and dread sate listening on her couch :
A weird wild cry was winging on the wind,
And ringing round the peak, and o'er the lake
This song came changing with the banshee's keen :

“ Weep, Grainne, weep thy black-haired ! o'er the waste
The fierce torc speeds—the Fianna fleeing far,
And Diarmuid straining up the mountain side.

“ Weep, Grainne, weep the bright-teeth ! Diarmuid's blood
O'er-eager sates the tulach where he lies :
Red-tusked the torc bleeds nigh him on the hill.

“ Weep, Grainne, weep thy lost one ! cruel Finn
Has power, and Diarmuid craves the life-draught thrice,
And Finn thrice laughing mocks, and Diarmuid dies.”

Then with a low wild wailing ceased the song,
And Diarmuid woke : it was the stroke of day ;
Breaking the east the dream-eyed morning came,
And ringed the hills with gold ; the dim wet leaves
Smiled to his greeting, and the feathered bards
Woke chirping on the branches. Diarmuid spoke :
“ The dawn speeds gently ; rouse thee now, my heart,
And while I seek our morn-meal in the pool,
Dare to sweet rivalry the waking birds ;
But, Grainne, thou art pale.” She told the dream,
And Diarmuid laughed. “ A woman's dream,” he said,
And laughed, and all the echoes laughed. But she :
“ I heard the banshee then above the wood,
And singing round the hill, and o'er the lake ;
She told Finn's cruel mocking, and thy plight,”
“ Nay, let Finn come,” said Diarmuid. “ I am fit.”
“ She sang the death-wail high above the wood,
And rang it round the peak, and o'er the lake,
And sang the fierce torc red-tusked with thy blood,
And told Finn's cruel mocking, and thy death.”
“ Well, death will come,” said Diarmuid. “ I am fit.”

Five days they tarried by the lake, then passed
 North with the dawn to Finnlia, eastward thence,
 Finn following, o'er Sleiv Luachra past Tair Earann,
 Through green Hy-Conail Gaura north the Feale,
 Then right the Siona to Two-Willow Wood ;
 And Grainne ever brooded on her dream,
 But Diarmuid lightly met the men of Finn,
 And made red-rushing slaughter with his spear
 Ga Dearg, and sword Moralltach, till Finn thought :
 " 'Twere vain to follow Diarmuid," and made peace.

Then in Ceis Corann Diarmuid dwelt, and there
 Grainne content in peace forgot her dream,
 Till Diarmuid one night heard a hound in sleep,
 And woke, and wished to follow up the cry,
 But Grainne held him, and he did not go ;
 And thrice he heard the call, and starting thrice,
 Thrice Grainne soothed him, and he did not go.
 But in the morning Diarmuid sought the cry,
 And reached Ben Gulbain : Finn was there alone.
 Diarmuid with short ill greeting questioned him :
 " Who makes the chase unlicensed on these lands ? "
 Then Finn : " A hound unleashed scented the trail
 At midnight, and at morn the Fianna rose,
 And took the field, and followed. 'Tis the boar
 Of Gulbain vainly followed oft, and now
 As idly : early yet at dawn, blood-pooled,
 Thrice ten our warriors weltered on the plain,
 Slain by the fierce pig. Haply like fate ours
 So we bide here, for now he takes the hill,
 Flame-eyed, the Fianna fleeing." " Let him come.
 Diarmuid nor feared Finn's sword, nor fears a pig."
 " Break not the geasa, Diarmuid. 'Ware the chase !
 'Ware the wild boar of Gulbain : he it is,
 Son of the stewart, by Donn Doncha slain,
 Quickened by his father's magic, a cropped green pig
 Fated to slay thee. Aonghus by the Boyne
 Laid on thee bonds never to follow boar ;
 Thou dost but ill to break them. 'Ware the chase ! "
 " I fear no chance," said Diarmuid, " I will stay."

Then Finn passed round the hill, and tarried there,
 Biding ; and Diarmuid thought : " This chase is Finn's,

Made for my death. No man may flee his fate,
And I will take my lot ; so let death come ;
I fear not : I am fit." Then up the hill
The wild boar rushed by Diarmuid round the peak,
And down the valley-fall to Eas-ao-rua,
And back, and took the mountain's front again,
Hot chased by Diarmuid, till on the bare high Ben
They faced, the fierce torc gathered for a spring.
Then Diarmuid poised Crann Bui, Mananan's shaft,
And made a straight sure cast, and smote the pig
Fair mid-forehead, and 'voiding the fell leap,
Struck with Beag-altaoh on the bristled back ;
The good steel split, and Diarmuid held the hilt ;
Swift leaped the boar again : Ui Duivne tripped,
And the white tusks were buried in his blood ;
He gathered strength ; straight-hurled, the flashing hilt
Dashed through the skull : death stiffened on the torc.

Then round the hill the Fianna came, and Finn.
" I like thee, Diarmuid, in that plight," he laughed ;
" Pity the maids see not their gallant now
Spoiled by a pig." But Diarmuid : " Natheless, Finn,
'Twould more beseem thee by that power to heal,
Given thee at the Boyne. A drink from thy palms
Cupped, and the strength of thirty years is mine."
" A boon ill-bought," mocked Finn, " or any boon
To thee. Mind'st not the flight from royal Tair
With Grainne when I would wed her ? " " Well I mind.
She called my geasa : Oisin and Oscar heard.
I went on bonds. Aye, well I mind that night,
And that when round the house of Dearc the brands
Of Cairbre flamed red-ready for thy death,
Till I thrice ringed the Bruiean, and circling slew
Three fifties of the best : the boon were mine
That night unasked : now grant it at my need."
Then Finn : " There is no water on the hill."
But Diarmuid : " Thou knowest 'tis false. Why trick me, Finn ?
'The well is nigh nine paces." And Finn turned,
And filled his palms, but tarried, and the draught
Slipped through the loose-locked fingers. Diarmuid groaned,
Straitened by death. " Thou wouldst not serve me thus
That night by Quicken Palace while I watched,
And dared the spells of Miodhach. With thy life

I bought what boon I would ; but now 'tis late ;
The stroke of death is on me : at thy need
Thou'lt lack me." Then Finn turned, and filled his palms,
And hastened, but tripping fell, and Diarmuid died.

Then Aonghus bore the body north to Brugh,
And laid it by the Boyne ; and Grainne cried,
Shrilling the death-wail round the startled Rath
Three days : then called her sons, and Ollan Uic,
And charged them : " Your father hath been slain by Finn
Against the peace : now take his spear Ga Dearg,
Crann Bui, the yellow shaft, his quick sure sword
Moralltach, and his armour. Learn their use
In every court of heroes in feat of strength,
Valour, and warlike practice till ye come
Fit for the eric." So they parted thence.
And Grainne ever brooded on revenge ;
But after days Finn came with crafty words,
And won her ; the Fianna laughed ; " A weak-winged dove
Ill-mated to a hawk !" And Oisín mocked ;
" We trow, O Finn, thou'lt keep her well henceforth
That thou mayest keep thyself from Diarmuid's sons."
And after years the youths came, lusty-limbed
With frames war-welded, questing strife of Finn,
Red eric strife, blood for their father's blood,
Till Grainne went between, and they made peace,
And joined with Finn, and took their father's place ;
And Finn and Grainne bided many years,
And Finn remained by Grainne till the end.

CHARLES J. BRENNAN.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XLII.

REAPING THE HARVEST.

THE authorities searched Vincent Talbot's office for any incendiary documents that might possibly be secreted there. Mr. Talbot and Mr. Moore, a cousin of the missing man's wife, and a magistrate of undoubted loyalty, facilitated the search, and smiled at the absurdity of Vincent, a hardworking attorney, mixing himself up with a foolish conspiracy. There was nothing found to criminate him.

Bills came pouring in from milliners and dressmakers, tailors, grocers, greengrocers, butchers, and bakers; sinking Ethna, hour by hour, into profounder depths of shame and self-upbraiding. The Madam was actually stunned by such hard proofs of her daughter's incapacity for managing her household expenses.

"What came over you?" she exclaimed, when a milliner's bill arrived. "You who would not go in debt for a pair of gloves, or buy them without knowing their price, what madness came over you?"

It was a bitter time. The Madam sold out shares she had in the bank, and raised all the money she possibly could to help to pay her daughter's debts; so did Mr. Talbot. And between them they contrived to appease the creditors. Perhaps it was good for the old man that he had to brace himself up once more to re-establish the business which his unfortunate son had destroyed.

"It must be done," he said to himself. "He will come back again to take it up."

A few of Ethna's fashionable friends called, and left their cards. They did not ask to see her; but though she did not want to see them, it added to her humiliation to find herself neglected

in her misfortunes by those whom she ruined herself to entertain.

It is generally some unhappy circumstance which brings back a woman to the home of her parents.

Ethna felt the cup of bitterness overflowing as she sat beside her mother in the train that bore them onward towards Mona. She, whose return heretofore had been a social triumph, was now going back ruined by her own carelessness and extravagance, without a house, without means, and without her husband.

She knelt that night beside the little bed that had been hers in her girlhood, and clasped her arms in spirit about the foot of the Cross. A great change had come over her, scales seemed to have fallen from her eyes, and she beheld herself as in all the selfish unloveliness of the past few years. She did not rebel, as she rebelled against the annihilation of her early love dream. She accepted her cross meekly, acknowledging her unworthiness, only praying to God with passionate fervour to send her back her beloved husband, so that she might make a life-long atonement.

In an agony of expectation she watched the post for a letter from Vincent; every morning she felt as if her heart would break; but at length her pulses leapt at the sight of his handwriting, and, bursting out crying, she pressed the letter over and over to her lips.

It was a tender and touching letter, accusing nothing or nobody but himself, his wild folly and want of common sense, feeling only for her and his father, and troubled about his debts. He would not return till he had made money. He was going up the country, and perhaps would return a rich man by-and-by.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "Will you be glad to see me again? Ah, Ethna! I often thought you did not care much about me."

The simple sentence went like a knife into her heart, filling it with unutterable anguish. She had not even the comfort of pouring out her love and penitence to him. He was leaving the place he wrote from immediately, and was to write again as soon as he got somehow settled down.

Father Garrett and Nell O'Malley often paid a visit to Mona. Nell was as cheerful and active as of yore, but there was a look of pain about the red lips, and the brown eyes were often filled with unshed tears. She heard occasionally from her lover, who was watching his opportunity to escape to America, and who avowed

his intention of risking everything to see her before he left. She implored of him not to do so; Monalena was well guarded; patrols walking about day and night. Father Garrett had also got into trouble. His Fenian sympathies were suspected and brought upon him the displeasure of his bishop.

Corney O'Brien wandered from house to house, restless as Cain, and afraid to stop anywhere. He tried to get as much money as would take him out of the country, but money was scarce, and his friends were few. He knew Mr. Talbot and Mr. Taylor blamed him for Vincent having drifted into the conspiracy, so he could not appeal to them for help; and Ethna realised her straitened circumstances when she found herself unable to assist him in his object. In Louis Sarsfield was his only hope. Nell was to give him word when she expected him. Corney's spirits had never recovered the shock of Big Bill's fearful end. He spoke often and mournfully of it when he and Lizzie Lynch met at the trysting place to console each other for the present and plan the future.

"'Twas little I thought I'd ever have anyone's blood upon my soul or send one unprepared before his God," he would say. "I dream at night of it, and think I see him falling backwards into the river. What harm if it was in a fair fight? But sure we would be all done for if he lived, an' they say 'tis no harm to kill one in self-defence. I wish I never put my feet in the city; nothing but sin and temptation stalking about in it. We run down the hill for a bit of sport, and then we can't stop ourselves."

"God will forgive you, Corney, dear," Lizzie answered; "sure you wouldn't rise your hand to a child. It was in the heat of the moment you done it, but 'twill be a warning to you all the days of your life to keep away from bad companions and be said by the priest."

"An' that poor creature that got her death trying to save me," said Corney sadly. "Glory be to God, what misfortune I had!"

"Maybe the hand of God was in it, Corney, asthore. Sure the nun told me when I said I was a friend of hers that she had a blessed death and was well prepared to die; who knows only she was taken to the hospital would she have the priest and the holy nuns about her; there isn't a night that rises but I pray for her, and a good right I have."

"The Lord have mercy on us all, living an' dead," said

Corney. "If I could follow Mr. Vincent, we might be happy again. I'd soon be able to send for you, Lilly, an' our hearts would rise in a new country; we can do nothing for the old one."

CHAPTER XLIII.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

It was a cold blowing night in the end of March, hurrying clouds swept across a pale moon, the voice of the ocean was heard looming in the distance, the snow lay defiled and sodden on the streets of Monalena, as Louis Sarsfield cautiously stepped over the churchyard wall, crossed the road and slipped through the half-open door of Father Garrett's cottage. It closed behind him, and not too soon, for a patrol turned the corner a few moments after he entered.

All his plans were laid. Corney O'Brien was to drive Seagull quietly along the road outside the village when it was eleven o'clock. They would proceed to the sea; a canoe with two fishermen waited there; a vessel cruised off the coast; one short hour and they were safe, their liberty secured, and a wild free life before them in the free land of the Stars and Stripes. Life and liberty were sweet, they were young and strong, and in love with women worthy of the love of brave, true men. An hour and all would be well, the future lying hopeful, bright, and beautiful before them.

Louis held the hands of his betrothed clasped in his.

"It will not be a long parting, my girl; before three months you will be housekeeping for me, and taking stock of my shanty. Cheer up, my Nell, and think of the days before us."

"I wish you were landed safely, Louis," answered Nell.

"I may go to marry you," said Father Garrett, with a sad smile. "It is not unlikely I shall look out for a foreign mission. I am under a cloud at present, but it may pass; we don't always get credit for our good intentions in this world."

"You must come out," replied Louis, "that will be the climax to our happiness. All countries are the same to him who looks only to the salvation of souls; who knows but you and Nell would come out together; you will not keep my wife from me, Father Garrett?"

"I'll trust Nell to you as I would trust her brother," said Father Garrett. "I believe you will never betray that trust."

"Never, with God's holy help," was the answer.

They talked earnestly. Nell's eyes turning now and then with feverish anxiety to the little clock on the mantelpiece, her face growing paler as minute after minute was ticked away with deathlike precision.

Eleven o'clock came; Louis stood up. Father Garrett went to the hall-door to reconnoitre, and see if the coast was clear and clasped in one tender embrace, the lovers bid each other farewell, though Nell, womanlike, was in an agony of apprehension. She tried to cheer him and smiled through her falling tears.

"Whatever happens us, we love and trust each other, Louis," were her last words. "And that is a great happiness."

"Don't come," said Louis to Father Garrett, when he got outside the door. "Give me your blessing and let me go alone. We shall meet again with the help of the good God."

He skirted the village cautiously, and came to the high road just as Corney O'Brien drove tranquilly along. He stopped in the shadow of a few trees.

"We are safe enough," said he, when Corney reached him. "Father Garrett might have come to see us off."

He patted Seagull on the neck and was moving on to step into the trap, when three policemen sprang over the wall and seized the bridle. Louis leaped into the seat, and used his whip vigorously. Seagull plunged violently, bounded into the air, shook off his assailants, and was off like a flash.

"Your revolver," said Louis, through his clenched teeth; "we have to fight for our lives. Seagull, old fellow, you never failed me yet."

At headlong speed they tore along the road, the moon sometimes appearing amid the drifting clouds, lighting up the white world with a cold, ghastly gleam. The cold wind whistled by their ears, and soon, borne distinctly on it, they heard, dulled by the snow and slush, the sound of galloping horses.

"They will never catch us," cried Louis. "Seagull, old boy, 'tis a good one that can come up to you."

They turned the next corner. The dull roar of the ocean seemed to leap with mightier strength upon their ears. Before

them it lay about half a mile, a great blackness fringed with white, as it broke upon the sounding shore.

"Ten minutes more an' we are out of their power," said Corney, in breathless excitement. "Steady down the hill, sir, the road here is full of ruts."

There was a jolt, a sudden crash, the trap swayed, Seagull, mad with fright, sprang forward again, and fell head foremost to the earth.

Louis and Corney were flung out, and the trap, with one wheel smashed, lay overturned on the ground.

After a bewildered moment the fugitives got upon their feet, and with one impulse went to the assistance of the horse.

"They are coming," cried Corney. "Let us run."

"Too late," answered Sarsfield; the next moment they were surrounded by mounted men, and taken prisoners.

"Look to my horse," said Louis, calmly; "he may hurt himself."

"An hour would bring them to safety," said Father Garrett to Nell, as they sat by the fire too disturbed to think of going to bed. "I will go over to Mona at the dawn of day to see if Seagull is come back all right."

"They ought to be on the sea by this time," answered Nell; "it is past twelve. I wish we knew. 'Tis terrible to be in suspense all night."

She was interrupted by the tramp of men before the house. There was a loud knock at the door. On being opened the hall filled with armed men.

"What do you come for at this hour of the night, disturbing quiet people?" asked Father Garrett.

"A late hour for quiet people to be out of bed, sir," answered the police-officer. "It is my unpleasant duty to search the house. You will permit me to proceed."

"Certainly," said Father Garrett; "but may I ask for what?"

"You are suspected of harbouring a Fenian leader," was the answer. "Proceed, men."

With a beating heart, Nell addressed the officer, whom she knew slightly. He courteously apologised for his intrusion, but he had to do his duty. She replied calmly that there was no one in the house but herself, her brother, and an old woman—he could go for himself.

"I am afraid you would conceal a rebel if you could, Miss O'Malley," said the officer with a smile.

"I would betray no one that trusted me," answered Nell.

"If the bird be flown, he cannot fly far," the officer said, turning to leave the room. "Our men are upon every road leading from the village."

Nell's composure did not fail her while they were ransacking the house inside and outside, examining beds, pantries, and presses. Nor did she flinch or faint when the tramp of horses caused a new bustle in the street. And a murmur ran among the policemen; they crowded about the door. The officer was called out; Nell drew back the blind and gazed into the darkness. It was bright enough to show her the figure of her lover and Corney O'Brien bound hand to hand.

It was evident the officer was in a very uncertain state of mind as to the propriety of arresting Father Garrett, but decided on not doing so without further orders.

Next morning the parish priest sent for Father Garrett, from him he learned that his arrest was but delayed, and that his bishop, who with the clergy in general were determined opponents of the Fenian movement, was about to suspend him.

With pale cheeks, but a resolute heart, Nell counselled him to avail himself of the means provided for Sarsfield's escape.

"If you are taken prisoner, you are ruined," she said, "or you will come into trouble with the bishop. Your only chance is to leave the country."

"And you, what would become of you?"

"I am able to take care of myself. I can stay on here for the present. My heart will break if you also are taken prisoner. We will follow you when they are liberated."

"When they are liberated?" Father Garrett shook his head despondingly. "Will they ever be liberated?"

"Oh, my God, they will," cried Nell, clasping her hands in agony, "but you must not remain in danger."

She left the room, and hastily began to pack some of his clothes into a portmanteau. She returned soon, telling him the car was coming round.

"Here is the money you gave me to keep," she said. "You have as much as will bring you to America. I can send you some when I get it out of the bank, and know where to direct."

In an uncertain state of mind he allowed himself to be led by her. She put the pertmanteau into the well of the car, and told the old woman that she would remain that night at Mona. They drove away, and in a quarter of a hour were standing in the Madam's parlour. Nell hurriedly made known her troubled story, and the Madam's opinion so entirely coincided with hers as to the advisability of Father Garrett's withdrawing himself that he no longer hesitated.

"I will go with you, Nell," said Ethna, "and drive you back. We will take the boy. When he knows nothing, he will have nothing to tell."

Leaving the Madam in tears, they got again upon the car, and drove rapidly towards the sea. They came to a lonely part of the coast.

"Thank God," cried Nell, "the boat is there yet."

A little canoe rose and fell upon the waves, with two fishermen in it.

Father Garrett signalled to them, and they rowed to the shore. It was no easy matter to land. The breakers bore them in and out for many minutes. At last it came close enough. One of the men leapt out into the broken waves, and drew the canoe up on the sand.

Father Garrett spoke to them in a low voice.

"We will and a thousand welcomes, your reverence," the men whispered in reply. "We almost gave up expectin' them. 'Twas easily known somethin' happened."

"God bless you, Ethna"—Father Garrett turned to her and put out his hand—"God bless you, my child, and give you happy days again."

"Nell, my girl"—

His voice shook. Nell clung to him for a moment.

"We will be all happy yet, Garrett," she said. "Don't be afraid anything will happen me. I shant be a bit lonely when I know you are out of danger. God will take care of me till we meet again."

"I place you all under the protection of Him who never turns from those who seek Him," answered Father Garrett, taking off his hat, "may He gather you into His divine arms and preserve you, soul and body."

He walked out into the crisp wavelets that rushed in upon broken sand.

"Quick, your reverence, before the next wave comes," said the fisherman, steadying the canoe.

He got in, the men pushed her off, the foam breaking about his waist, and then scrambling in over the prow; they were soon dancing about on the billows, but the little boat answered to the stroke of the oars. A rift in the dull sky let out suddenly a flood of pale gold light, and on the glittering trail it left upon the waters, the little boat floated away, till it seemed like a glancing seabird, and far off upon the horizon they saw a sunlit sail, shining between earth and sky. Nell sat down upon a rock, and wept as if her heart would break.

The next day the warrant for Father Garrett's apprehension on the charge of harbouring rebels was out.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SENTENCE.

The trial of the Fenian prisoners came on. Sorrowful men and weeping women thronged the court to hear the doom awarded those rash enthusiasts whose lives were as dear to them as their own. Nell O'Malley was there with Lizzie Lynch drooping beside her. She sat where she could see and be seen by the prisoners. She bore herself bravely; her face was pale as death, but her brown eyes were bright and tearless, and filled with holy resolution.

She had applied at once to Mr. Taylor to take measures for the defence of her lover and Corney O'Brien, and with ready sympathy he had done all he possibly could in their behalf. Able counsel was employed, and every wheel they could possibly influence in the machinery of the law was put in motion.

Man after man appeared, was tried, and received his sentence. The sea of faces was beginning to wane and resolve slowly before the girl's strained vision. It was like an awful dream; all the eager human eyes around the great court, from wall to ceiling, from gallery and bench, staring at one solitary figure, and that figure waiting silently for the word that was to set him free again upon the blossoming bosom of the fresh stormy world; or shut him away from the face of his fellow-men into a life of maddening monotony, dark and narrow as the grave.

Nell was recalled to vivid consciousness by a change of prisoners in the dock. Erect and self-possessed, her lover stood before her. When he recognised her it seemed as if his soul leapt into his eyes, and they exchanged one long look of unspeakable love.

His trial began. With earnest eloquence his cause was pleaded by his counsel, and every circumstance which could lessen his offence ably commented on; but nothing availed; the evidence was too strong against him, and the verdict was pronounced—ten years' penal servitude. He looked at Nell, she smiled one of her bright smiles, one sufficient to inspire him with fortitude if any weakness crept upon his spirit. He passed out of the dock to give place to Corney O'Brien, on whom the same sentence was passed. Lizzie Lynch fell fainting into Nell's arms.

By much interest Nell obtained an interview with her betrothed. She knelt beside him in his cell and clasped her arms about his neck.

"It won't be long passing," she said, "it won't be long passing, we must be strong and patient. God will give us strength to bear it."

"You must put me out of your head, Nell," he answered, "you must not spend your youth thinking of me. Go to Father Garrett when he is settled. I won't have you waste your life."

"I won't waste my life," she said. "I will make the best of it; we must take the bitter with the sweet from Him who permits our separation; but I'll never go away, I'll stay as near you as I can. Oh, Louis, when your heart sinks, remember there is a woman waiting whose every hope of earthly happiness is bound up in you, and it will strengthen you to endure."

"My faithful darling, it adds to my grief to think I have made you a sharer in it. I wish to God we never met."

"Oh, don't say it," she cried; "don't say it!" The pain is nothing to the happiness of loving, and being loved by you. Ah, Louis, am I not some little comfort to you also? I who would gladly suffer in your stead?"

"My heart's treasure, my blessing," he murmured, laying his face upon her bent head. "The Almighty takes away with one hand and gives with the other; he takes my liberty and gives me your love. He strengthens me to suffer patiently. Oh, God, it is hard, hard to bear."

"Yes, it is hard to bear, but it will pass; think how fast the past ten years have flown, they seem to have come and gone like a ray of light; the next ten will fly by also, and we will be together then, happy at last, never to be parted again."

"My own darling, will you ruin your life waiting for me; ten weary years? It is madness to think of it."

"I would wait until my dying day," she said. "You are my first and last love. Ah, Mother of God, pity us."

They spoke of many things. Nell hid her anguish, and continued to utter words of confidence and hope. The turnkey came to the door to say the time was up. Clapsed in each other's arms, their lips met in one last despairing kiss. The next moment the iron door closed between them, the key grated in the lock, and they were as separated as if it were the door of Louis Sarsfield's tomb that shut him away from her. She was joined by Lizzie Lynch who had had her parting scene with Corney O'Brien. All was over. Uncertainty, hope, and suspense. There was now but patient endurance; there was nothing more to be done, and the two girls returned to Mona.

The Madam insisted on Nell's remaining with her for some time. She would be only too glad to keep her always if she could prevail on her to stay; but Nell explained to her that an idle or half-idle life would leave her at the mercy of her sorrowful thoughts. Plenty of occupation was the only thing that would help her to keep up her heart. She would dispose of the cottage, and try and get a situation as a governess. She could not bear to go abroad, so far from her lover's prison. She would stay as near it as she could. With much reluctance the Madam consented to the arrangement and wrote to a friend of hers in Dublin about procuring the desired situation. The lady responded satisfactorily. Her own daughter wanted a governess for two little children of seven and nine years old; she would be perfectly satisfied with anyone the Madam recommended. Nell disposed of all her belongings, and in three months after her parting with her lover, was earning her bread cheerfully, calculating with great nicety how much money might she have saved, when nine years and nine months came to an end; oh, happy thought! he, her beloved, was three months nearer to liberty.

Ethna no longer lay inert upon a sofa, or hung over the fire, trying to forget the actual in the pages of fiction. She had passed

under the yoke and stood erect again, a better and wiser woman; the natural strength and nobility of her nature, which had flowered, so to speak, into rank luxuriance, was pruned by the sharp edge of circumstances, and the healthy growth began. Her mother was somewhat straitened, trying to pay her debts, some of which she was still accountable for. The Madam had to live less generously.

"We have no right to spend a halfpenny, while there is a halfpenny due, dear," she would say to Ethna. The dairymaid was discharged and the gay belle of many balls supplied her place successfully. Her days were given to wholesome, pleasant labour; but her nights to tears. Her heart yearned for her husband and there was no account of him.

Lizzie Lynch's mind was distracted by the sickness of her grandmother, who, like a withered leaf on the topmost branch of a tree, wanted but a blast to disattach and set it free. Ethna paid her daily visits, bringing her little delicacies to tempt her appetite; and the old woman liked the sound of her voice, rambled on about Mr. Vincent, who was so pleasant and civil spoken to the poor; the old times that were so warm and bright; and the queer changes that came upon the world since she was young. "'Tis dark, dark," she would murmur, "but the dawn is near."

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

(Concluded next month).

SICKNESS.

DAY after day, His warning word God spoke—
 I heard, but strove to hide in folly's crowd;
 Night after night, He called to me aloud—
 Yet, though I knew 'twas He the silence broke,
 My guilty fears and not my sorrow woke.
 I heard the Voice, I felt the searching Eye—
 I would not kneel, I dared not move to fly,
 But sullenly refused Christ's sweetest yoke.

He pitied me, and still my welfare planned;
 He loved me as a Father, though He frowned—
 With saving sickness made me understand
 How wise it were to heed His slightest sound.
 He pitied me, for lightly pressed His Hand;
 He loved me, for He let me kiss its wound.

K. D. B.

FANNY S. D. AMES.

A FEW NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE.

IN whatever other respects it may have failed in its duty, this Magazine has during the last quarter of a century done its best to preserve the names of many who have helped in the formation of a Catholic literature in the English language. The author of "Marion Howard" and several other excellent tales died recently; and we have put ourselves in communication with her relatives, from whom we have learned the following particulars of her life.

Fanny Sarah Darnell Ames was born in Buckinghamshire, on the 2nd of August, 1835. She was the eldest of a family of nine sisters and brothers, but for the first three years of her life she reigned supreme as an only child. Her young mother, a very intelligent woman, devoted herself, not quite judiciously, to the development of the little creature's remarkably precocious faculties, with the result that the child knew the alphabet before she was three years old, and at five could read and understand Keightley's "History of England," a somewhat heavy and voluminous work. Her attempts at composition, especially in verse, began at a very early age, the basket containing "Puella's Ideas" (so she called her scribblings) being an important item in the nursery furniture. Her juvenile audience received every fresh product of her pen with a reverential appreciation since transferred only to Shakespeare or Byron or in some instances to Tennyson.

Her father, a very gifted man, took an affectionate pride in the talents of his eldest daughter. Under his guidance she made progress in geology, physical science, and in the more feminine accomplishment of modern languages and even in Latin, one of her girlish exercises being a metrical version of one of the books of the Eneid. But the first of her compositions to which her father gave the glory of print was a sermon against the evils of war, about the time of the expedition to the Crimea.

Though belonging to a strictly Protestant family, and we think without any Catholic associations, Fanny Ames from an early age felt drawn to the Catholic Church. One of her sisters.

who followed her into the Church and is now a nun, mentions that, while quite a child, out walking with the nurse and her sisters, she one day, passing a Catholic Church, laid her hand on the gate and said: "I swear I will be a Catholic."

In her fourteenth year she paid with her father a visit to the Jesuit College in Lancashire, Stonyhurst, and was shown over the place by a young convert, still living, Father Ignatius Grant, S.J. About this time she made up her mind to enter the Church, though she did not carry out her resolution till 1860, when she was received by Father Etheridge* in St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, being then twenty-five years old. She was staying with Catholic friends, the Yates family, and had probably gone there for this purpose.

Her first book, "Marion Howard," appeared in 1868, and was very favourably received. It ran through several editions. It was followed by some shorter tales, "Maggie's Rosary," "The Carpenter's Holiday," "Peter's Journey," "The Fifth of November and other Stories," etc. In 1877 appeared her second long story. "The Lady of Neville Court;" and since then the pleasant volumes, "Wishes on Wings," and "Great Doors on Little Hinges."

The names of a few of her contributions, chiefly to Catholic periodicals but also to "The Leisure Hour," are: "Flowers for the Dark Months," "Tim and Tom," "Cabs and Cabmen," "Betty's Mangle;" while "Parted Streams" is the last of her longer stories. In our own pages Miss Ames is represented by "An Old Stone" at page 17 of our tenth volume (1882). When Dr. P. W. Joyce contributed to a subsequent volume (1884) an article on the same subject, "The Lia Fail and the Westminster Coronation Stone," an editorial note ought certainly to have referred the reader back to the earlier article, separated from it by only two years.

A more serious work, on which Miss Ames had spent much

* In a lecture at Bristol in 1890, on the centenary of the opening of the Jesuit Church in that town, Father Grant mentions that Father Etheridge was himself the son of a convert, whose conversion was helped by a dream. One night he saw a Catholic Chapel, at the door of which were two marble slabs bearing foreign names; and it was "borne in upon him" that, when he should find *that* chapel, he would have found the true Church. Some years after, he found at Winchester the chapel of his dream, and on the tablets the names of French refugee priests who had served there. He became a Catholic, and his sons John and James, were eminent Jesuits—the former died Assistant to the Father-General at Rome, the latter Bishop of Demarara.

time and labour, remains still in manuscript, namely, a Catholic History of Scotland. It comes down, however, only to the death of Robert Bruce.

Those who knew Frances Ames most intimately testify to the nobility of her character and the beautiful unselfishness of her life. Her choice was to spend her last years in Boulogne-sur-mer in her picturesque old house on the ramparts that surround the Haute Ville. She is buried near the great Cathedral which she loved.

ALMOND BLOSSOMS IN THE SNOW.

SO wintry was the sky I could not think of Spring.
(Would it ever come to me?)

The snow lay on the earth, the birds forgot to sing
(Almond-tree, sweet Almond-tree !)

I wandered wearily and viewed the sleeping world,
(Would it ever wake for me?)

The world of sleeping life, of buds and leaves close-furled—
(Almond-tree, sweet Almond-tree !)

Then suddenly arose a vision strangely fair,
(Was it sent to comfort me?)

Frail blossom-laden boughs waved in the chilly air,
(Almond-tree, sweet Almond-tree !)

A rosy mist of flowers above the glimmering snow,
(Did they bud and bloom for me?)

A flush of sunset pink—an evanescent glow ;
(Almond-tree, sweet Almond-tree !)

Faint whisperings could be heard amid the fairy bloom,
(Blossom still my flowers for me !)

Warm breath of life and hope stole through the snowy gloom,
(Almond-tree, sweet Almond-tree !)

And rapturous living joy my dim eyes could discern,
(Greater wonder could there be?)

What better thing in life than hope's swift glad return ?
(Almond-tree, sweet Almond-tree !)

CONSTANCE HOPE.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO IRISH BIOGRAPHY.—No. 35.

THE SOUTH MUNSTER ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

PART II.—REV. M. HORGAN, ABRAHAM ABEIL, AND
WILLIAM WILLES.

THE Rev. Matthew Horgan, popularly known and still remembered as "Father Matt Horgan," was born in 1773, in the townland of Ballinraha, which lies about a mile northwest of Waterloo chapel, Blarney. In this neighbourhood his ancestors once held lands and of his native parish Blarney, together with the adjoining parish of Whitechurch, he was P.P. during the greater portion of his clerical life.

An excellent and devoted pastor, he was foremost in every movement for the social advancement of his people, into whose minds he sedulously sought to instil a love of healthful and innocent pastimes, a horror of meanness, and a detestation of litigation. His purse and his influence were theirs when weighed down by poverty and oppression. He shared in their joys and bore half their sorrows; and in all their innocent gaieties and amusements he participated. At the goal and pattern and other rustic assemblies he loved to be present; promoting by his countenance and approval, and controlling by the influence of his character, those rural sports and pleasures of which in his youthful days he was no inactive spectator. It was his boast that when at school in Charleville he was more famed for hurling and athletics than for scholarship; and few could excel him at any time in flinging a *mearog** so high or so far.

His hospitality was unbounded, his door being open to all without distinction of creed or party; whilst his great reputation as an Irish scholar and antiquary procured him visits from many of the celebrities who from time to time came to see the neighbouring famous castle of Blarney.

Archæology and Irish literature were to him a passion. Although eminently practical in all that concerned his country, he viewed her interests through a medium coloured by the past.

* Quoit or stone.

Not only was he profoundly versed in the tongue of the Gael, but he did all that he possibly could to promote its cultivation. Old Irish MSS. he copied and transcribed in a clear and beautiful hand; and he translated into Irish with extraordinary facility and success. His translations from Horace* and others of the classics, of Moore's Melodies and other popular poems into Irish, were wonderfully faithful and harmonious; but through the unaccountable dispersion of his literary collection at his death these translations are now mostly lost.

Of the old Ossianic lays and bardic poetry and legends he was an ardent admirer; and he patronised to the last the now extinct Seanchides and Scealuidhes (or story tellers) one of whom named Sullivan he maintained permanently as one of his household. An enthusiastic admirer, too, of our national music; his house was the resort of every wandering piper—one or more of whom always attended his festive gatherings. One of his favourite projects was a pipers' congress, after the style of the bardic meetings held at Bruree and Raheen in the early part of the eighteenth century. This was meant to be the prelude to a collection of the whole body of Irish music, which William Forde had begun under William Elliot Hudson, a project that, through the death of all three, was never realised.

Next to his love for the ancient literature of Ireland was his reverent regard for her round towers. Of these he erected two modern fac-similes, one to each of the "Chapels" that he built†

* In Mr. R. Sainthill's "*Olla Podrida*," vol. 1, page 247, are to be found two Odes in Irish, which were addressed to him by Father Matthew Horgan, in circumstances which Sainthill describes as follows:—"One evening (November 29th, 1839) the Rev. M. H., Member of the Royal Irish Academy, having to speak on the Irish language, at the Cork Scientific Society, illustrated its capabilities and fluency, by reciting amongst others, all his own, a translation in Irish of Horace's 20th Ode, addressed to Maecenas, previously to reading which he remarked to his audience, in his inimitably naive and quaint manner, that if any person should pay him an unexpected visit he would only require his self-invited guest to send beforehand some jars of good whiskey. It was the first time I had the pleasure of meeting this learned Irish antiquary; and having some 18 years old whiskey in my possession I sent him a portion of it the next day, with a note in Irish cypher. This brought me in return these two Odes, and laid the foundation of the friendship which to me so agreeably subsists between us."

† A friend who well recollects Father Horgan has informed the present writer that if circumstances had favoured him he would have rivalled that famous architect of old, Goban Saer. Amongst others Father Horgan was architect of the old parish chapel at Queenstown, on whose site the present noble Cathedral of St. Colman stands.

at Waterloo, near Blarney, and at Whitechurch. It was his wish to be buried in one of these round towers, but this wish his relatives disregarded and he was interred inside the "Chapel" of Waterloo instead. Though a believer in their oriental original, he held that the Irish round towers were in Ireland designed for the same purpose as those which he erected, viz.: as church belfries.

Father Horgan was one of the original labourers in Ogham discovery, and in fact, as is stated in Brash's "Ogam Inscribed Monuments," he discovered the clue to these ancient inscriptions in the key-word "Maqui," some years before Bishop Graves made the same discovery. With his friend Abell he once went to Callan Mountain, Co. Clare, then no easy journey, in order to test the authenticity of the so-called Conan monument there, which had been impeached on high authority. He was also an active explorer of the cryptic chambers in our ancient earth works: and laboured effectively in unearthing several specimens of the "Fulachda," or cooking-places of the early hunters and nomad races of our island.

Yet with all his variety of occupation, Father Horgan's pen was never idle. Under his well-known signature "Viator" there was no more constant contributor than he to the local press, on such divergent subjects as politics, statistics, agriculture, topography, poetry, legends, history, and antiquities—his writings overflowing with recondite learning, and characterised by a curious quaintness of style.

His sole publication, apart from the newspaper press, was a short Irish poem of fifty-five stanzas. It was written on the occurrence of a tragic incident in the Tithe warfare, when in 1834, twelve persons were shot dead and eight severely wounded at Gortroe, near Rathcormac, Co. Cork, by the soldiery called out by Parson Ryder to enable him to distrain for tithes that were then due to him. The titlepage of this now exceedingly scarce work, consisting of 71 pages, 12mo, in all, runs as follows:—

"Gortroe; or, Lamentation of the Widows for their sons, who were slaughtered on the 18th December, 1834. In imitation of the Ancient Irish Caoine or Dirge. Together with the Examination of the Principal Witnesses on the Inquest, the Charge of the Coroner, and the Verdict of the Jury. Illustrated with (3) Engravings, Cork: J. Higgins, 1835."

He also wrote another Irish Poem: "Caher Conri, a Metrical Legend, edited by John Windle, which was printed for Private

Circulation. Cork, 1860." 32 pp., 8vo.

This serio-comic poem of 58 stanzas was written on the occasion of an antiquarian excursion by Father Horgan, Abraham Abell, Wm. Willes, and John Windele, to Dingle, Co. Kerry, round which locality lies a rich field of primeval Irish antiquities. A visit to Caher Conri, a great Cyclopean structure on the western extremity of Sleeve Mis mountain, formed part of their proceedings.

One of the oldest structures in Ireland, Caher Conri, presents a very interesting specimen of those barbaric fastnesses which were raised in ages of great insecurity when such sites were selected, not for their beauty, but their wider range of prospect, and were deemed most eligible when least accessible. Of "Conri," the ancient Irish chieftain from whom this fortress of old takes its name, Windele gives a long and interesting account, as also an elaborate description of the "Caher," as it stood when he visited it. Owing to its great height and difficult approach, Father Horgan was unable to make the ascent to it with his companions; and whilst waiting for them lower down the mountain, his thoughts took a poetic turn and he composed several stanzas of a "Lay" which he afterwards completed in the form published by his friend, Windele. The translation accompanying it* is from the pen of another Corkman, the too famous Dr. Kenealy,† who achieved such notoriety in connection with the Tichbourne Claimant Trial.

It is to be regretted that with the exception of Father Horgan's "Gortroe" and "Caher Conri" we have no other printed relics of him left. Several volumes of his manuscript are however said to be still preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and in St. Colman's College, Fermoy, Co. Cork.

No man was ever more wholly devoid of avarice or selfseeking, or regardless of worldly wealth. Money he only regarded so far

* Windele states that another English Version of Caher Conri was made by William Dowe, a Cork poet included in O'Donoghue's *Dictionary of Irish Poets*. By far the most interesting portion of the long and erudite preface, 43 pages, which Windele has prefixed to this poem is that which he has devoted to the biographical sketches of his brother antiquarians, Father Horgan, Abraham Abell, and William Willes, which are summarised in the present article.

† "Brallaghan or the Deipnosophists" appears to be the only work in book-form by Dr. Kenealy, published by him whilst still residing in his native city. A notice of him will be found in O'Donoghue's *Dictionary of Irish Poets*.

as it enabled him to relieve want, to purchase books, and to gather around him those cheerful associates whose society added to the pleasure of his genial existence.

The sum of three shillings was all the money found in Father Horgan's possession on his death, which occurred on the 1st of March, 1849.

Placed over his remains* on the right hand side of the sanctuary of the Chapel at Waterloo,† Blarney, is the following inscription :—

“Orate Pro Animâ
Rev. MAT. HORGAN,
Parochi de Blarney et Whitechurch,
Hujus Sacelli Fundatoris
Cujus Corpus Infra Jacet,*
Obiit Anno Suae aetatis, 75,
Sui Ministerii, 45,
Cal. Martii, 1849.
R.I.P.

WILLIAM WILLES was a native of Cork, and belonged to a family distinguished for professional talent. He was an artist of considerable reputation, and practised as such in London for many years. He possessed besides excellent literary tastes; and was the contributor of papers on the Fine Arts to Bolster's Quarterly Magazine (Cork) and to other periodicals. To his enquiries, made ostensibly in search of the picturesque, was due the more intimate knowledge acquired later by his fellow-South Munster antiquarians of the singularly interesting antiquarian remains which abound in the South-west of Munster. For a short time previous to his death Mr. Willes held the post of Head Master at the Cork School of Design. He died in January, 1851.

* It is pleasant to be able to record that amongst the Cloyne clergy of to-day is a grand-nephew of Father Horgan, the Rev. John O'Riordan, M.R.S.A.I., C.C., Cloyne, who possesses in no small degree the Irish scholarship and the literary and antiquarian tastes for which his Rev. kinsman was remarkable. Like many another Irish priest, however, the pressure of parochial work precludes his doing full justice to the talents and attainments with which he is endowed in this way. Father Horgan had also a clerical nephew, the Rev. J. Horgan, C.C., of Mitchelstown, whose early death was due to his devoted labours during the famine times.

† So called from a bridge here, which was built in the year of the Battle of Waterloo.

A namesake and possibly a relative was that other Corkman, Sir James Shaw Willes, who rose to be judge of the English Court of Common Pleas, *vide Webb's Compendium of Irish Biography*.

ABRAHAM ABELL was born at Pope's Quay, Cork, on the 11th April, 1783. His father, Mr. Richard Abell, and his ancestors for generations were engaged in commerce; and he too was actively employed in business until late in life. The Abells were an old Quaker family, who held high positions in the Society of Friends ever since its establishment in Cork two hundred years back. Mr. Abell was prominently known in his native city for his long connection with its most valuable public institutions, literary, scientific, and charitable—of all of which he was a most active and intelligent member. He was one of the founders of the (still existing) Cork Literary and Scientific Society; and of the (defunct) Cuvierian Society; he was a manager of the Cork Institution; treasurer to the Cork Library and to the Cork Dispensary and Humane Society; managing director of the Cork Savings' Bank; and a member of the Royal Irish Academy, the Irish Archæological, the Camden, and the South Munster Antiquarian Societies. His happy temperament and the broad liberality of his opinions secured for him the love and esteem of every class and creed; whilst his social qualities gained him welcome access to many circles. Ordinary people regarded him as an oddity; and in point of fact, he was on the whole, a curious compound of learning, eccentricity, whim, and sagacity.

Magnetism and archæology were his favourite pursuits. As regards the latter he was best known as a numismatist, collector of ancient relics, rare and curious books, &c. In 1845, whilst labouring under a fit of depression, to which he was occasionally though not often subject, he burnt his entire collection of books, papers, music, &c., an act which he regretted when too late. He at once began to collect again; and left behind him at his death a large and well selected library and a considerable variety of antiquarian and scientific objects.

Although possessed of considerable literary capabilities his morbid antipathy to writing marred the hopes his friends often expressed that he would leave some permanent evidence of his scholarship and ability. His sole literary effort appearing in type, was the "Origin of St. Patrick's-Pot," what Windele has reprinted from a Cork newspaper in the preface to "Cahir Conri," from which this notice is taken.

Windele further relates several curious and extraordinary instances of Abell's eccentric habits and ways. Of these it will be sufficient to mention here that he always read, often into the night, standing up all the while, and with no fire in his room, even in the depth of winter, and that he made it a practice to walk on his birthday a mile for every year that he had attained. The last effort of this kind that he achieved, was to walk from Cork to Youghal and back on his fifty-eighth birthday. He died unmarried on the 12th of February, 1851, in his 68th year. Abell's younger sister, Mary, who married Mr. John Knott, of Dublin, was the authoress of "Two Months at Kilkee, with an account of a Voyage down the Shannon," which was published in 1836.

JAMES COLEMAN.

MY ORATORY LAMP.

LORD! Thou hast kindled all Thy lamps to-night
 For me, the lowliest parasite of earth;
 Thy voice gave utterance, Thy will gave birth
 To all these streaming galaxies of light.
 If Thy creative word can thus delight
 One who for ever travails from the dearth
 Of love and knowledge, 'midst the boundless girth
 That wraps Thee formless in the infinite,
 Let me be generous with Thee, dear Lord!
 Let me enkindle one bright lamp for Thee—
 Light for the light, the true Incarnate Word—
 A feeble flame for burning ecstasy.
 Seest Thou, blind to star and glowing sun,
 This lamp, that burns before Thine exiled one?

P. A. SHEEHAN

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETROSPECTIVE.

You that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
All the lowly, the destitute.

Let the needy be banqueted.

TENNYSON.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "it's all over. Nothing left for Kittleshot but the paying of the piper."

It was the week after the fête, and, seated in Snuggery, Mr. and Mrs. Ridingdale were talking over the festivities with the Colonel.

"It has partly realised one of my life-dreams," the Squire began. "I question if the Dale has ever been entertained on such a sumptuous scale. There was something for everybody, and I fancy nobody was forgotten."

"Not even the sick and the bed-ridden," Mrs. Ridingdale remarked with a satisfied smile.

"Thanks to you," rejoined the Colonel. "Fact is, you and your husband ran the whole show."

"Well," laughed the Squire, "when the purse of Fortunatus is actually put into your hand, it would be a sin not to dip into it deeply."

Mrs. Ridingdale sighed involuntarily. It was true that her husband had, by his counsel and suggestions, caused the millionaire's money to flow freely and lavishly; but alas! the Squire himself, instead of being benefited, was a heavy loser by the transaction. For the first time in his life he had run into debt with the tailor and the shoemaker. As long as the boys were neat and tidy Mrs. Ridingdale was ordinarily content, but an inspection of their best suits in view of the garden party had convinced her that Mr. Kittleshot's invitations could not be accepted for the bigger lads unless new clothes were forthcoming.

Then came the discovery that only one or two of the boys had any kind of foot-gear save clogs and slippers, and that even Hilary and Harry had scandalised, and in some cases edified, the inhabitants of Ridingle by a Sunday wearing of *sabots*. So nearly a dozen pairs of shoes were added to the burden of five or six Eton suits lying heavily on Mrs. Ridingle's mind.

"Glad you got your own way about the school children's dinner," said the Colonel. "A tea is better than nothing, but when there's plenty of tin, a meal of cheap cake and hot water is the acme of meanness."

The Squire laughed heartily.

"And that was the only point upon which Kittleshot opposed me. But I was resolute. If the Dale was to be feasted, I determined it should have its beef and beer, and that every man, woman, and child in the three parishes should have a genuine meal."

"Two meals, you mean, dear," said Mrs. Ridingle, trying to forget her own anxieties; "for on each day a five o'clock tea followed the one o'clock dinner."

"O that was in my plan, of course. What I wanted was that there should be eight long hours of enjoyment. In fact, I was on the point of suggesting supper."

"Must draw the line somewhere," muttered the Colonel.

"Jack has no mercy on a millionaire," laughed Mrs. Ridingle.

"My darling, why should one? He doesn't need it. Though, if you come to think of it, it is an act of mercy to show him how to get rid of his money."

They were silent for a space. The boys at the far end of the garden had been particularly lively all through the evening; but now such a captivating snatch of harmony floated across the lawn from Sniggery, that the inhabitants of Sniggery set themselves to listen. Summer evenings at Ridingle were wont to be vocal, and it was the delight of the young choristers to surprise father and mother with something new—a three part glee or madrigal that had been practised in secret, a round or catch taught them at the Chantry, or a favourite chorus learnt long ago at home, half-forgotten and now revived.

But to-night the boys were singing whatever verses they could call to mind of the "Lady of Shalott," a cantata the Colonel had introduced them to, and portions of which they had

picked up during successive visits to the Chantry. Lance's high soprano, strengthened by the clear piping of Alfred and Gareth, blended well with Willie Murrington's and George's mezzo voices, while Hilary and Harry added a contralto of depth and purity.

"All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.

As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott."

The joyous, luscious harmonies of Mr. Wilfrid Bendell's music fell on appreciative ears and made the June twilight as jocund as summer noonday. In the bushes behind the budding roses that hedged the lawn on every side, the birds were still warbling; but for a little while the carolling of the boys was the only music heard in Snuggery.

Then came a pause, and hot discussion in Sniggery as the boys tried to recall the words of the next stanza. Soon, however—

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed.

and then in very truth—

'Tirra lirra,' by the river,
Sang Sir Lancelot.

"Sir Lancelot is in good voice to-night," said the happy father when he had applauded the singers.

"And they are all in good spirits," Mrs. Ridingdale remarked. "I was so afraid this Timington business would cause a re-action, and make them a little dull and discontented for a time."

"No fear of that," rejoined the Colonel. "I won't say they're like us—glad it's over; but I know they're not too sorry."

"I thought it so nice of Mr. Kittleshot to have asked all the children weeks and weeks ago, what they enjoyed most. Everything they mentioned was there—even Lance's clown"—Mrs. Ridingdale said laughingly.

"And Maggie's balloon," put in the Colonel.

"And Alfred's miniature railway," the Squire added. "Mr.

Kittleshot would have hired an entire circus for the sake of Gareth's elephant, if I had not remonstrated."

"But the elephant was there," said the Colonel.

"O yes, and a performing pony. They were hired for three days."

"Well," the Colonel went on, "I congratulate you upon getting the Artillery band. That appealed to everybody—old and young."

"Almost as much as the fire-works," Mrs. Ridingle suggested.

"More, madam, much more," the Colonel maintained; for music was the old soldier's darling hobby, and the hearing of a good regimental band was to him the height of happiness.

While Mrs. Ridingle and the Colonel were engaged in a merry war of words in regard to the greatest attraction of the fête, the Squire noticed that a sudden silence had fallen upon Sniggery. A few minutes later he thought he saw a figure creeping stealthily up that side of the lawn that lay on the blind side of Sniggery. Surprises were the order of fine summer evenings at the Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle were always ready to be surprised and pleased—though not unfrequently some little magpie would inform them beforehand of the treat in store, lest perhaps the shock of pleasure should be too great.

A second figure had now left Sniggery, and the Squire thought he heard footsteps on the terrace. The grass was a merciful silencer of wooden soles, but the gravel of the walk would always betray a clog-shod foot. And yet so quietly had the two boys gone to work that, when Harry struck a chord upon the harp, both Mrs. Ridingle and the Colonel were genuinely surprised.

Dark night had not yet "slain the evening." A sprinkling of stars came out in the clear purple, and a light wind rose from the west. One solitary thrush was prolonging his compline. Harry's prelude was low and sweet, and when Lance raised his voice in Thomas Dekker's most perfect lyric, father and mother instinctively joined hands.

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'at thou in wealth, yet sink'at in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!

All Sniggery had crept up to the neighbourhood of Snuggery as soon as the prelude began, and as the last chord was struck upon the harp the applause was great. But Lance came and knelt at his mother's feet.

"Did you really like it, mother dear?" he asked, looking up.

"I can't tell you how much, darling," she said, taking his face between her hands. "Where did you get it, Lance?"

"Father Horbury gave it to me, quite a long time ago. But he said I wasn't to sing it when Mr. Kittleshot was about. That's the reason, mother, you haven't heard it before."

The Squire and his friend laughed heartily.

"He thought Kittleshot would take it as a personality, did he?" asked the Colonel. "'Swimm'at thou in wealth? . . . O punishment!' Ha, ha!—I see. Poor Croesus!"

As they rose to return to the house, the mother walked between Harry and Lance—each clinging to her affectionately.

"Such golden numbers deserve golden slumbers," she said.

"Ours are nearly always golden, mother," rejoined Harry.

"Always," Lance insisted, "except we've been bad chaps."

"Well, my darlings, your lovely lyric came just at the right moment, and cured me of a heart ache."

The two boys, full of solicitude, pressed hard to know the cause of their mother's heartache, but when she assured them that it was gone, they kissed her in silence, and went back to the lawn to bring the harp indoors.

"But I know what it was," Lance said to his brother.

"What?" asked Harry, looking anxious.

"Bills. All those new togs we had must have come to heaps of money, you know."

"We'd better take Billy's offer, I'm thinking."

"Would it save anything?"

"Course it would. Let's ask Hilary."

So just before bed-time as Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle were going into Committee of Supply, and the former was reluctantly sacrificing for present needs a sum of money he had put aside for his wife's private purse, Hilary and Harry came to the drawing-room to tell of Billy's offer.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

I am a chronicler of little things,—
 Comings and goings, children's words and ways,
 Chance guests, new hosts, and single happy days,
 And household legends. These have been the springs
 Of much of my best knowledge: I have striven
 To make my narrow lonely world a glass
 Where shapes and shadows, like a breath, might pass,
 Dimly reflecting motions out of Heaven.

F. W. FABER.

Mr. Kittleshot was longing to give the Squire some substantial proof of his esteem. All things considered, Croesus was a thoughtful, as well as a generous, man, and he knew that Mr. Ridingle had sacrificed much valuable time in helping to make the late house-warming the enormous success it had certainly been. But the more the millionaire considered the matter, the greater appeared the difficulty of making it practicable. And his first obstacle was, strangely enough, the Colonel.

During the last month or two, Kittleshot's intimacy with the old soldier had passed into the stage of steady friendship, and the two men now discussed things with the freedom of brothers. When therefore the millionaire asked the other's advice as to the precise way in which something worth the having might be offered to the Squire, Croesus was hardly prepared for such a show of resentment on the part of Colonel Ruggerson. That Ridingle himself would have to be approached with the greatest caution, Mr. Kittleshot could well understand, but that the poor Squire's closest friend should show displeasure at the mere suggestion of anything to the advantage of an overworked father with a short purse and a long family, was to the man of money a vexatious puzzle. Could it be that Ruggerson was influenced by jealousy?

The most commonplace character may be a complex one; but the Colonel's character without being commonplace was ultra-complex and full of entirely evident contradictions. The most generous of men will sometimes act meanly, apparently just because he is, for the most part, of a benevolent disposition. Now the Colonel's feeling for the Squire was that of a father for his son, and in any necessity Ridingleale did not ask for help the fault was his own. But, curiously enough, the well-being of the Ridingleale family was so much to the Colonel that he was apt to regard his abiding good-will as the equivalent of actual help. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that he was not farsighted, and that he lacked the instinct of looking below the surface of things. He rarely divined when help was needed most, or what kind of assistance would bring most satisfaction to the father and mother of so many growing boys. He knew that the Squire, proud and self-reliant as he undoubtedly was, had no foolish sensitiveness on the score of accepting gifts: the Colonel might have known that the son of his old comrade was the last man in the world to ask for money so long as there was a crust in the pantry, or a shred of clothing in his children's wardrobe.

The Squire, while fully appreciating all that the Colonel did, was obliged to admit that his greatest benefactor was Billy Lethers. No William of Deloraine was ever so good at need as the retired clog-maker. How to save the Ridingleale family expense was Billy's constant study. There seemed to be nothing in the shape of a tool that the professional gossip could not handle. A man eminently handy himself, he had the power of inspiring others with a like handiness. The lads owed all their skill in carpentry to Lethers, and while there were many things they could make, there was scarcely anything they could not mend. Two or three times in the week Billy was sure to appear at the Hall, and it was seldom he came empty-handed; but if by chance he brought nothing, he was sure to leave behind him some solid item of work, mechanical or horticultural.

Billy's latest offer had been of a very practical character, and the boys wondered a little why he had not thought of making it before. As a matter of fact it had been in his mind for several years, but as it was a piece of work connected with his own trade, and might to some extent affect the business of his successor, Billy had hesitated to suggest it. Now, however, he had made

a satisfactory arrangement with his former foreman, the man in possession of his old shop in the High Street, and there was nothing left to do but show the Ridingdale lads how to re-iron their clogs and, generally, to keep them in repair.

So one warm day in June when the Colonel and Mr. Kittleshot had decided to take a boat up the broad river that ran through the lower end of the Hall-farm, and were looking about the place for two or three rowers, they came across the lads they were in search of, seated in an out-house with Billy Lethers in their midst, each hammering lustily at the clog upon his last. The workers were all very hot and somewhat grimy, and the smell of leather and wood filled the atmosphere.

Billy rose hastily to apologise for himself and the boys.

"What's all this?" asked the amazed Colonel.

"Most interesting!" ejaculated Mr. Kittleshot fumbling with a knot in the string of his *pince-nez*.

Billy, cap in hand, and a trifle nervous in the presence of the two great men who had appeared on the scene so suddenly, began to praise the boys for their good workmanship. The lads themselves, unrolling their shirt sleeves, looked as if they had been detected in the act of tart-stealing.

"Well," said the Colonel when Billy had finished his panygeric, "think they've done enough?"

Billy made haste to assure the Colonel that the young gentlemen had worked much too long, and Hilary, answering for himself and the rest, promised they should be down at the river within a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Kittleshot was in high feather to-day. He had stolen a march upon the Colonel, and the recollection of it was very sweet to the millionaire. Ridingdale had actually asked a favour; but in doing so the Squire little thought how great a favour he had bestowed upon Kittleshot. Yet it was not exactly the personal service Croesus has longing to render and, while it gave him a certain satisfaction, it served to increase his desire to do something in which the Ridingdale family might participate.

"I am concerned about this lad Algernon Bhutleigh," the Squire had said to Mr. Kittleshot earlier in the afternoon. "I cannot keep him here any longer, and to send him back to his mother is impossible. I was wondering if you could help me to get a clerkship, or something of that sort, for him. Perhaps you have no vacancy just now in your offices at Hardlow?"

"Isn't he rather young?" Kittleshot asked with interest.

"Yes," answered the Squire, regretfully, "barely fourteen. Much too young for a post of that kind. And, I fear, hardly competent."

The millionaire was silent for a few seconds.

"Supposing I kept him at some good commercial school for a year or two?"—he said at length.

"That would be most generous—a benefaction of a lasting kind; but I did not intend to ask for so much."

"If you will be so kind as to choose the school, I will undertake his entire support for the next three years."

The two men rose in each other's estimation immensely. That Mr. Kittleshot's generosity was inspired by a feeling of kindness towards himself, the Squire did not doubt, for he had long ago discovered that Algernon was not liked by the millionaire. And to resent a personal favour was the last thing Ridingdale could be guilty of.

"I am under great obligations to you," Kittleshot said as the two men walked up and down the lawn, "and I cannot tell you how glad I should be if you would give me an opportunity of——" Mr. Kittleshot hesitated, and the Squire immediately replied:—

"You have certainly made me your debtor now. And I am sincerely grateful."

There was a suggestion of finality in the Squire's tone that checked the further speech of the millionaire; who, nevertheless, would have returned to the attack if the Colonel had not suddenly appeared.

"The good man was simply hungering to do us a kindness," said Ridingdale to his wife that same night. "And the prompt and generous—yes, and I will say gentlemanly—way in which he did it, makes it all the greater."

"There's the boy's wardrobe, dear," sighed Mrs. Ridingdale.

"My darling, he forgot nothing. When they came back from the river, he took me on one side and wanted to give me a blank cheque for present needs. I would not take the cheque, but I gladly promised to send him the bills."

"Delightful!" ejaculated Mrs. Ridingdale—whose constant nightmare was an array of thread-bare coats and kneeless knickerbockers.

"He makes only two conditions in regard to the school," the Squire proceeded; "first, that it be a place where boys are prepared for commerce, and secondly, an institution where corporal punishment is given generously and judiciously. For such an establishment I fear we must advertise."

"Has Mr. Kittleshot seen the boy to-day?"

"I think not, dear."

"I hope not. He and Lance have had another fight, and Algernon is badly marked."

"Do you know the circumstances?"

"All the boys say they are honourable to Lance, but I did not press them for details."

"Lance is much too fond of fighting."

"I hope you are not anxious about him, dear. He is improving a little, I fancy. Harry was just like him at the same age."

"So was his father at the same time of life," the Squire said smilingly.

A bell in the distance rang for night prayers.

"Poor Algernon will need all the prayers he can get," Mrs. Ridingdale whispered as they passed into the oratory.

"Yes," replied her husband, "we must remember him day by day."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

IN KILBRONEY CHURCH YARD.

(NEAR ROSTREVOR.)

STEEP-WOODED, calm Rostrevor! thy sea-lake,
 What should it breathe but pleasant hopes, but life
 Love-leagued with health? What else the musical strife
 Of winds and boughs and flying streams that flake
 With pearl the pine-fringe and the holly brake?
 Yet here, 'neath the brown spoil from Winter's knife,
 How many are the dead in youth, how rife
 Poor half-blown flowers no spring shall ever wake

Now all thy beauty tells me of the dead,
 Sweet valley! To some quaint euthanasy
 The dancers of the Fairy Hill are fled;
 Dust are thy kings in dust of Rosnaree;
 And, crooned to stone by the incessant sea,
 Finn sleepeth, dreamless, on his thunderous bed.

GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.

OLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

PART XVI.

HENCEFORTH we shall not wait for a month to hear the reader say, "I give it up," but we shall give the answers in the same number as the acrostics. Less space will thus be taken up in utilising the solutions given to me by the secretary of the little knot of leading barristers (with two or three Right Reverend outsiders) who concocted the brilliant little book, "Dublin Acrostics." As one of our readers has remarked, this title was a punning allusion to double acrostics and to the old conundrum about Dublin. "Why is Ireland sure to become rich? Because its capital is always *doublin*'."

We dared to name last month the most distinguished survivor of that band of Acrosticians. "F" is also the author of No. 29.

In the first when reversed
 Many heroes were nursed
 Who filled the whole world with their fame.
 The second's accursed,
 'Tis surely the worst
 Of all sources of sorrow and shame.
 The fetters now burst,
 The multitude durst
 Its inherited liberty claim.

1. Emblems of pain.
2. Slaying and slain,
3. Certainly plain.

I must confess that, in reading this over, my only remark was: "Well, the worst of all the sources of sorrow and shame ought to be sin"—and, a little to my surprise, I find that that was what "F" intended. Those who understand the construction of a double acrostic know, from glancing at it, that the answer to the present one has two parts of three letters each, combining probably to form one word. Even with that hint about "sin," few would guess *tocsin*. The first reversed is *toc* read backwards, *cot*; and even the greatest hero is nursed in a cradle. When the *tocsin* of liberty sounds, the nation is emancipated. The first of the "lights" or "uprights" must be a word beginning here with *t* and ending with *s*, and "thumbscrews" is what "F" intends by

"emblems of pain." O and I are the next initials; and the word which begins and ends with them is Orsini—the famous Orsini bomb. The last "light" is *champaign*, a flat, open country, a plain, which is punningly described as "certainly plain."

We passed over, as too long, Nos. 24 and 25. The answer to the first is *crinoline* and *petticoat*, to the second *croquet* and *cricket*. For the same reason we pass over Mr. Kirby's, No. 31, *York* and *Rose*; and for a different reason, No. 30 which turns upon *farewell*. The last of Mr. Kirby's lights was *kine*. As the rinderpest had then raised the price of cattle, he darkened his light thus :

"So dear, so dear," the Miller's daughter grew—
Oh dear! how dear poor pestered we've grown too."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We begin with the two books with which we ended our last month's Book Notes, announcing them a little before their time. "*Virgo Prædicanda*" is an exquisite little volume of "Verses in our Lady's Praise," by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., published by M. H. Gill and Son. The poems, which are all very short, are graceful and tender, and finished with loving care. Messrs. Ponsonby and Weldrick have evidently made this little shilling book a special triumph of their skill: it is a delightful piece of printing. "*Virgo Prædicanda*" gives the Oblate Father high rank among the Laureates of the Madonna.

There is a curious link between Father Fitzpatrick's book and the other new book that we have joined with it in this first of our Notes. Most of his readers will fail to understand why the rhymes of some of his miniature lyrics are arranged precisely as they are. The lover of poetry is familiar with sonnets—one of Father Fitzpatrick's favourite forms, which he manages very successfully—but few are at home among triolets and roundeaux, of which "*Virgo Prædicanda*" furnishes several excellent examples. Now the construction of triolets and roundeaux and sundry other metrical artifices of the sort is explained practically, and (we venture to think) agreeably in Part V. of "*Sonnets on the Sonnet*" just issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., of 39 Paternoster Row, London, and also of New York and Bombay. As this new book has the same Editor as this old Magazine, criticism perforce is reduced to this mere announcement, and to the expression of a hope that of the many sonnet-anthologies published during this dying century the present one will be found to be, not

only the most curious and novel, as it certainly is, but also one of the most instructive and entertaining. Considering the narrow scope of the selection, the high average of literary merit and the variety of thought are surely remarkable.

2. *Yattendon Hymns*. Printed by Horace Hart, University Press, Oxford.

This collection of English hymns does not strictly come within the sphere of our critical jurisdiction; but, as it has chanced to fall into our hands, we are glad to welcome the new translations of the Latin hymns of the Church by Mr. Robert Bridges, who, in the judgment of the most competent critics, holds a high rank amongst the poets of our time. We are particularly interested in his versions of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*—which he calls “one of the very best in the Christian Anthology”—and of St. Bernard’s *Jesu dulcis memoria*, in which, like Judge O’Hagan, he makes the four lines of each stanza rhyme together. God will reward in his own time and way the faith and piety of those who make loving use of all these holy words.

3. *Père Monnier’s Ward*. By Walter Leckey. (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago).

This is a novel of 300 pages, of which the scene is laid in the the Adirondacks, with a few varieties in New York and even on Irish ground. The Irish part is so unreal that it makes us sceptical about the truthfulness of the rest of the local colouring. There is considerable variety of well defined character; there is plenty of incident, and some vivacity of conversation; but we cannot give such a favourable verdict as we have seen quoted from some American newspapers. No doubt these critics are much better judges of the degree of plausibility attained by the storyteller in his American scenes. Some of our Catholic writers in the United States seem to be too fond of slang. They do not aim at the classic purity of Nathaniel Hawthorne and many other transatlantic writers. “A cold dinner destroys the healthy appetency”—“Deputizing one of the boys to ring the bell”—strange words and idioms occur frequently and are not calculated to improve the style of the young reader. There are frequent examples of what we have noticed before—the admiration expressed for wit which to us seems chiefly latent. “He was the lost man’s nephew, not his cousin—a slight difference.” Is this very humorous? Yet with no better provocation than this “O’Connor laughed at the humour of his wife, and she gave him smile for smile.” We plead guilty to utter inability to relish some stories that get considerable vogue here at home among the general novel-reading world; and this may partly account for our very moderate enthusiasm for “Père Monnier’s Ward,” which has decided merits withal.

4. The same publishers have issued several other works of fiction, the one to which we can give the warmest welcome being “The Prodigal’s Daughter and Other Tales” by Lelia Hardin Bugg. Every one of the four stories is very interesting and well written—shrewd studies of character, crisp conversation, humour and pathos, and plenty of well managed incident. We are inclined to rank Miss Hardin Bugg as the liveliest and best writer of fiction in the Catholic literary circles of America. Religion is not obtruded offensively in her stories, but a solid religious spirit pervades them all.

5. Another of these novels is translated from the French by Miss Mary MacMahon—"The Romance of a Playwright," by Vicomte Henri de Bornier. This writer has been very successful in his own country, and the present tale has considerable merit even as a translation; but we are surprised that Miss MacMahon has been satisfied with her version of hundreds of sentences, which remind us that they were originally French. In page 40 she speaks of "our triumphant and indemnified hero," and in every page there are turns of thought and expression which ought to have been more skilfully naturalized in their new language.

This and the other books received from Messrs. Benziger are very agreeably printed and produced. Two others are for children. "The World Well Lost," by Esther Robertson, does not seem to be either very pleasant or instructive. A much larger book is "Pickle and Pepper," by Miss Ellen Lorraine Dorsey, whose "Taming of Polly" has been quite sufficiently praised. The opening chapters of the present more childish book remind one of "Helen's Babies;" but the story does not seem to improve as it advances, and we do not admire the witch parts as much as some of its readers probably will. This book also is brought out very attractively.

6. I wish "May Meditations" by the Rev. Thomas Swift, S.J., had come into my hands in time to be announced in our May number. It would have helped some of our readers to make the past month a real "Mois de Marie." But this is a useful little book for any month of the year. It costs sixpence, and may be procured from the Mannessa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W., or from the Author, Ditton Hall, Widnes. The meditations are short, simple, sensible, pious and practical. *Experto crede Roberto*. With these "May Meditations" we may join a new "Manual of Instructions and Devotions for Children of Mary" (London: Robert Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row). It is a particularly neat and complete handbook for an *Enfant de Marie*, and it will serve as a very convenient prayer-book and meditation-book for general use. It is produced with the care and finish which the Publisher bestows on every book that bears his imprint.

7. We must welcome *The Mangalore Magazine*, one of the youngest of the innumerable College Magazines that have sprung up in all English-speaking countries, and perhaps in France, Germany, and other countries of Europe. *The Mangalore Magazine*, however, besides being the organ of St. Aloysius' College, takes an interest in all that concerns Mangaloreans. Mr. E. B. Palmer's history of Mangalore Harbour, for instance, is one that would be welcomed in a secular local journal. There is a very agreeable variety of prose and verse, the most interesting specimen of each being the late Father M. W. Shallo's poem, "Loyola," and the introductory account of his too short career. He belonged to Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, and he died at Santa Clara College, San Francisco, U.S.A., on the 27th of January, 1898, aged 45 years. R.I.P. God bless all the men and women who devote their lives to the hard work of teaching the young all over the world, from Tramore to Travancore, from Omagh to Omaha.

8. *Notes on St. Paul: Corinthians, Galatians, Romans*. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates).

This is the 98th volume of the Quarterly Series which we never like to mention without a passing tribute of affectionate veneration and gratitude to the memory of its founder, the holy, gifted, learned, and laborious Father Henry James Coleridge, S.J. Father Rickaby has filled this large and compact volume with solid matter, very briefly and clearly expressed, which the student of St. Paul will find most useful in conjunction with more voluminous commentaries older and less up to date. The terse English will be a relief to turn to occasionally from the Latin of Estius and A Lapide, especially in the grand old folio editions, so dignified but so cumbrous.

9. *Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy.* By the Rev. Henry G. Ganss. (Ave Maria Press: Notre Dame, Indiana).

Father Ganss takes the unusual course of printing in full the heretical sermon which he proceeds to refute sentence by sentence. He does this by almost exclusively Protestant testimonies, the only Catholics he cites (except a few times incidentally) being the Fathers of the early centuries. As the preacher he refutes belongs to Dickenson College, he indeed quotes very effectively at the beginning these words of its greatest alumnus, Roger Taney, Chief Justice of the United States—a position which he calls “the highest judicial tribunal in the world.” “Most thankful am I that the reading, reflection, studies and experience of a long life have strengthened and confirmed my faith in the Catholic Church, which has never ceased to teach her children how they should live and how they should die.” This very vigorous and very original piece of controversy ought to do a great deal of good, especially in the United States.

10. *The New Ireland Review* (Fallon and Co.: Dublin) has recently unbent from its dignified, academic attitude and indulged in a bit of fiction. The April and May Numbers had each a story. “The Weston Scandal” was a lively and exceedingly well written sketch of the social foibles of a little country town, as pleasant as a chapter of Mrs. Gaskell’s “Cranford” or of Mrs. Francis Blundell’s “Frieze and Fustian.” We wish the writer’s full name had been attached to this charming story. Equally successful in a much more difficult kind of literary art is “The Hound of Una” by Alice Furlong in the May *Review*. The quaint archaic style, which is admirably sustained, adds a curious zest to the pathos and vividness of this remarkable little tale.*

11. *St. Francis de Sales as a Preacher.* By the Very Rev. Canon Mackey, O.S.B. (London: Burns and Oates).

Canon Mackey has long devoted himself to the service of the Saint-Bishop of Geneva. He is a specialist about everything that concerns the Saint’s life and character. The present treatise (for such it is) is made up of three essays contributed to the *Dublin Review*, and treating of the most recent discoveries on the subject, of the Saint’s training and development as a preacher, his own theory of sacred eloquence, and his influence in restoring the practice of it to purity and simplicity. All these subjects are discussed with great learning and care.

* We take the opportunity of announcing that a volume of Miss Alice Furlong’s poems, price half-a-crown, will shortly be published by Mr. Elkin Mathew, Vigo Street, London, W. We shall be glad to take charge of the subscriptions of those who may wish to show beforehand their interest in a work which we are sure will possess a high degree of literary merit, poetry of the purest kind.—Ed. I. M.

12. *Notes on the Baptistery Chapel of St. John the Baptist, Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, New York.* By John Prendergast, Priest of the Society of Jesus. (New York: The Meany Printing Company).

This is quite a remarkable book, much more literary and artistic than the casual reader could expect. It is very much more than a minute description, which it is, of the Baptistery of the Jesuit Church in New York. Every part of it indeed is set before us by excellent illustrations and vivid pen-pictures; but there is also a very original and effective exposition of the Catholic doctrines involved—Our Lady's suppliant omnipotence, the nature and efficacy of prayer, the sacramental system, etc. Saint John the Baptist naturally plays a considerable part in this attractive combination of theological and literary skill.

13. From the Press of the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* have issued the thirty-first edition of the "Handbook of the Apostleship of Prayer," and the fifth edition of "League Devotions and Choral Service for the Apostleship of Prayer." This last book is a very beautiful manual, especially of eucharistic devotions. The last seventy pages contain a rich collection of hymns, many of them new.

14. One of the most interesting of the many articles which Mr. Wilfred Ward's admirable "Life of Cardinal Wiseman" has called forth is the sketch contributed by Mr. W. H. Archer to the *Austral Light* of Melbourne. Mr. Archer was received into the Church by Dr Wiseman more than fifty years ago. His reminiscences give one a very amiable idea of that great man.

The latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society are Mr. James Britten's exposure of two miserable apostates who are not likely to trouble Dublin or Cavan, and a translation of Cardinal Perraud's two fine discourses on "The Catholic Church of England, her Glories, Trials, and Hopes," for which our Holy Father Leo XIII. has thanked and blessed him.

15. *Miss Erin.* By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (London: Methuen and Co).

This the latest of Mrs. Blundell's delightful novels—the latest for the present, for a story of hers is now drawing to an end in a London magazine which will be found, we think, when it reappears as a volume on its own account, to be perhaps the liveliest and most winning of all her creations. How lively and how winning they are, and how numerous already! "In a North Country Village," "The Story of Dan," "A Daughter of the Soil," "Frieze and Fustian," "Among the Untrodden Ways," "Whither?" "Maime o' the Corner," and now "Miss Erin." All these may safely be added to the most carefully guarded library, and ought certainly to be mentioned emphatically in any continuation of those articles on "Harmless Novels" which have at long intervals appeared in our pages. But "Miss Erin" is very much more than a merely harmless novel. It is a beautiful tale, full of generous feeling. The writer's fine descriptive faculty is kept well in check. She has a wonderful knack of making her men and women talk pleasantly and naturally. Like most of her books, the scene changes from Ireland to England; and even in Belgium she shows herself quite at home. Would that all contemporary fiction were as wholesome reading as this bright and brilliant
 "v, which the publishers have brought out in a very readable form.

JULY, 1898.

THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

OR,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XLV.

“AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN.”

YEAR after year flowed away over the edge of time ; summers came and went ; the grass was long grown on the grave of Lizzie Lynch's grandmother, and a look of patient pain had deepened about the lips of Ethna Talbot. She had grown to be a grave and gentle woman, whose happiness seemed to be not of this world ; exact in the performance of her duties, self-denying, and thoughtful for others. There was no account of Vincent ; everyone believed him to be dead, but she still clung to the hope that he would return to her—a hope that was slowly dying out. A knock at the door at an unusual hour, hurrying footsteps, a clamour of voices, used to make her heart leap in her bosom with a sudden wild hope that died almost at its birth, leaving her with eyes that could not see for tears. But she struggled with her momentary feeling of despair, and bravely took up her burden once more.

Nell O'Malley came down every Autumn for vacation, their common grief had drawn them close together, and the happiest part of the year was that in which they could speak to each other of those for whom they watched and waited. Lizzie Lynch was

taken by the Madam as parlour-maid, and often sat at a little distance with her needlework, when Nell and Ethna, resting on the old seat outside the door, talked of the past, present, and future.

Nell had letters regularly from Father Garrett. He was settled in the United States to his entire satisfaction, and had a large field for his apostolic labours; he was building a church, and spoke with enthusiasm of the progress his people were making in pure and holy ways. He wanted Nell to go out to him, he could offer her a comfortable home; still he permitted her to do as she thought best, for he sympathised with the feelings that kept her as near as was possible to her imprisoned lover.

Though each made the best of her life, the months and years were long and lonely to the three watchers who yearned for the tender clasp of beloved hands, and the sound of familiar voices that made the music of their hearts.

Nora was gone to school, the Madam's pretty brown hair had changed to silver, but she was still an active housekeeper, and by good management, economy, and Ethna's efficient assistance, had contrived to pay all debts incurred by what she considered her daughter's thoughtlessness.

Mr. Talbot was bent and grey, but continued to work indefatigably at his profession, and to make money as of old. He was greatly attached to his daughter-in-law, who constantly visited him, and gave him all the time she could spare from her home duties. He, too, cherished the hopes of his son's return.

"Who knows yet, my dear?" he would say, "who knows yet? God is very good, and it is just what Vincent would do, he hated writing letters, his turning up any day wouldn't surprise me, not in the least."

But three, four, and five years passed slowly away, and still no prodigal returned to partake of the fatted calf. Ethna grew pale and thin, and a look of unspeakable sadness haunted her dark eyes, but she made no complaint, and, except to Nell O'Malley, spoke little of her feelings.

It was a lovely evening in the middle of autumn. She and Nell sat outside the door watching the harvest moon slowly scaling the blue heights of heaven.

"Five years and five months," said Ethna. "They have brought you nearer to your lover, Nell; have they brought me

nearer to my husband?"

Nell sighed and made no reply.

"You are happy," continued Ethna; "you have the certainty of being together sometime, but I—oh, it is miserable, and I cannot think he is dead. I cannot give up the hope of seeing him again, if it were only as Evangeline met Gabriel; but the will of God be done."

"God will do what is best for us all," said Nell, "and I always hope for the best. How terrible, how everlasting, those five years looked when we stood at the beginning of them. Now they are past, and they were not so unendurable as we thought. A cross we carry willingly loses half its weight. Your crown of happiness will come, please God."

"Never to see him, never to tell him how much I loved him. It would be a hard trial, Nell, and he did not think I cared for him. I did not know how completely he had woven himself about my heart until I had lost him. I think now was there anyone ever like him, so unselfish and warm. Do you remember the winning smile he had, and the joyous laughter, my poor boy?"

"They say the strongest affection is where love rushes in after friendship," said Nell; "so you should love each other dearly. Indeed, there were not many like him. I remember the first day I saw him here— how handsome I thought him. And he was always so kind to me when I met him out. May God guard him wherever he is!"

"Our Novena to our Lady of Perpetual Succour will be ended to-morrow," answered Ethna. "I have great faith that her Divine Son will hear her on our behalf, and send us news of him. Ah, Nell, if I got a letter from him in the morning!"

"Ethna, dear," said the Madam, from the open window, "will you come in and make the tea? I want to speak to Paddy Daly."

Ethna went into the parlour. Lizzie Lynch brought in the kettle, and the tea was made and covered with a cosy.

"Bring in the cake when it is done, Lizzie," she said, "but don't hurry until mother is ready, and I will finish this letter for to-morrow's post."

She sat down to a small writing-table and took up her pen. She wrote rapidly for some time until she heard the door leading

from the avenue into the pleasure-ground open, and footsteps crushing the gravel. She paused and sighed, thinking in a vague way of the many times the opening of that door had made her heart beat with sudden violence.

She was bending over her letter again when a smothered exclamation from Nell caught her ear.

"What is the matter, Nell?" she called out, as she heard steps come into the hall. There was no reply. She stood up, and, turning, towards the door, beheld standing there a bronzed and bearded man.

She reached out her arms; her voice died away; her limbs grew weak; but before she could fall she was caught to her husband's breast. In speechless joy they clung to each other; she clasped her arms with passionate love about his neck; she recovered her voice and called him by a thousand endearing names; she held his hands to her breast and lips; she gazed at him with unutterable rapture.

"My wife, my darling! are you so glad to have me back?" he said, his hot tears falling on her upturned face.

"I love you," she cried, "I love you, Vincent, my husband, I love you!"

In a moment there was a wild tumult inside and outside the house. Weeping with joy, the Madam embraced her son-in-law. Old Mr. Talbot made his appearance; he had come with his son, and had waited for a few minutes, until the meeting between husband and wife was accomplished.

Ethna released her husband for a moment to cling to her father-in-law, who kissed and blessed her with a voice broken with emotion. The servants lifted up their voices and wept in the passages; the news flew like wild-fire over the land; the workmen crowded into the kitchen; the neighbours gathered into the yard and out-offices; the Taylors arrived from Beltard; and it gave the Madam, Nell, and Lizzie Lynch no inconsiderable amount of work to provide a feast worthy of the occasion for all those who came to rejoice with them.

Ethna sat beside her husband, clasping his hand in both hers, thinking of nothing, or seeing nothing but the beloved face that had taken away and had brought back the light and warmth into her life.

It was an evening of inexpressible happiness. More like

lovers than ever they had been, the husband and wife looked at each other as if every moment a strange new beauty appeared in each beloved face. Vincent's warm nature responded at once to Ethna's unexpected demonstrations, and all the painful past—their half-hearted marriage, their separation—seemed but a dark background, intensifying the vivid joy of the present. The traveller told of all his adventures by "flood and field"—of dangers, disappointments, and ultimate success. "I would never return," he said, "until I had as much as would pay my debts."

"You have no debts to pay, my boy," answered his father. "The Madam and I saw to that, and the business is as good as ever it was."

"Well, with God's help, I'll never be a trouble to either of you again," said Vincent. "I have sown my wild oats."

He had written a few times, he said, and had given the letters to chance messengers to post, which would account for their never having arrived.

"A fellow does not care to write when he has nothing pleasant to tell," said he. "And I thought you would not mind much if I never wrote, Eth," he added in a whisper.

"Oh, just like you," replied his father, "just like you. You never had much brains—never. Just what I thought it likely you would do."

"Well, my dear sir, a cheque for four or five thousand pounds is a good certificate for a man to have to show," said Mr. Taylor, laughing. "It takes some brains to put it together."

"Tut—tut," replied the old gentleman, with one of his repressed smiles. "How do we know how the fellow got it?"

It is a bitter thing to look at happiness through other people's eyes. Nell rejoiced with her whole heart at the wanderer's return, and the bright change in her friend's life; rejoiced as much as if the change had been a personal one; but Vincent there, exultant, bright, and at liberty, brought her lover more vividly before her—he who was wearing out his youth, sad and solitary, within the walls of a prison.

Nevertheless, she laid the cloth for supper most accurately, and was the Madam's right hand.

"Never mind, Nell," said Vincent, putting his arms about her shoulders with that familiar affection born of a common joy or sorrow, "it will be your turn next; we will have them out," he

continued with his old, earnest enthusiasm ; " we will petition. I will work heaven and earth ; they are punished enough now, and they might as well release them."

" You are about right there," said Mr. Taylor ; " it is all over now, and the Government would act wisely in being merciful."

" I will never rest till I work it," answered Vincent. " I never can sit down tranquilly and enjoy myself while Louis Sarsfield and Corney are shut up. Heavens, what a life it must be ! How lucky it was I got off without arousing more than vague suspicion. I can put on a most virtuous appearance now, and fight their battle for them. Ah, what fools we were. Don Quixotes ready to do battle with any amount of wind-mills."

CHAPTER XLVI.

" NO MORE PARTING."

Vincent Talbot carried out his intentions about appealing to the mercy of the Government on behalf of the Fenian prisoners. It was a subject that awoke the sympathies of all classes, and many responded to his call. Day and night he and his fellow-labourers worked to advance their cause, seeking interest, petitioning and appealing with an insistence that would not be denied. Nell went through all the agonies of an awakened hope, watching the struggle that was to her like one between life and death.

" Shorten his imprisonment, oh, Lord God," she would cry, prostrate in prayer ; " not for my own happiness do I ask it, but for his. Keep us apart if Thou wilt, but give him liberty."

Vincent and Ethna had come up to Dublin ; after about a year's agitation a crisis had arrived, and the agitators were in daily expectation of an answer from the higher powers. Nell, who was in the same position with the Madam's friends, was spending the evening with Ethna. They were talking earnestly over possibilities.

" I am not half so strong as I was," said Nell. " My heart is torn between hope and fear, but God will give me strength again if I be disappointed. When I think of him though, living through the awful solitude of the long, lonely years, it kills me, it kills me."

She laid her head upon her arms on the table before her.

A violent knock came to the hall-door. Vincent burst in.

"Hurrah!" he cried, springing upstairs three steps at a time. "Hurrah! hurrah! Nell, Ethna, they are free, they are free. The news has come that ten prisoners are released, Louis and and Corney among them."

Nell fell insensible into his arms.

Vincent went over to England to see to the necessities of his friends, who he said "were not likely to be very flush of cash coming out of prison."

The sea was laughing in the rosy light of the setting sun. The pier at Kingstown was crowded with gay promenaders. The music of the band stole on the ears, mingled with the low wash of the waves, the murmur of voices, and pleasant laughter. The steam-boat hove into sight, and came along puffing and blowing like some preadamite monster of the deep. There was the usual amount of shouting and running to and fro. The promenaders stopped a moment to see who were the arrivals.

Ethna Talbot and Nell O'Malley stood close to the boat—the former with a face radiant with delight—the latter white and trembling.

"There he is," exclaimed Ethna, breathlessly.

A pale, bearded man, with many grey hairs showing in his dark locks, stepped upon the pier, and looked eagerly around. He saw them as they pressed forward; his lips quivered; he spoke no word, but took Nell's hand, drew it within his arm, holding it tightly clasped, and reached out his other hand to Ethna. Nell laid her face against her lover.

"What is delaying Vincent and Corney?" said Ethna, trying to speak as though the meeting was an ordinary one. "Oh, here they are."

Clinging to Vincent's arm, Corney stood before them, a wreck of the fine stalwart fellow they remembered, emaciated and haggard, with a painful, yearning expression in the honest blue eyes that seemed unnaturally large in the worn face.

"I'll be all right, ma'am," he answered, with a faint smile, to Ethna's inquiries. "I feel better already. I was better the moment I saw Mr. Vincent. Only for Mr. Louis I'd be dead, Miss Nell. Oh! thanks be to God, we are in the old land once more."

"Here, look alive, Sarsfield," said Vincent. "Steer the women, and let us get home. Take your time, Corney, old fellow. We have lots of time for the next train."

In a few days there was a quiet wedding at St. Kevin's Church. Vincent gave away the bride. Nell's pupils were her bridesmaids. And after the breakfast, which was Ethna's care, the wedded lovers proceeded to Glendalough. They were to come to Mona afterwards, before departing for America.

"I cannot realise it, Louis," said Nell, as they sat in the train, her brown eyes full of tears; "it all seems like a dream from which I might awake into the dark night again."

"My faithful love," he answered, "the night is past—the bright dawn has broken out of heaven."

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Vincent called in a doctor to see Corney O'Brien. He examined him carefully.

"A hopeless case," he said, when they left the room. "His constitution is worn out. He may live on for some time, but he will never recover."

"The prison killed him," answered Vincent. "It would have been more merciful if they had hanged him at once. Only a constitution of iron would stand what they suffered."

"That poor fellow is not the better of it, at all events," said the doctor. "Give him plenty of nourishment, and take him to the country as soon as possible."

The following week the Talbots and Corney O'Brien returned to Beltard. Ethna was now mistress of her father-in-law's house, and she insisted on Corney's remaining under her care for some time, until he got a little stronger. She had written to Lizzie Lynch to prepare her for the change in her lover, with orders to have everything arranged for his comfort. The girl waited at the terminus, joy and fear possessing her alternately. But when she saw the strong, fair-haired love of her youth emerge from the carriage a wan and feeble man, she burst into an agony of tears.

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Corney, as he kissed her wet face, his own tears falling on it. "Is it crying for my coming back you are? Sure 'tis glad you ought to be that I'm alive at all."

"Oh, Corney, Corney!" sobbed the girl.

"What's this crying for?" said Vincent, coming up. "Laughing you ought to be, girl. Go now and make yourself useful while Corney gets on the car. Are you ready, Ethna?"

For a few days Corney seemed to rally considerably; but when the excitement consequent on seeing and talking to old friends, was abated, he relapsed into his old, languid condition.

"I think if I was at home," he said, "I might get stronger. This is a fine healthy place I know, but I was used to the mountains, Mr. Vincent."

"If I might presume to offer an opinion on the subject in question," said Mr. Lynch, who clung to the boy he reared with unfailing affection, "I would advise that he should test the restorative properties of his native air. As he very properly remarks, he has been accustomed to reside in elevated regions, and under the mercy of Providence, who can tell but the salubrious atmosphere of his childhood may restore his exhausted energies? 'Tis all debility, consequent on confinement and privation—mere debility."

Corney was taken out to his old home; Lizzie Lynch accompanied him. Ethna saw that he was provided with everything that he could possibly require, and the Madam was near to prepare little delicacies and minister to his daily wants. But the invalid was beyond all human aid, and slowly, day by day, he drifted farther out on that "unreturning tide" that bears all upon its mysterious bosom to the everlasting haven. He recognised himself whither he was tending. It gave him no personal regret, but he looked at the face bending over him with untiring devotion and closed his eyes with a look of pain.

"Lily, my girl," he said, one evening, "you are not to be fretting for me when I am gone. This life is but a little thing. I see it now, sweetheart, for the light is near. 'Tisn't worth while to take up anything, we lay it down so soon. So soon! but not too soon. Any time the Lord wills, I'm satisfied, Lily, only for you, my poor girl."

"Don't think of me, Corney, my heart," she answered. "Sure, I give everything into the hands of the Lord and His Blessed Mother. Think of nothing but what the priest told you, asthore machree, of the glory and the happiness that's before you. I won't be long after you, pulse of my heart. The time won't be long passing, and then no more trouble—no more parting."

"No more trouble," he repeated, dreamily; "no more parting, nor prisons, nor going astray. Will Father Garrett call in?" he continued, wandering back into the past. "I saw him passing awhile ago. Mr. Vincent is coming out to-night. I can lay my finger on four covies. Where's the harm, Lily? I'm out of Bill's power; why shouldn't I go out? Ah, God! I never meant to kill him—never, never; where is he now—where? I can't wipe this red stain off my hand, Lily—look at it. You'll be true to me, my girl—see, here's the ring; cheap Jack is a deep one. Sure, we would die for old Ireland, every one of us. Liberty for ever, Mr. Louis. I wonder what are they doing at home, sir, on the green old hills. They won't forget us; but 'tis hard lines—ugh! the water is rotten. Oh, God! will we ever see the Mona mountainside again? There the sun shines and the larks sing—sing clear like my sweetheart. Yes, I'm satisfied to go; no more pain nor sin, but strength and peace. The Lord is good and great."

So he continued for many nights giving expression to his broken memories of the past until the end came, when, prepared and collected, he passed quietly away, and Lizzie Lynch closed his lips and drew the lids over the eyes from which the light had gone out for ever.

* * *

Five years have passed since poor Corney's death. It is a glorious evening in one of the luxuriant valleys of New England. A brawling streamlet winds in and out among tall, overhanging trees that dip their pendant arms in the bright waters, smiling meadowlands and corn-fields lie around, a long, low dwelling-house covered with vine, vesteria, and roses stands among laburnum and lilac trees, with a great orchard at the rear. At the door is a happy, dark-eyed little matron, clapping her hands at a crowing, brown-eyed baby, whom a tall, noble-looking man is tossing in his arms. In the distance a priest is walking up and down reading his office. He lifts his hat as the crimson sun sinks below the horizon, and remains for a few moments absorbed in prayer; then takes the small hand of a little child who walked beside him, and, approaching the house, calls aloud:

"What about supper, Nell? Little Ethna and I smell something good."

It is Sunday afternoon at Mona. Ethna Talbot is seated outside the door with her infant in her arms. Vincent is lying at full length on the grass, with two children tumbling over him. A couple of dogs are stretched beside him, lazily wagging their tails. Mr. Talbot and Mr. Taylor are sitting together on the old seat. Mrs. Taylor and the Madam are seated at the open window.

"To the rescue, Nora—to the rescue!" called out Vincent, as a slight, pretty girl made her appearance. "I am being goaded to madness. Those children have not the slightest respect for the author of their being, and their mother only encourages them."

"Leave him alone, Nora," said Ethna; "he would set any child on earth out of its mind, he makes such an uproar."

"My only friend on earth is Lizzie Lynch," he answered plaintively. "Come, young one, shout for 'izzie, izzie. Tell her to hurry home."

In the quiet churchyard on the slope of the sunny hill Lizzie Lynch kneels by Corney O'Brien's grave and prays for his eternal rest.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

THE END.

THE LIFFEY UNSUNG.*

SINCE first the trick of rhyme I tried,
 I've sung full many a river.
 Whene'er I see bright waters glide,
 I bless the Almighty Giver
 Who bade them flow ; and long ago
 (What's this *acatatem supplet* ?)
 In boyish days I to their praise
 Would cobble many a couplet.

* Allusion is made to certain sets of verses in THE IRISH MONTHLY, addressed to the Yarra Yarra, the Dodder, and the Allo, in which the form of Wordsworth's Yarrow poems is imitated by rhyming the name of each river at the end of every stanza. The Liffey has been left unsung, it seems, because its name does not lend itself to this device.

The Yarra through far Melbourne flows,
Through Donnybrook the Dodder—
These, far apart, have touched my heart,
And (what is even odder)
A Munster river quite unknown.
And one that rhymes with "polka,"
Dear to my wayward Muse have grown—
The Allo and the Tolka.

The dearest last of all I sang—
Glanrye that flows through Newry.
The spot where first my life-stream sprang
Such tribute claimed *de jure*.
Yet on its banks I do not dwell;
Not far but long I've wandered,
How many years I dare not tell—
Please God, not wholly squandered.

My home is where the Liffey strays
Through Erin's queenly city—
Not here, as in its rural days,
Pellucid, pure, and pretty.
But, ere at last its windings end
In yon salt tide before it,
Grattan, O'Connell, Butt extend
Their ample arches o'er it.

What memories of the bygone cling
Where Liffey's wavelets glisten!
What ballads all its stream might sing,
Were we but skilled to listen!
Then, why no rhyme through all this time?
I'll tell you in a jiffey:
That low word is the only rhyme
That pairs with Anna Liffey.

GLIMPSES IN THE WEST.

II.

“What if the spectators who last summer gazed with pride on the noble port of Plymouth, its vast breakwater spanning the Sound, its arsenals and docks, its two estuaries filled with gallant ships ; what if, by some magic turn, the nineteenth century, and all the magnificence of its wealth and science, had vanished—as it may vanish hereafter—and they found themselves thrown back three hundred years into the pleasant summer days of 1588 ?”

These words of Kingsley—with which he opens his description of the Armada fight, in *Westward Ho !*—formulate the question which everyone asks of himself as he stands for the first time on the Plymouth Hoe, and, gazing outward over the Sound with its myriad shipping, looks westward and to the south on the dim expanse of sea line beyond Rame head, and remembers it was over that verge beyond the headland the first mast of Spain's Armada rose to the straining sight of Hawkins and of Drake as they stood and watched on this same spot three hundred years ago. And, so far as the general features of the scene concern him, he need change nothing in his imagination: Mount Edgecumbe rises in its woodland wealth of varied beauty much the same as it must have greeted the eyes of the Spanish Don to whom it was allotted as reward of valour when, the victory won and England conquered, the day of reckoning should be at hand: even that little island between it and the foreshore possessed its battery just raised by the man whose name it bears to-day. The sea, headlands, and sky are the same as they were three centuries ago: nature's witnesses do not change their favour much; but the years have brought their changes in other things, and the gusty summer dawn of that day of which Kingsley wrote saw the birth of a new epoch in the world's history of which we, as yet, have not seen the close. The little harbour to our left—the Cattewater—thronged to-day with the smacks of fishermen and a few merchant vessels, on that day held the ships which on the morrow were to begin “the greatest sea fight the world has ever seen.” There are a few sailing coasters in the harbour to-day of

greater displacement and better sea-going qualities than even the little *Revenge* herself, the vice-admiral's own pet craft; there are three training-brigs anchored by Drake's Island—relics of the days of Nelson and of Howe, whose armament even now would have vanquished the whole Spanish fleet—granting the men of Drake and Hawkins on board—but, “there's the rub:” for it was the men who won the victories in those old days; and the world will yet discover, should she put the matter to the test, that it will be with the men who man those floating engines of death the victory will lie again, and, if the might of England is once more to be tested on the sea in a new armageddon, it will be fought out here before our doors as it was three hundred years ago. Whether the fight be one of oak, culverin, and round-shot—or steel armour-platings, explosive shells, and torpedoes, the victory will go to the same virtues in fighting which drove the first three Plymouth ships to windward of the Armada crescent, and, broadside after broadside, hulled the monster galleons of Spain. And yet, in those far-off days, and later in the time of Nelson, it would seem that the individual had greater chance of winning glory than he has to-day. He fought with the knowledge that the least likely thing to happen him was the sinking of his ship beneath his feet—unless a stray spark found its way into the powder magazine—and, until the bullet or roundshot destined for him found its billet, there was the good ding-dong fight to work shoulder to shoulder with his comrade, until his gun grew too hot to load again, or the grappling irons were laid aboard; with his cutlass or his pike he fought in the eye of all whose praise he cared for; and the end of victory was seldom a sinking enemy, but a good prize to board and a treasure to share. You have only to visit one of the first-class battleships now lying in the Hamoaze to see how all this is changed—the individual has become but more electric button to be pressed in a hideous engine of death—and it were well, in the face of present conditions, if those who are ready enough to rush their country into a war at sea, would strive to realise the anguish of heroism required of the individual seaman of to-day who, in the thick of battle—with no knowledge of the ebb or flow of fortune in the fight—works at his allotted task deep down in the darkness and in the shadow of death. Think of the feelings of an individual stoker for instance, in the fierce heat of the furnace he feeds, who, through minutes that seem as hours,

begrimed with coal and sweat, gasping for breath in the used-up atmosphere (for the decks above are cleared for action and the hatchways are battened down) must still toil on at his shovel, whilst above him the fight is raging fierce and fell; he feels each concussion reel through the ship with the firing of the barbette guns; far above him is the shrieking of the machine guns, and the rattling hail of metal with which the enemy replies, whilst ever and anon over head he can hear the whirlwind rush of a Palliser shell as it perforates his ship's armour and explodes in their midst. And then in the midst of this confused horror of sound comes the clear persistent ringing of an electric bell somewhere up in the darkness, and he knows that for him and for those with him the moment is come—a message is travelling down the tube—for them it can only be one of two things: “prepare to ram”—or, “ship sinking, every man for himself.” Whichever it be he is reduced to practically one action down there—to *lie down*, in the one case to save himself in the horrible impact, in the other to die as a rat in a hole; no use his rushing upwards towards the freedom of the decks he is hopelessly screwed down—the ship will be fathoms under long before he can be freed. Is there less courage or more, think you, required of the men who fight to-day (for, even as I write, these horrors are let loose amid a tropic sea) than was required of those who fought in the old days?

You cannot shirk these problems here in Plymouth, however unpleasant their contemplation may be, the contrast between the conditions in the past and in the present are forever in front of you; and it only needs that you shall pass up the Hamoaze along the line of docks whence comes the clamour of shipbuilding, and amid the fleet of grim battle-ships lying at anchor “out of commission,” because ten years have put them “out of date” as effective engines of destruction, to realise, though but dimly, what naval warfare must be amongst those who are “up to date.” For in truth it is only now as I write the nations may come to any realisation of what a hard fought naval engagement will mean. And, as things go at present, you know that year by year the struggle will thicken around this very spot as it did of old. The nations among themselves against us, and we against them, until the spark falls somewhere to set the tinder a-blaze, and then once more for the men of Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and of Nelson. But the Hamoaze is past, and you have entered the Tamar: the

nineteenth century and its problems are left behind, nay, even the sixteenth century is forgotten, and, without warning, you drift on the inflowing tide into the land of Arcady.

I doubt if in the whole world there exists twenty miles of scenery to equal this of the Tamar, in its combined loveliness of domestic peace, and grandeur of composition in the cliff formation and wooded beauty of its winding valleys. It is not as splendid as the Dart in the width of its tidal stream—but it winds amid a lovelier land, and every bend opens up some new and more entrancing picture of sylvan beauty. Just now in these early days of spring the orchards of apple, pear, and cherry trees surrounding the cottages which nestle on its lower banks are ablaze with the pink and white of their blossoming, for, if the Scillies are the land of flowers, this is the valley of fruits, where the apples mellow into Autumn for the cider-press and the strawberry grows large and luscious in June, and may be had cheap, with “Devon’s clouted cream” and home-made bread and fragrant tea in the green arbours of many a cottage garden by the Tamar’s banks. To leave the noise and clamour of a busy modern town, and drift up thither in a boat on the sleepy tide on a June day—to wander among the fruit gardens and orchards or along the deep lanes, and, when tired, to sit looking out on the stream, and in the old world atmosphere of cottage crofts and flowers made murmurous by the bees, to eat the fresh picked fruit and cream, is to bring back to the wearied palate the lost flavours of the days of Arcadia, or to feel the languor and delight that must have taken the wanderers of Odysseus in the lotus eating land. One view is almost enough for you here—though beyond stands Pentillie Castle—the most wonderfully situated in England—high on the wooded cliffs of the Cornish shore; and farther still are the Morwell rocks—grim pinnacles of stone thrust upward through the wooded hillside, or the old world village of Calstock, with its forlorn wharves and relics of a dead sea commerce twenty miles inland from the sea. The excursion steamers will carry you thus far on the days when the tide serves; but I fear I am churlish in these things, and cannot speak with true democratic feelings of the manner in which the English holiday-maker disports himself. Some day perhaps cheap steamer trips will desecrate Killarney, and the steamer’s whistle will wake the echoes of the Eagle’s Nest where Tennyson wrote his Bugle Song;

but I hope these things may not come in my time, for like the Northern Farmer "I could'n't abear to see it." Nevertheless, forty miles in a comfortable steamer, and done within five hours, including wait at Calstock for tea, and the fare eighteenpence, is not to be sneered at by anyone, no matter how conservative he may be in these matters; and in early Spring or later Autumn, when the woodlands are at their best, and the boats are not crowded, no lovelier day's outing can be had. In the year's decline especially this is true, for as we leave Calstock for home, the sunset is flung across the valley, and lights the cliffs and dying glory of the fading trees on the eastern shore with crimson and gold; and so the twilight falls as the valley widens to the sea; and then, over the last low range of the Dartmoor hills, is the rising fire of the September moon.

A man might write a whole book on Dartmoor and yet say nothing—nothing at least which can convey the illimitable loneliness and desolation that hangs above this place of tombs, the graveyard of a forgotten race, the men of the Stone Age. Even in Maremma or on the plains of Babylon we are in the presence of relics of a civilisation which we can understand; but here we are face to face with evidences of a past, the distance of which is so great that to strive to realise it is to make it too modern for truth. The greatest imaginative writer since Defoe has tried it and failed.* From the thousand fragments of their domestic life scattered over Dartmoor we may guess at some facts. They lived in colonies of "hut circles," each cluster of circular huts—to any of which that of an Esquimaux would be a palace—was surrounded by a stone wall, with an opening always facing south. Each hut had its hearthstone for fire, as can be seen, charred and blackened; they had a clay pot, but it would not stand fire for cooking; yet they knew the value of hot water, since they boiled it in this pot by dropping into it round granite stones, heated in the fire. For weapons they had flint axe heads and spear heads, and to obtain these they went far from Dartmoor. That is all we know of them. Yet one more glimmer of light comes to us. Elsewhere bones have been found in similar hut circles with spirited outline drawings cut into them with the hard flint of the animals they knew and warred against: and the Mastodon, the Sabre-toothed Tiger, the Elk, and the Aurochs are pictured among them! When

* Mr. H. G. Wells.

we pause and think that these men were a civilised product of a previous race far more primitive, knowing nothing of stone weapons, and only possibly acquainted with fire, the mind reels. To return to the Dartmoor Hut-circles. Between Prince Town and Tavistock there is a large cluster of these on a southward facing hill side, and at the foot of the hill, on a long tract of green sward, is a well preserved avenue of "processional stones" ending in a cromlech, or "Druidical circle," so called. It is mere theory which connects these stone circles with the Druids; and the converse idea that they were erected ages before the Druids came into existence is as feasible a theory as any other. Nevertheless, the frequency with which these hut-circles exist close to the cromlechs, gives better warrant for the theory that they are connected with the civilisation of the Stone Age, and not with the much later period of the Druidical rule. Sometimes the circle encloses a barrow, or tumulus, which was a burying place of the chieftains, probably; but the whole question is still the fighting ground of the prehistoric archæologists. One thing may be taken as certain, however, that these gigantic remnants looked much the same as they do now when Troy was being built; and that their original use had been forgotten even then by the people whose cattle grazed amongst them. Leaving this cromlech near Princetown and striking westward across the moors to Tavistock we come on a broad track of levelled green sward stretching over Whitechurch Down; and here we meet a remnant of another civilization, the remains of a stone cross—of the Celtic type—one of those placed there by the monks of Tavistock to mark the road across the moors to the distant Abbey of Buckfastleigh. The time when the monks passed to and fro and knelt by this wayside cross seems far off now—yet it is but as yesterday compared with then when we think of the race who dwelt amid the hut-circles. The broken cross looks almost as old and weather-worn as the chief cromlech stones, and all seem to possess a kinship with the phantastical pinnacles and piles of granite which crown the Dartmoor Tors. Viewing these from a distance it seems as though the hills around are crowned with ruins of castles, and rude fortifications—it is only when we clamber to their summits that we see how these are the records of an age when the world was subdued by ice, silent save for the thunder of the rending glacier, and man, perhaps, with his turmoil of battle, hunting, and feasting lay far in

the future of time. It is enough to make us think little of ourselves and of our modern civilisation to stand here amid the records of æons, and then look down on the grey walls of Princetown : we have broken the arms of the good monks' cross, my brothers, and none have said us nay ; we can do better now, can we not ? than those old monks did, who raised the sign of their Master above the barrows of the forgotten dead ; to the lares and penates of our civilisation we raise a prison for an altar, and the sacrifice thereof is the human heart. In all these thousands of years have we travelled as fast as we might have done from the sacrificial altar of the Druid, stained with human blood ? or, out yonder in the western islands of the tropic sea, will there be more mercy in the death shot of a gattling gun than in the cleaving stroke of a flint hatchet ? Is there more justice shown to-day in Christian Europe over the partition of an empire than there was amid these hut-dwellers for a strip of moorland, or is not might almost as much right now as it was then ?—

Raving politics—never at rest as this poor earth's pale history runs—

What is it all but the trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns ?

It was a strange though unintentional piece of irony on the part of the journalists in the West which inspired them when they named this last remnant of the nation's loneliness "the playground of England." Leaving Princetown and striking into the moor due north you may walk all day and meet no human face—indeed you may lose yourself here, or get bogged and swallowed up in a morass, or break a limb among the tors and lie there till you die, and the search party may find your body a fortnight after. No man should venture out here alone except with a compass, a chart, and fine weather ; in rain or mist even the shepherds lose their way sometimes, and must lie out until the cloud curtain lifts ; and in winter this may not happen for days. Strange playground truly ! And yet there is no region in England more fascinating to the pedestrian. It lies so many hundred feet above the sea level that twenty miles through its exhilarating air, even on the hottest day, is not so wearying as a five-mile tramp round and about Plymouth will prove. Just now in springtime the rolling uplands are a golden blaze with the bloom of the gorse ; and later on this will give place to the purple of the heather ; when Autumn falls the sadder tones of browning grass and dying bracken will

mark the year's decline. Late in August or early in September come the days when Dartmoor shows its best : for then the North-west wind cool and chill drifts up great masses of cumulus from the Irish sea, and the golden lights and purple shadows chase each other across fell and tor, and the highest peaks get drifts of raincloud entangled among them, or cool the wet wind until the moisture, condensed into cloud, streams off before the wind like the blown hair of old wizards sleeping. At other times the clearness of the air makes all things too distinctly expressed ; but, whatever be the mood in which we find it, there is forever the same unutterable loneliness, and the same " inviolable quietness," where the solitary sound, which sometimes strikes the straining sense, leaves the silence which follows all the more complete. To describe its grandeur and its tragic beauty is beyond the power of words ; they must be felt. In this, the sea, to which it pays its tribute of a thousand rushing streams, holds kinship with the moor.

But before I leave this element of Devon scenery I feel that nothing has been said or done unless I strive to show you as best I may the crowning beauty of the Dartmoor fells, where Nature, having written all she knew of prehistoric and medieval savagery, wrote " Finis " at the end by Crockern Tor, and scored her pen beneath in the gorge of Lydford. Here on the south-western verge of the moor is the last vestige of that strange history, which began when the mists and ice dissolved southward into the new created seas, and which ended, so far as human records go, in the last efforts of primordial energy in the expiring race who peopled the tors ; for the rest is the silence that hangs brooding to-day among their forgotten tombs. Some miles to the west of Tavistock, and just where the brown shoulder of the moor begins to feather into cultivation, the square grey tower of an old Norman church, so common on the moors, and the ivy-clad walls of an old ruined Norman Keep come into view, and around these cluster a few cottages and houses ; that is all which strikes the eye at the first glance. Yet this is the ghost of a dead city, a city and civilisation which once rivalled Exeter in importance in Saxon days ; a town which, out of the mists of prehistoric times, suddenly emerges with a civilisation, laws, and a jurisdiction of its own in full effect, and a barbarity in its methods of enforcing them which has made the name of "*Lydford law*" a bye-word of terror and of hate through

the past until now. One wonders what could have possessed even the most barbarous people to found a city high up on a barren moorland beyond the tracks of men, as this place stands to-day. Yet in this fact is the written page which we may read. A walled city with its fortress does not rise at any time beside a spot where men have no goings to and fro; no remoteness which gave immunity from fear of plunder ever tempted men to settle and found a mart whither buyers never came; and the fact is clear that Lydford in the past was the centre of a commerce which gave it a mint of its own, and a wealth and fierce energy which made it feared by the surrounding country. The first signs of decay in the industry, of which we are now watching the last expiring efforts further westward in the tin mines of Cornwall, happened here on Dartmoor centuries ago, and left the moorland waste and tenantless for the first time since the dawn of man's habitation, as it continues to this day. But when Lydford's walls were built the moors were crowded with that strange race, the tin miners of Phoenecia, who doubtless in the past of which we have no record fought and exterminated the children of the dwellers of hut-circles. Whatever truth may be in these traditions, or conjectures of historians, one thing is certain that these men of the Semitic race drove their roots into the soil as deep as their mines, and when Dartmoor emerges into the dawn of history a vast population of rude civilisation was crowded on its surface, and the products of a vast industry sailed southwards from out all the harbours of the west. And it was here that the birth of the idea which to-day governs our commonwealth took place; for in the earliest days in which any record is transmitted we find that the tin miners of Devon and Cornwall were united into a corporate guild and met to make and administer their laws on Hingston Down. Whether the tide of the sundering Tamar, flowing so far inland, carries with it too much of that element which Matthew Arnold has attributed to "the sullen, salt, estranging sea," I cannot say, but curiously enough, the differences of temperament which to-day cause disagreement on most subjects between the two counties, each looking down on the other from the lofty height of her own imagination, caused a division in this primitive parliament early in the fourteenth century, and the Devon men moved their session to the amphitheatre of granite stones on Crockern Tor. These were the famous Stannary Courts of which such gruesome records come down to

us, and Lydford became the centre of their effectiveness. Yet it would seem that the barbarity of their enactments found the Keep of Lydford, their prison, from old time more than prepared to enforce their sentences. So awful were the punishments carried out within its walls that the stain of their infamy clings to the ruined remnants to this day, and no bribe will tempt a native to enter them after night fall—since he will tell you visions and sounds will greet you there the mere sight of which will drive men mad. As might be expected the laws were mostly framed in connection with the mining industry, and when we read that the sentence on the adulterator of tin compelled him to swallow about half a pint of the molten metal we may guess the general tenour of the punishments inflicted within the walls. And yet the history of its iniquities does not begin here—the iniquities of the Stannary Courts were but a continuation of that older Lydford Law which was administered from the Castle in much earlier days—the terrible forest laws of the early Norman rule, the laws which held the conquered Saxon race groaning at the feet of their oppressors.

Scarcely a quarter of a mile from the village as it now stands the hills of the moor dip into a shallow valley, the bottom of which is covered with a dense stunted brush wood, for so it appears at a little distance. Leaving the village and going down the lane towards this valley we suddenly come on a bridge built over the wood, and a dull roar like that of distant thunder strikes the ear. You lean over the parapet of the bridge and to your amazement discover that you are looking down into a dense forest in a gorge nearly three hundred feet below, where the great trees grow so thickly on its precipices that the tops of them are all that are visible when viewed from the village above. They meet overhead from each side, but looking straight downwards over the bridge you get a glimpse of a sullen black river thundering through dark gloom between its precipitous walls. I do not think that there can be anything more weirdly beautiful than the scenery in this gorge when approached from the western end and explored throughout its length of three miles until we reach the bridge. It is a walk which is out in the face of the cliffs for the most part, about twenty or thirty feet above the torrent, and should not be attempted by anyone with weak nerves for heights overhanging running water, as a fall into the deep and swirling current would be fatal.

There are several gruesome stories of mischance and fate told of this place, said to be haunted by pixies and evil spirits, but none of them are more terrible than those which the imagination will supply in the face of the tragic force of its beauty when the river thunders full with autumn rains. Elsewhere the streams of Dartmoor laugh and sing from sunlight into shadow and out into sunlight again, but the voice of this river has caught up the whole savage tragedy of the moors, and in the depths of this majestic gorge utters forever its burthen of wrong and death and change—a voice of days of old and days to be.

MONTAGU GRIFFIN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

UPWARDS towards the arching branches
 Springs the fountain in the lawn ;
 With what constant force it launches
 Its bright stream from dawn to dawn !

Towards the branches where the thrushes
 Imitate the water's sound,
 As it falls and gurgling rushes
 Into channels underground.

For the fount would moisten gladly
 Leaves all dried by summer sun,
 Aiming high and failing sadly
 When its little strength is done.

But not wasted its endeavour,
 For, though reaching not the leaves,
 It makes green the fields, and ever
 Fills the thirsty land with sheaves.

Thus should we aim high, and, failing
 In life's first and noblest aim,
 Work some lesser good, not wailing
 That the world knows not our name.

That we upward turn our forces
 'Tis some unknown impulse wills,
 As perhaps the fountain's sources
 Trickle from the distant hills.

F. R. A. O.

[These lines were sent to us twenty years ago. They would have been published at the time, if the writer had sent with them his name. Perhaps "F. R. A.O." has died meanwhile ; and probably this page will not catch his eye, even if he be still *in via*.—Ed. *I.M.*]

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SPORTS OF THE SNAGS.

Young, and gladsome, and free they meet—
 Voices of laughter and running feet.
 Whether the seasons be dark or fair,
 It is always summer and sunshine there.

Mrs. HAMILTON KING.

If Snaggery has hitherto received but passing notice, the fact is not due to the uninteresting nature of this out-door nursery; and if the older boys of Ridingle Dale have been more in evidence than their little brothers and sisters, this is only because they have more to do with our history, and are more actively connected with the Doings of the Dale.

Boys were generally promoted to Sniggery at the age of ten, and at this time Snaggery was under female rule—*vice* Gareth whose promotion was very recent. So the Empress of Snaggery was Maggie, aged, as she herself insisted, “a quarter to nine.” But if Maggie was queen, Sweetie himself was king, and tool-wielding brothers had made for him a veritable throne in the commodious arbour—a raised seat strongly fashioned and amply cushioned.

The dwellers in Snaggery were generally five in number; Maggie and her younger sister Connie, Sweetie, Raymond, and Cyril—the last-mentioned being a particularly sturdy young gentleman of “half-past four” or thereabouts. But there were times when the three babies, Austin, Dorothy, and Antony, were added to the others, and on such occasions Mr. Kittleshot’s bewilderment was complete. It was long indeed before Croesus ventured into Snaggery. When he did so, he was so frightened, looked so puzzled, and left so abruptly, that, afterwards, Maggie was found in tears. However, a second visit proved more satisfactory, for that the great man came with pockets bulging with “toys and things”—the exquisite flavour of the “things” appealing forcibly to every small member of the Snaggery circle.

The nearly nine-year-old Maggie was a wise and somewhat

wilful lady who ruled her subjects with a tongue that lashed in its wagging and was warranted to suppress mutiny and revolt. Now the etiquette of Sniggery was strict, but that of Snaggery was stricter. Merely to visit the latter without Maggie's permission was a capital crime—meriting the fearful punishment of being “worried alive” by infuriated Snags. Even Hilary, whose authority now was only a little less than his father's, had to sue for entrance, and parley, cap in hand, at a respectful distance while the Queen considered the reasonableness of his particular claim for admission.

But if Maggie defended the rights of her own realm, she was equally considerate of the claims of Sniggery to an autonomy which, of its kind, was perfect. Those two unruly urchins, Raymond and Cyril, hankered after Sniggery as the member of a second eleven hankers for a place in the first. There were times when the needs of Maggie's dolls were so pressing and absorbing that her rule of Snaggery became temporarily relaxed, and the two bold rebels would sally forth and snatch a fearful joy by creeping up to the very door of Sniggery—that Castle of the Giants whose bellows would often strike terror to the souls of the greatly daring pigmies, sending them back to their own lair at an astonishing speed.

Occasionally, however, the Snags would put to sea on the great ocean of green lawn, and, at a safe distance, proceed to the bombardment of Sniggery with paper-pellets shot from pop-guns, or stinging atoms of orange-peel fired from extemporised catapults. In most cases the shots fell short, and it was seldom that the inhabitants of Sniggery could be moved to give chase—the exceeding excitement of which was the occasion of exquisite terror to the marauders. For once the giants were moved to action, capture was sure, and close imprisonment in Sniggery was desired for its own sake—a distinction rather than an indignity, since captors were merciful, and the captives had reason to hug their chains.

There was a dungeon deep and dark in close proximity to Sniggery—a tool-house in point of fact, lacking windows and possessed of a door with a strong lock. It was a place well known to the bigger lads, and its rigours had often been tasted by Lance. For the Colonel had made detention (varying from fifteen to minutes) in this cell the punishment for larking on parade,

anything like disorderly conduct during drill, and it was a moving sight to see the culprit manacled with stage handcuffs, and marched between two comrades in true military style to this place of imprisonment. The Snags, of course, were always exempted from confinement in the dungeon; but sometimes when they were particularly annoying and obstreperous, big brothers would carry them to its threshold and threaten them with its horrors. Much oftener, however, the attack upon Sniggery would end in what the youngsters so dearly loved—the transformation of Hilary and the rest into horses of great carrying power and much endurance,—though apt to be spirited and restive when little heels of wood and iron were too fiercely and frequently dug into their ribs. Then would the big lawn become a race-course, and handicaps would be many and perilous. It was sport that even Sweetie could share in, and by prescriptive right he always retained Hilary as his steed. No one, then, will be surprised to hear that Sweetie was a constant victor in the races.

Mr. Kittleshot appearing suddenly on the Ridingdale race-course one holiday afternoon, was amazed to see the Squire himself careering about in the character of a fiery steed. It was a thing well understood by the little ones that if father could only be caught—and it was amazing how easily his capture was effected—he was prepared to do duty as a horse just as readily as Hilary and Co.

“Fine exercise, that!” exclaimed the millionaire, as the Squire, flushed and breathless, allowed his rider to dismount.

“For the children—yes,” said Ridingdale, laughing and mopping his brow.

Mr. Kittleshot was looking about him a little apprehensively.

“Is the Colonel here?” he asked in a low tone.

“No,” answered the Squire. “He left about an hour ago.”

Ridingdale marvelled at the look of relief that appeared in the millionaire’s face.

“This is what the reporters would call an animated scene,” he said, watching the galloping bipeds with pleasure. “Sniggery and Snaggery are doing duty as stables, I perceive.”

“Well, Sniggery is a forge just at this moment,” the Squire explained. “Harry, yonder, is being led away by his late rider, Cyril, to have his shoes looked to. This is always an item in the game. By-and-by you will see the watering of the steeds, and

the riders, with home-made lemonade."

Mr. Kittleshot was looking intently in the direction of Sniggery, looking and smiling, but the Squire felt sure that Croesus was thinking of something else. Laughter rang from end to end of the lawn—interrupted now and then by a shriek in which there was little enough of fear, as one of the beasts of burden affected to shy, or rear, or kick.

"I have had a very interesting interview with a person to-day," said Mr. Kittleshot, quite suddenly turning to the Squire, "and I want to talk to you about it for a few minutes."

The two men turned and mounted the grassy slope that led to the terrace. The Squire, greatly wondering, listened attentively.

"You may imagine the number of appeals for help that I get day by day," Mr. Kittleshot began. "Such a breakfast-table, morning after morning! Practice, however, has made me skilful in dealing with them, for, as you know, I keep no secretary. Do not intend to do so at present. Well, last week I received a letter signed "A. P. Byrse, Mus. Doc., Oxon." The man was not asking for money. He is a member of your body, and is at present acting as organist and choir-master in a London church—St. Somebody or other—I forget the name. It appears that he knows Father Horbury and yourself."

"Byrse!" exclaimed the Squire enthusiastically, "why, he was at Magdalen with Father Horbury and myself. I had no idea he had become a Catholic. He's one of the best all-round musicians I know."

"Then what do you think of his settling here? I can easily make it worth his while. He has an invalid wife and several children. The doctors say Mrs. Byrse must have country air. Now, I told you the other day that I had set my heart upon promoting good music in the Dale generally, and at Timington in particular. I shall never forget the people's enjoyment of the band you got for me at the fête. I am glad to hear you say he is an all-round musician; but does that mean that he could conduct a band—get it up, I mean—and teach singing and all that?"

"Undoubtedly," said the delighted Squire.

"Very well, then; supposing I offer him three or four hundred a year—we'll talk about the exact figure later on—and a house rent-free, could you, do you think, make use of him as singing-

master, or teacher of music, for your boys? Would he be useful to you in any capacity? Mind—it would not cost you a penny.”

The Squire barely succeeded in keeping back his tears.

“Mr. Kittleshot,” he said at length, “you could not do me a greater service.” He would have added much more, but Crœsus was already half way down the grassy slope.

“I’ve stolen another march upon you, Colonel!” muttered the millionaire to himself, almost coming into collision with the capering, caracoling Lance, who, followed by a panting little brother, was acting the part of a runaway horse.

A great cry of “Lemonade!” drowned Lance’s apologies, and a mob of flushed and thirsting boys conducted Mr. K. to Sniggery where he drank their health delightedly—in lemonade.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOINGS OF MR. KITTLESHOT.

You, the Patriot Architect,
You that shape for Eternity,
Raise a stately memorial.

TENNYSON.

Mr. Kittleshot had acted with a kindly subtlety not suspected by the Squire of Ridingle. With great adroitness Crœsus had attacked his friend in the latter’s weakest point—his love for music and his desire to promote its cultivation among his children. The two men had discussed the immediate improvement of Timington, and Kittleshot, already greatly influenced by a series of articles in the *London Review*—written by Ridingle, the millionaire felt positive—submitted every one of his plans to the Colonel and the Squire. The owner of Timington disliked the phrase “model village,” but this was what in effect he resolved the place should become. He had already begun to plant and build, and half a dozen new cottages, each of a different type and style, wholly detached and standing in its own little garden, were rising upon different parts of his estate. He had mentally condemned almost every dwelling-house in the hamlet—and not without reason. The smaller cottages were dilapidated without being picturesque, and tiny without being cosy. As

soon as ever the first of the new houses were habitable, demolition of the old would begin. Shrub and tree-planting was proceeding on such a generous scale that by the following summer Timington would be one vast garden. Its very approaches were lined with guelder rose, lilac, red-thorn, and laburnum. Struck by the exceeding number and beauty of the roses at Ridingle Hall, Mr. Kittleshot would have bordered the road-sides with them if the Colonel had not dissuaded him.

"Don't overdo things," said Ruggerson, "England is not Arabia, and the north is not the south. Give them hedgerows of wild briar, if you will. Don't plant standards by the highway. Got to educate your villagers up to the lilacs and laburnums yet, you know."

The two elderly men had frequent differences of opinion, and the Squire was constantly called upon to arbitrate. Happily, his decision was always accepted—though the Colonel would grumble mightily for weeks when one of his own suggestions had been over-ruled.

A case in point had been in relation to the building of a public hall, a place to be available for concerts and entertainments of various kinds. Mr. Kittleshot had set his heart upon the erection of this much-needed recreation-room in the village of Timington itself. The Colonel insisted that the bigger town of Ridingle was the place for a public hall.

"It's only twenty minutes' walk to Ridingle," he urged.

"That just makes all the difference," rejoined Kittleshot. "A walk of a mile there and a mile back is a serious matter in bad weather, and when you have been on your legs all day."

The Squire hesitated when the question was submitted to him.

"A hall of that kind is one of the crying needs of Ridingle," he said. "The parish school-room is at once inconvenient, and hard to get for any entertainment that has not been prepared by the Vicar's wife. At the same time, Ridingle has no claim upon you, Mr. Kittleshot."

"Timington must have its public recreation place," said the millionaire with decision. "I will not now pledge myself to the building of a similar hall at Ridingle, but I promise to consider the matter by and by. You see, I want my institution to include a public library and room for indoor games. The big hall itself must have its stage."

"Better put up an organ while you are about it," the Colonel said with the closest approach to a sneer that the good man was capable of.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Kittleshot, "the organ is already ordered."

"And who's to play it?" inquired the ruffled Colonel.

"Well, I am hoping you yourself will sometimes favour us with a recital," the millionaire said quietly, and anxious to appease his offended friend. "But Dr. Byrse will be here very soon."

Mr. Kittleshot had already told the Colonel that a professional musician was about to settle in the neighbourhood, but had not so much as hinted at the services the Doctor would be expected to render to the house and family of Ridingleale. Cræsus sincerely hoped the Colonel would not guess that he (Kittleshot) had been solely guided in the choice of his man by a desire to benefit the Ridingleales. Indeed, the millionaire was beginning to wonder if a doctor of music would be willing to undertake the training of a village orchestra—the one thing he had decided immediately to start.

"I can't think how it is," said Mr. Kittleshot, anxious to change the conversation, "that I can never find Father Horbury, here or at home. It's just as if the good man were playing hide and seek with one."

"Oh!" laughed the Squire, "Father Horbury is the shyest of men, though when you really meet him he makes an effort to throw off his shyness. It is constitutional. I have known him since he was ten years old, and I understand him thoroughly. He has a perfect horror of meeting people—unless he is persuaded that they really want to know him, or that he can be of service to them in any way. If you wish to pin the good father, ask him to do something for you. He will be your devoted slave at once. Ask him to dinner and he will spring upon you a thousand excuses."

"You're right as to the last-mentioned. Since the fête—he *couldn't* wriggle out of that, fortunately—I have sent him three separate invitations, and for one reason or another he has each time begged off. Is he in the house, do you think?"

"Sure to be," the Squire answered looking at his watch.

"It is now twenty minutes past twelve: in ten minutes time he

will release his pupils and——”

“Be off like a shot,” the Colonel interrupted, “if you don’t take means to stop him.”

The Squire went away, promising to take the required means. He knew that it was one of the efforts of Father Horbury’s life to avoid a meeting with the millionaire—not that the priest disliked or in any way disapproved of him.

“Don’t bring us together, Jack,” the Father had pleaded again and again with Ridingleale. “I have such a frantic desire to ask him for money for the poor that, shy as I am, I know I shall beg of him one of these days. And then——”

“And then—what?” asked the Squire.

“O, you know what I mean. It is all very well to say to people, ‘I’m not begging for myself.’ Begging for others is just as hard as asking for a personal favour, but very few realise this or have the charity to meet you half way. I don’t say Mr. Kittleshot would not.”

“You have never given him the opportunity?”

“No. I’m saving him up for the next big case I come across.”

At half-past twelve to the minute Mr. Kittleshot heard the clatter of many clogs leaving the house, and knew that morning school was over. Almost immediately afterwards, Father Horbury appeared in the drawing-room where Croesus was awaiting him.

“I have been longing for a short chat with you—alone,” said the millionaire as he shook the priest’s hand. “If you happen to be going home, we might walk down the lane together.”

The arrangement suited Father Horbury very well.

“I’m going to make a sort of confession to you,” Kittleshot began. “You know Ridingleale better than I know him, and you are aware how difficult it would be for me to go to him and say: ‘Do let me help you in something or other—in some way really substantial?’”

Father Horbury nodded and his companion continued:

“It occurred to me that one of the Squire’s principal difficulties is connected with the education of his boys. He looks terribly overworked sometimes, in spite of his constant cheeriness, and I am afraid that what with his literary work, his teaching, and the management of the farm, he will overdo things sooner or later. Then you yourself, my dear sir, must find your double duty very hard.”

"Sometimes," said the priest. At that very moment he was feeling quite exhausted, and the millionaire had noticed the fact.

"Well, now—the Squire has told you of the coming of Dr. Byrse? That's right. And he has told you that the man is going to give music lessons to the boys?"

"Yes," said the priest, wondering what was coming.

"All that is quite true; but you must know, Father, that it is not the whole truth. Byrse is a scholar, as well as a musician, and has at various times coached boys both in classics and mathematics. Now, not to beat about the bush or keep you in suspense, my plan is to make him the tutor of those lads, thereby relieving you wholly or in part, and leaving Ridingleale entirely free. The idea of my keeping a Mus. Doc. at Timington for the sole purpose of teaching the villagers how to play and sing, is absurd, and the very house I have promised him is not yet built. Of course, I intend him to be useful to me in various musical ways; but his leisure will be great, and his means ample. Ridingleale has too many professors of music already, so that there is no chance of his getting any teaching in the neighbourhood. However, I shall take care that he has no need for work of this kind."

"This is an excellent and most generous scheme of yours," exclaimed the priest.

"Ridingleale is at present entirely off the scent," continued Mr. Kittleshot, greatly delighted to find his plan approved of by the priest. "I hope you don't think I have acted too trickily?"

"It is a kind of trickiness easily condoned," said Father Horbury, smiling.

"Very well. Now I want your Reverence to further my plan as much as possible. I was perfectly well aware that Byrse was known both to you and Ridingleale. I—well, to tell you the truth, I advertised for a musical tutor, and if you only knew the number of answers I received, and the number of men I have interviewed, you would be astonished. I knew you would both object to a Protestant—and, under the circumstances, quite rightly. I did not want a mere musician. I did want a University man. I had almost despaired of finding *the* man, when lo! one day, Byrse's letter turned up. Poor fellow! He was willing to come for a hundred and fifty a year. I shall certainly give him thrice that sum."

"You are very generous," said the priest warmly.

"Not at all. Of course I shall wait and see how he does his work. Of his success, both you and the Squire will be excellent judges."

"To relieve Ridingle of his teaching will certainly be to increase his income," Father Horbury remarked. "The *Review* is very anxious that he should undertake book notices &c., in addition to his weekly articles, but his many home duties made this impossible."

Mr. Kittleshot did not disguise his pleasure and satisfaction.

"I am delighted!" he exclaimed. "I am so glad you told me. I owe more to Ridingle and his family than I can express. Amongst them, they have given me a new interest in life—new views of it and new principles in connection with it. A visit to the Squire's is my panacea for ennui and low spirits. I don't understand it at all. Can't explain it if you ask me. Of course he strikes me as being the only contented man I ever knew; but that doesn't altogether account for the satisfaction I find in his society. Always kind, he kept me at a distance for some time; seemed shy of me, you know. He is different now, and I hope he will soon regard me as a friend."

"You are showing yourself a true friend, Mr. Kittleshot," the priest said, as they stopped at the door of the little presbytery. But, as they shook hands, Father Horbury added: "And you are quite right in supposing that the reason of Ridingle's happiness does not lie on the external surface of his life."

"I wonder what he meant by that, now?" Croesus asked himself when (after declining the priest's invitation to enter the house), he found himself walking on alone. "I hope he won't try to drag his religion into our conversation. I couldn't stand that. I should like Ridingle equally well if he called himself an agnostic. For I suppose. . . . Well, now [after a considerable pause] I wonder—yes, I wonder if, as an unbeliever, he *would* be the same man?"

Next morning's post brought to the Reverend Hubert Horbury an envelope containing four five-pound Bank of England notes, and a sheet of paper with the words typed upon it:—"For your poor."

The priest did not need to examine the post-mark.

"He can't refuse it," Mr. Kittleshot had said to himself, "but

he's the kind of fellow who would find it hard to ask for any fraction of it. Such men must be encouraged. The fault is not a common one."

That same day, Dr. Byrse with his wife and family arrived at Timington Hall, remaining there for the present, as Mr. Kittleshot's guests.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM PLAY TO PRAYER.

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
If pure, will sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy
That God hath deigned to bless?

KIBBLE.

It was a Sunday morning in July. The roses were in full bloom, and their perfume filled the entire lawn and floated in through every open window of Ridingdale Hall.

Breakfast was over, and a single word spoken by the Squire as he rose from his chair greatly excited his boys' curiosity. Most of their father's time between the Sunday morning meal and the second Mass was always given to them, and on this occasion they felt sure that he had some more than usually interesting item of news to impart.

Long before the little mob reached the lawn, Hilary and Harry had taken their father into custody, each passing an arm through his and trying in vain to silence the fire of questions kept up by the capering excited crowd in front. Ridingdale smiled and shook his head, but said never a word until they reached Sniggery. Then as he seated himself they fell upon him, literally pressing upon him so closely that he had to cry for mercy—and air.

"I won't say a word till I've lit my pipe!" he exclaimed. "Ah!" putting his hand to his pocket, "I've left it on my desk. Who'll fetch it?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the entire company fled like one boy—Lance leading easily, but soon overtaken by his longer-legged elders. When the seven lads had disappeared, their father rose hastily and ran into the concealment of the shrubbery.

A loud chorus of "Oh's" resounded when they returned (in about a minute and a half) to find that the parent-bird had flown.

"What a chouse!"

"Awful sell!"

"He's hiding!"

"Look in Snaggery, Will!"

"He's in the orchard!"

"Try the tool-house!"

"Don't make such a row!" commanded Hilary, at length, and then, lowering his voice and speaking to Harry—"Let us draw the shrubbery at opposite ends."

The silence was soon broken by a joyous cry, and with the whole seven clinging to him, the Squire was brought back to Sniggery.

"You've forgotten the matches, of course," he laughed, as he filled his pipe—Lance acting as pouch-bearer. But three several boxes were thrust forward by three different hands.

"We've got you now, father," said Gareth, claiming the privilege of the youngest to a seat on the paternal knee.

The Squire's eyes glistened as he puffed at his pipe and looked round affectionately upon the seven up-turned eager faces. He was wondering which of them loved him most, and deciding that he himself could not say which of the lads was dearest to him—from the big Hilary who sat on his right hand, to the little Gareth whose arm was about his neck.

"Well, my darlings," he began, "I won't tease you any more. You are going to have a new tutor, and I am sure you will like him."

"Not in place of Father Horbury?" asked Lance, anxiously.

"No, dear, not exactly in his place, though I hope Dr. Byrse will relieve him a good deal."

"*Doctor!*" exclaimed several, at once.

"Yes, doctor. Doctor of music."

Several musical enthusiasts, including Harry and Lance, danced into the open in order to relieve their feelings, and returned making that peculiar music of shaking thumbs upon fingers—an accomplishment only boys excel in.

"Then he must be a swell?" queried Harry.

"That depends upon the meaning you attach to the word 'swell' in your vocabulary, Harry. He is a Master of Arts as wel

as a Mus. Doc., and I remember him—he belonged to my own college—as one of the first men of his year.”

“Then he is an old friend of yours, father?” asked Hilary.

“Yes, a very old friend. But I have not seen him for a quarter of a century. In fact, I had almost forgotten his existence. How in the world Mr. Kittlesnot managed to unearth him is a mystery. In fact, I may as well tell you, my dears, that the whole business of his coming here is a puzzle.”

“What has Mr. Kittleshot to do with it?” enquired Harry.

“Simply everything,” the Squire answered with a comical twist of his face. “Only one thing is clear to me at present, and that is—Dr. Byrse will be at my service—and yours, you scamps—for five hours every working day, and that he is able, ready, and willing to teach you Latin and Greek and Mathematics.”

“Won’t it be very expensive?” George put in.

The Squire laughed heartily as he said:

“The joke comes in just there. I have to pay nothing.”

In sheer wonderment the lads were silent for a space, and then one and all began to ask so many questions that their father made a bold, but immediately frustrated, attempt to escape.

“You will see Dr. Byrse this very day,” said the Squire; in fact you have probably seen him, without knowing him, already, for he was at the early Mass this morning.”

“When will the hay-making begin, father?”

Lance asked the question a little anxiously. The long summer holidays always began with the hay harvest.

“If there’s no change in the weather, the cutting will begin to-morrow morning.”

And under cover of the applause with which his announcement was received, the father of fourteen made his escape.

There were loud calls from Snaggery as he ran across the lawn, but the Squire only waved his hand to the Snags, and shouted—“After dinner, my darlings!”—He had spent too much time with the Snigs.

However the late cheering in Sniggery created such curiosity in Snaggery that Maggie was constrained to send an ambassador to Hilary and Co., in the person of Raymond.

“Please, Maggie’s compinents and—what’s the matter?”

Lance seized his little brother, and, hoisting him shoulder high, led the way to Snaggery.

"You may *not* come in," cried the imperious queen, as the seven lads stood in front of her palace and bowed with comical solemnity. "I have just put all my dolls to bed, and I can't have a troop of great boys waking them up again. And please don't shout 'cause Aladdin [her favourite doll] has got a bad headache."

(It transpired later that the small pickle Cyril, having lost his drumstick, had seized, and used, Aladdin as a substitute. The sufferings of Maggie's favourite were supposed to be agonising).

"Your majesty," began Hilary with the gravity of a minister of state, "will be pleased to know that the holidays will begin on Wednesday next at six a.m. Weather permitting the first of a series of banquets will be served in the ten-acre at one o'clock precisely."

"Children in arms not admitted," somebody added.

"Perambulators to be ordered half a hour before dinner," remarked Lance.

"All stray dolls shot," said Harry.

"Queens and millionaires," quoth George, "not provided for."

"That will do, boys," said Maggie severely, and determined not to show the elation that she felt. "You may go—all of you. I cannot have poor Aladdin woke up. A pretty night I shall have with him, *I* know."

"Your majesty's will is our law," spoke Hilary with the bow of a Spanish don. Then wheeling round he called to his brothers: "Attention! Shoulder arms! Quick march!"

"Sweetie, dear," said Maggie as the seven rebels marched away, "it's time we got ready for Mass."

"I'm so glad," returned the blind boy, gently. "What a nice day Sunday is! I wish it would come oftener."

"Mother says we get a tiny little peep into heaven every Sunday—if we are good."—Maggie spoke with a look of great seriousness.

"And sometimes I think a great big peep. Only" Sweetie added with a sigh, "the door shuts so soon. I look right in when the bell rings and I know our Lord is lifted up. And once or twice when Lance began to sing all alone and so softly—I think it was *O Salutaris*—the door stood wide open until he'd finished."

Maggie paused in the act of putting an extra coverlet over the

prostrate and ill-used Aladdin—paused and looked at Sweetie the mystic—the child who dwelt habitually in a land of darkness, but whose soul was so often deluged with an excess of light. Talking to brothers, little or big, was easy to Maggie, and she could hold her own with the most voluble of them; but to say the right thing to Sweetie, and at the right moment, was one of the small maiden's difficulties. They were alone now, for Connie and Raymond, and the drum-beating Cyril, had followed their big brothers into the house.

So Maggie gently took the blind boy's hand, and the two children went out in silence from the shade and coolness of Snaggery into the hot July sunshine, inhaling, as they crossed the lawn, the sweetness of countless roses.

An hour later, father and mother, sons and daughters, big and little, were on their knees before the altar of God. Maggie was kneeling between Raymond and Sweetie, and, as the Elevation drew near, the little girl glanced involuntarily at the sightless child on her right. His complete absorption sent Maggie back to her own devout prayers.

“ And now the sacring-bell rang clear
And ceased; and all was awe,—the breath
Of God in man that warranteth
The inmost, utmost things of faith.
He said: ‘ O God, my world in Thee!’ ”

A low hum of organ harmony began to float upon the dead silence that followed, and Lance's voice shook a little as it gave out the opening notes of the *O Salutaris* in a tender pianissimo that served to intensify the tumultuous declamation of the “*Bella premunt hostilia*,” and forced the listening worshipper to make the prayer of the succeeding line his own. But when the singer reached “*Nobis donet in patria*,” and the sweet words “*in patria*” were repeated again and again in an ever-changing cadence of subdued melody, strong men bent their heads in tearful worship of the hidden God, and one little kneeling figure sobbed aloud.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

MORNING.

A DREAM of brightness in the east ; pale moon
 And wan stars fading from a troubled sky ;
 Quick stir of larks in corn, as, brushing by,
 They toss abroad the windflower's frail balloon,
 Spill the rich nectar from the rose, and soon
 In ecstasy go greeting far and high
 The coming day. Wet bluebells, where they lie,
 Shake low from jewelled peals a welcome tune.

Now dying eyes strain fast for a clear sight
 Of the fair hills, or one beloved face ;
 And ships, that sailed out in the dark of night,
 Send back again to each familiar place
 A passionate farewell. In the dim light,
 For morning meal the blackbird sings his grace.

NOON.

White pillars in the clouds, and searching heat
 That shimmers over far green fields. Hot kine
 Knee-deep within the stream where broad leaves shine,
 Freed from malicious fly in cool retreat.
 Tired reapers 'mid the fresh sheaves damp and sweet
 Lie down to rest. Yon road like a grey line
 Goes glancing through the lonesome hills. Small sign
 Of life : a drayman bringing home his wheat
 Plods through the rising dust with creaking wheels,
 And has no heart to sing or urge his team :
 Oft to his parchment bower in frenzy reels
 The wasp, while the small bee, where heath-flowers gleam,
 On bloom and bloom alights, and sips, then steals,
 Still humming low, where cowslips droop and dream,

ALICE ESMONDE.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, LL.D., F.S.A.

IN MEMORIAM.

A GOOD and gifted man who did a great work for Ireland has been taken away from us. Sir John Gilbert died on the 20th May, 1898. He had reached that very year of his life which we have noticed to be the last for several others with whom he was connected immediately or indirectly, by friendship or by community of tastes and pursuits—his friends, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, and John O'Hagan, the gifted lawyer and poet, and earlier Eugene O'Curry, and now Sir John Gilbert, all died in their 68th year.

With regard to our illustrious friend—for we need not pretend to speak of him with the impartiality of a stranger—we have not obeyed the injunction of Holy Writ, *Ne laudes hominem in vitâ suâ*. We have not waited for his death to pay the tribute of our admiration for his immense and most fruitful labours. Six years ago exactly next month, this Magazine devoted a dozen of its pages to a somewhat minute account of Mr. Gilbert's historical writings, with as many personal details as we found in *Men of the Time*. We shall not repeat anything that was set down in that place, but we quote the summary furnished by *The Weekly Register* of May 28th.

“Sir John Gilbert, Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, and one of Ireland's most eminent historians, died suddenly, in Dublin, on Monday afternoon, while on his way to a meeting of the Academy. Born in 1829, in Dublin—in which city his father was Portuguese Consul—he was, in 1867, appointed Secretary of the Public Record Office, and held the post until its abolition in 1875. He was Inspector of Manuscripts in Ireland for the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, and his magnificent edition of the National Manuscripts of Ireland is probably the work by which he will be longest remembered. He was Librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, one of the four Trustees appointed by the Crown for superintending the National Library of Ireland, and Honorary Professor of Archæology in the Royal Academy of Arts, Dublin. Sir John

Gilbert devoted a vast amount of attention to the more recondite materials of Irish history, and, as a Member of the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, gave a great impetus to Celtic studies. His chief works are the *History of the City of Dublin*, the *History of the Viceroy's of Ireland from 1172 to 1504*, and the *National Manuscripts of Ireland*. By his marriage with Miss Rosa Mulholland, Sir John Gilbert's name became familiar to lovers of literature less "special" than that to which he himself was devoted; and to Lady Gilbert we express the heartfelt sympathy of her innumerable friends and readers here in England, in this hour of her bereavement."

We may venture to add to this last allusion of the English journalist the remark that there is a touching appositeness in the exquisite lines which the same number of *The Weekly Register* quotes as having been lately contributed by Lady Gilbert to the American religious journal *The Ave Maria*, under the title of "The Invitation."

Belovéd, fainting and footsore,
Come into my garden ;
Open stands the mystic door,
And I am watch and warden.
I alone, the janitor,
Wait long by the open door,—
I, your lover, am watch and warden.

Have you lingered by the way ?
Yet come into My garden,
Even at the close of day,
See, I have flowers of pardon
In My hands to make you gay,—
Wear My passion-flower, I pray,
Beloved, come into My garden !

Happy they whom the Divine Lover invites thus lovingly to wear His passion-flower. They shall come into His garden.

"R. O." in *The Irish Figaro* states with absolute truth that "in a day in which a great deal of scamped work passes muster, Sir John Gilbert's writings are all marked by the evident sincerity and laborious research which they display;" and he adds: "A truly great and honest man has passed away from amongst us, and our lives are the poorer by his loss, for not alone has a great writer ceased to entertain and instruct us, but a most lovable personality can no longer strengthen and delight us by his presence."

Instead of further extracts from the tributes of respect which Sir John Gilbert's death evoked from all the prominent journals of London and Dublin, we shall content ourselves with citing the testimony of a private correspondent. "He was one of the few really great historians of the age—great not only in his patient industry in collecting facts, but (what is infinitely higher) in his power of seeing the facts in their true relations. All the English papers have borne witness to this."

One of them—*The Athenæum*—while claiming him as "a contributor though at long intervals," emphasised its tribute to his absolute impartiality and trustworthiness of research, by pronouncing Sir John Gilbert to have been "an ardent Nationalist and a fervent Roman Catholic." He was indeed both; and he was also, as *The Speaker* says, "a man of a keen sense of honour, admirable in all the social relations of life."

Ireland is bound to cherish the memory of Sir John Gilbert as one of her worthiest sons, who gave the persevering labours of a lifetime, with scanty enough encouragement, to the elucidation of her history, of many epochs of which a prejudiced and one-sided version only had been given previously. At the same time we cannot deny that England may claim a share in him. His father was an Englishman from Devonshire, who settled in Dublin and chose an Irish wife, Mary Costello. He was a Protestant, but his children were brought up carefully in their mother's religion. This was not merely the consequence of Mr. Gilbert's comparatively early death; for I have heard his son repeat a remark made by the elder John Gilbert when giving his consent to the earnest wishes of his young wife: "Well, however it may be for the next world, you are certainly not making the wisest choice for our boy as far as *this* world is concerned." This may have regarded the eldest boy Henry, for the child to whom his father's name was given was only four years old when his father died on the 3rd of August, 1833, aged 41 years. "No man fulfilled better the duties of his station, or ever left the world more deservedly regretted by all who knew him." This sentence is engraved on his tombstone in Glasnevin, no doubt at the dictation of his young widow; and, when she in her turn passed away many years later in 1870, her name is followed by the words, "Mourned by her children, beloved by the poor. May she rest in peace. Amen." Her family consisted of three boys (of whom

one died in infancy) and three girls. The last survivor was a devoted son and brother; and after his obligations to his mother and sisters had been perfectly fulfilled to the end, his unselfish sacrifices were rewarded in the manner that these holy and affectionate souls would have most desired for him.

Mrs. Hemans tells us very sweetly how "The Graves of a Household" may be "severed far and wide;" yet there is pathos also when the members of a household are not thus scattered but come one by one to take their place as tenants of one grave. So it was with Sir John Gilbert's family: his mortal remains lie with theirs, not far from the original entrance to our noble city of the dead, which will soon far outnumber the city of the living. We have given the dates of the death of John Gilbert, senior, and of his illustrious son; and it is instructive to add that their respective numbers in the census of Glasnevin are 3,533 and 434,205. Father and son are separated by more than four hundred and thirty thousand. Sir John Gilbert's grave is very close to that of his dear friend, the poet Denis Florence MacCarthy. These names must not be forgotten in Ireland.

The splendid tomes, royal octavos, and folios, in which a part—alas! only a part—of the fruit of Sir John Gilbert's vast researches is stored, can for the most part, but not exclusively, be consulted in great libraries. Though his services were in some instances enlisted by the State, and though the Corporation of Dublin showed a proper public spirit in engaging him to decipher and edit the ancient city records, his labours were in the main carried on at the cost of great personal sacrifice with a patient and cheerful enthusiasm that was truly noble. There is a phrase that has been often used, but never with greater justice than in the case of Sir John Gilbert: he has not left his like behind him.

We will not trust ourselves to sum up the moral of this useful and great career, but will make use of the briefest within our reach. The *Daily Express* wrote thus on the 27th of May; the cautious adverb that it begins with was altogether unnecessary, and with Dublin in the first sentence ought to have been joined the name of Ireland:—

"Probably no Irishman of this generation has contributed so much that is of value to the students of the records of Dublin as Sir John Gilbert. He was not alone a very patient and a very learned student of the old materials, but he had the gift of a

pleasant literary style and an eye for dramatic contrasts. His skill as a literary man had not the effect on him which such gifts sometimes have on those who delve into the past, for he was always accurate and painstaking. He searched through the old records with that enthusiasm which a life-long study made an easy task. To find some new light on the dark pages of Irish history was to him a sufficient reward for months of weary labour. He was earnest and very painstaking, and to the student anxious to learn something about Ireland he has provided valuable assistance. His history of the Streets of Dublin is not only valuable as a book of reference, but most interesting, and it is full of touches which show how much the author knew about the people and the place. The Calendar of the Dublin Corporation is unfinished, but the volumes which have been published are so full of information and so well arranged that it is to be hoped someone will put in a more brief form the multitude of facts which are set forth. Sir J. T. Gilbert was unknown outside a small circle of personal friends, and he had no desire for that fictitious fame which is so dear to some pretenders in the republic of letters. He was an honest and a very hard worker, and he has left behind him a memory which will be regarded with a respect and admiration that will increase as the years pass by."

AN ARROW.

GOD sent an arrow earthward from above,
 I saw not then the wisdom or the love.
 I heard it rushing through the summer air,
 But closed my ears and shuddered in despair;
 I closed my ears, I *would not* listen then.
 In autumn came the dreaded sound again.
 At length no more the dart I strove to shun;
 With whitened lips I moaned, "Thy will be done."
 On sped the winter, soft fell winter's snow.
 I slowly bared my breast to meet the blow,
 Then turned towards it—swift the dart came nigh
 And struck me when I saw my mother die.
 Wounded and bleeding, at God's feet I knelt,
 Blinded with tears; nor peace nor hope I felt,
 Till some sweet voice came whispering in my ear:
 "All whom He chasteneth are held most dear.
 Trust thou in Him, nor at His will demur—
 To thee an arrow came, a crown to her."

JESSIE TULLOCH.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 32.

[Part XVII. was our last instalment; but it will save space and trouble to follow our little book henceforth and make our explanations as brief as possible]

I.

I am one-half of Europe's proudest city—
I am a lord more pompous far than witty—
In colleges I exercise control—
O'er frozen plains my icy billows roll.

II.

Poor Mistress Bluebeard sat disconsolate
Talking to sister Anne about her fate,
And said, whilst asking if she saw relief,
I was the cause of all her cares and grief.

III.

Whilst deeds of chivalry entranced the knight,
I was the squire's dear solace and delight—
And one far-famed in noted comedy
Once said he wished himself set down for me.

1. One source from whence come England's future kings.
2. I am alone, to me no comrade clings.
3. Whene'er a mighty hero asks for fame,
Humanity shall thunder out my name.

H.

H. was Thomas Harris, Q.C., a clever barrister dead and forgotten, as happens often to clever barristers. His verses are inspired by Donkey, the first syllable of which he paraphrases in four very ingenious ways. His quatrain about the whole, "Donkey," supposes some acquaintance with Cervantes and Shakespeare. The lights are *Denmark* [Princess Alexandra], *one*, and [Marshal] *Ney*. See "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."

TABLE D'HÔTE NEIGHBOURS.

SOME time ago, when my travels took me to Germany, I set down for the amusement of my friends a description of the most interesting neighbours whom I found myself beside in the varied chances of table d'hôte life at a large and fashionable hotel. I was seeing life *en beau* on that occasion, and my fellow-diners were for the greater part people of distinction—statesmen, warriors, diplomats, divines, with their wives and daughters, artists whose operas and pictures were already familiar to the world, and royalties highly placed in the “Almanach de Gotha.” This distinguished company was drawn together from distant ends of the earth, to profit of the salutary waters which the neighbourhood afforded, or of the skill of a world-renowned oculist whose klinik was as noted a feature of the town as the Curhaus. In fact, we were all either cases, or at best attendants in the suite of cases, but we managed to amuse ourselves tolerably well *quand même*. Here (an unusual experience at a Continental table d'hôte) there were at least as many men as women, and the conversation took a wide range and was enlivened with a fair share of wit and wisdom, as well as by a certain sparkle and piquancy, which would scarcely have been found in company composed exclusively of either sex. Since then I have made a visit to Florence, put up at a pension (Florence is noted for its pensions), and seen life from quite a different point of view. Here we womenkind were in an overwhelming majority, something like ten to one; for men, and especially American men, must work that the women may make the grand tour. Many of us were young and charming, and trans-Atlanticto boot, and some of us had plenty of money to spend, to judge by the pyramids of parcels daily delivered at our hall-door from what the fair Americans called the curio stores.

At Wiesbaden the dinners were admirable, and the diners interesting, and as the outside attractions were scanty, for the pursuit of health, even with the aid of mineral baths, beakers of bubbling Kockbrunner, and an incomparable oculist, is apt to be a little wearisome, we gathered round the table d'hôte disposed to be amusing and amused, each guest endeavouring to contribute something towards making the board around which we met

a truly social one. Now at Florence the case was precisely the opposite. The outside attractions were varied and delightful, while the meals were quite uninteresting episodes, "to be got through with" as our American contingent would say, as speedily as possible. We had little leisure to study our neighbours, but some few among them were such clearly defined specimens of types commonly to be met with at pensions that they were recognisable at a glance. First there was the middle-aged English maiden lady, or gentlewoman, as I feel sure she would have described herself, quietly dressed, and with an air of propriety and seemly behaviour radiating from every prim fold and modest quilling of the black silk garment which clothed her as with a robe of righteousness. She had, from her long residence abroad, so far outgrown her insular prejudices as to greet us with a reassuring little bow of welcome as we took our places, and even to wish us good morning, though we had not been introduced to her nor authenticated in any way.

Though perfectly unassuming in manner, this little lady was impressive from her intense air of respectability, and she naturally enjoyed a good deal of consideration from her fellow-lodgers. Indeed, to her own country-women she seemed in some inexplicable manner to represent church, state, monarchical government, and all else that is most precious to right-thinking Britishers. Her keen interest in and exact acquaintance with the movements of Her gracious Sovereign and all her royal belongings helped, no doubt, to create this impression, for the details she gave us daily of how her Majesty was looking, at what hour she had driven out with Princess Beatrice, and whom she had honoured with a command to dinner, though they might possibly have been culled from the "Morning Post," rather gave one the idea of having been communicated. Though she always spoke of her Sovereign with bated breath, she allowed herself more license in speaking of her fellow subjects—the "dear Wales," who she rejoiced were at length arousing themselves to the necessity of settling the sweet Princesses. No wonder we felt she was a personage when she said as simply as if she were speaking of her daily associates, "I was not sorry to be abroad the season following the terrible calamity of the Duke of Clarence's death. It would have been too sad to be at home when the 'dear Wales' were in such sad trouble. Of course, I should not have

cared to go anywhere under the circumstances." And then she favoured us from time to time with "my brother the rector's" opinions on many things, which opinions, whether they were on the respective merits of clear soup or thick, the demerits of the new Laureate, the attitude of the Emperor William towards England, the hollowness of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, or what not, were expected to be received as oracles which it would be impious to debate. She was not in the least dogmatic or overbearing at first hand, but she had a gentle way of insisting—"I feel sure my brother holds differently," or "I hardly think the rector would agree with you"—which admitted of no contradiction.

An American who sat opposite to her had occasionally the temerity to differ from the entirely English point of view from which the rector's sister regarded European politics, and as I announced myself as an Australian, I was sometimes called in to arbitrate between them. On one side it was hoped that a colonist and inhabitant of a great continent might have wider sympathies and larger views than could reasonably be expected from an islander, while on the other hand a good deal of confidence was felt in the duty and allegiance I owed to the dear mother country. As a matter of fact, I did not find my position of umpire a very agreeable one, for though the American generally gave me credit for deciding according to my convictions, the Englishwoman was only satisfied if I agreed with her. When I gave judgment for her, she accepted me as a compatriot and a person of intelligence whom it would give her pleasure to introduce to the rector some day; but when I decided against her, I sank at once to the position of an insignificant colonist of republican tendencies, unworthy of the privilege of belonging to an empire on which the sun never sets, and, of course, not quite the kind of person her brother would care to cultivate.

At a little distance from the group of which I made a member was an example of quite another type, familiar to Continental travellers—a lady who began life as a cook, and ended as Madame la Comtesse, or, as in this instance, as la Signora Contessa. Of course I do not for a moment wish to imply that foreign counts, as a rule, marry their cooks—as a matter of fact a fair percentage of them marry American heiresses—and such of them as are not so fortunate as to secure transatlantic brides dowered in dollars

and up-to-date accomplishments ally themselves in most cases with ladies of their own country and station in life. But some strange *mésalliances* must occur to furnish the amazing countesses one sometimes encounters. I was not near enough to this one to profit of her conversation, which appeared to be an angry monologue interlarded with frequent and imperious orders to the waiters, but I was well within sight of her extraordinary behaviour. Rarely have I seen a professional juggler perform such perilous feats with a sharp-bladed knife as this swarthy Contessa treated us to gratuitously. To eat peas with a knife is not at all an unusual *table d'hôte* accomplishment. Indeed, in Germany it appears to be the recognised manner of disposing of them by people otherwise fairly well bred, but our Contessa managed with consummate skill the much more delicate operation of consuming quantities of gravy without aid of any other instrument. Then the way in which she sprawled over the table, leaning not only both her arms but a great part of her body on it, and the habit she had of pawing and pinching each apple and peach in the dish of fruit, or even each roll in a basket of bread, till she had hit on the one that pleased her best, set one wondering what possible attraction she can have had for *Il Signor Conte*, for the selfishness which openly grasps the best, without any consideration for others, must always be unlovely, even if allied to personal charms, in which the poor countess was woefully deficient. At the end of three days it was intimated to our landlady by some of the guests that we should be glad to be relieved of the company of the ex-cook, and she disappeared, to the relief of all, especially her near neighbours, and the waiters, Luigi and Ernesto, whom she had run round unmercifully.

Then we had a lively little American who was by way of being a beauty, and whose toilettes were a constant refreshment to the eye. Even in the manless condition of the house she possessed, in addition to a devoted husband, who delighted in her daintiness and general superiority, a small band of admirers with whom she flirted gaily and quite within bounds. Some of the American girls, who had come to Europe to study, were of an age to have been carefully chaperoned had they been Continentals or even English, but they appeared to be quite capable of taking care of themselves. They usually went about in bands of threes and fours, and were not likely to come to much harm. These girls had, as so many Americans have, a perfect thirst for information,

and with their Ruskins, Hares, and Mrs. Oliphants in hand, went steadily to work to master Florence. They were so thorough that it is scarcely fair to dismiss them in a line, but I only aim at taking snap-shots between the courses of the table d'hôte, and its last dish has been served.

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER.

THAT mother, whose sweet face with love doth beam
 Sitting amidst her daughters, will not tell
 Which one she loves the most, all loved so well.
 In household work or school-task it would seem
 They each have greatly pleased her. From her speech
 They think she loves them for what things they've done—
 She has a secret preference for one
 Deep in her heart where no chance eye may reach.
 It is for the small babe who lies asleep
 And showeth her no work at set of sun,
 But nestles to her, now the day is done,
 And knoweth only how to smile and weep.

We sometimes fancy that we work for God
 Because He deigns mayhap our deeds to bless,
 They in themselves being dead and valueless
 Except to pass the time from womb to sod.
 We little guess, though, how our dear Lord turns
 From those who labour unto those who lie
 In patient suffering as the days go by,
 And how for *them* His love most warmly burns.

JOSEPHINE LORETZ.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We must defer till next month our formal welcome to Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's new volume of "Country Songs" to which she has given the fanciful name of "The Wind in the Trees," and which her publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, has brought out very daintily. The reader will find in the front advertising pages of our present number a litany of praises from the critics of two volumes of verses that we announced last month—Father Fitzpatrick's "Virgo Prædicanda," and the Anthology of "Sonnets on the Sonnet," which has the same editor as our Magazine. The criticisms indeed passed on the latter volume will be treated of in a special article. It has been welcomed very cordially by *The Times*, *Scotsman*, *Literature, Notes and Queries*, *Glasgow Herald*, and *Manchester Guardian*; and in Ireland by *The Nation*, *Daily Express*, *Independent*, *Freeman's Journal*, and *Irish Times*.

2. *Characteristics from the Life of Cardinal Wiseman*. Selected by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. (London: Burns and Oates).

From the Works of the first Archbishop of Westminster the Redemptorist, Father Bridgett, has made an admirable selection of passages which are divided into five parts—polemical, doctrinal, moral, devotional and miscellaneous. The list of the Cardinal's books and essays fills six pages, and the variety of the subjects shows the marvellous versatility of his genius. He was a holy and a great man; and Ireland is proud of her share in him.

3. We may group together three books consisting of sketches of Irish character. One of them indeed is a connected story, "Ballygowna," by Robert Grierson (Moran & Co., Aberdeen). It is clever enough of its kind and smartly written.

"The Humours of Donegal" by James MacManus (London: Fisher Unwin), is made up of seven stories, chiefly humorous with a rather extravagant strain of humour. The most important London newspapers have given emphatic praise to earlier works of the same kind by "Mac." We confess we plead guilty to being suspicious of Irish stories that please English critics; and we cannot be quite so enthusiastic over "The Humours of Donegal," but it is a witty and an innocent book.

The third of this Irish trio is "When Lint was in the Bell" by Archibald M'Ilroy (Belfast: Macaw, Stevenson and Orr). This is a wonderfully realistic picture of various grades of social life in a little country town in the North of Ireland. The writer understands all the phases of feeling in such a community; and he gives some very

amusing glimpses of the working of practical Presbyterian theology in the rustic middle class. He does not make the slightest allusion to priests or Catholic people, but confines himself to the people whom he knew, and leaves upon the reader a very remarkable impression of truthfulness and reality.

3. The centenary associations of the present year have induced Mr. Dugald MacFadyen to set new music to the famous song "Who Fears to Speak of '98." A skilful musician has informed us that this setting is very effective. The price of the six full size pages of music with artistic cover is four shillings, but the piece may be had for 1/6, from the Composer, 69 Comely Bank Avenue, Edinburgh.

4. *The Franciscans in England 1600—1850.* By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.F.M. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

The history of the Friars Minor in England during the last two or three centuries is given in this large volume, by an annalist rather than by an historian. The want of system and order is partly atoned for by an index of proper names which fills some thirty columns. There is a large number of illustrations, chiefly authentic portraits. The record is a very edifying one. (See also No. 13).

5. Messrs. Benziger of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have added two new story books to their long list. They are both called "Jack Holdreth among the Indians;" and the first page seems to indicate that "Winnetou, the Apache Knight" comes first, and then "The Treasurer of Nugget Mountain." Though they are edited by Marion Ames Taggart, we cannot pretend to have read much of them or to have been much impressed by what we read. The publishers and editor are a guarantee that the tales are at least innocent; but we should like the activity of this enterprising firm to be exercised on a better class of work. They have published also under the odd title of "Fabiola's Sisters" the story of St. Perpetua and other Christian heroines martyred at Carthage in the third century.

6. "*Gladly, Most Gladly*" and other Tales. By Nonna Bright (London: Burns and Oates).

The name of this author we have never seen before. There is a great deal of merit in several of these half-dozen stories. The piety is sometimes too sentimental, and religion and theology are dragged in now and then a little too violently. The worst of all is the Irish story: Miss Bright ought never again to attempt the brogue—it makes us laugh at her, when she wants us to laugh with her. But she has undoubted literary talent, and her book of stories is far better than many similar volumes that are praised loudly by the foremost reviewers.

7. These are called "Notes on New Books," and a book which was published in November, 1897, and of which a second edition appeared in February, 1898, cannot be called a new work. But we wish to secure for some of our readers the advantage of studying Mr. Clement Shorter's "Victorian Literature: Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen." It is a wonderfully rapid and vivid survey of all that has been written in prose and verse in the English language since 1837, not including the writers of the United States. It is often indeed little more than a dictionary written out in sentences; but Mr. Shorter contrives to condense a great deal of information and of fairly sound criticism into his clear, crisp sentences. The excellent index finds out for you at once the page where some specially interesting name occurs. Altogether *Truth* speaks the truth when it says that this book is "a model of the art of putting the greatest number of things in the least possible space, in the neatest possible way, and in the handiest possible order."

8. "The Farmer's Boy," by Robert Bloomfield, was once a very popular poem. A new edition for the use of schools, the first ever intended for this special object, has been very skilfully and carefully prepared by the Rev. Joseph Darlington, S.J., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. The notes and introduction are very clear and very interesting. The book has been well brought out by the publishers, Messrs. Sealy, Briers and Walker, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

9. The indefatigable publishers, Benzigers Brothers, send us in three shilling boxes sets of cards which are called "The Game of Quotations from American Catholic Authors," each card containing four or five brief sentences from various books by each of the writers—Cardinal Gibbons, Miss Guiney, Father Finn, Dr. Brownson, M. F. Egan, etc. An explanation of the game is furnished with the various sets. A similar game is made up of portraits of the same Authors.

10. A great deal of sound matter is condensed by the Rev. R. Courtois into a cheap controversial book published by the Art and Book Company of London and Leamington—"Christ's Teaching and our Religious Divisions." May it with the help of God's grace enlighten some souls as to the necessity of unity of faith, and where that unity is to be found.

11. The Catholic publisher, Herder of Freiburg in Germany, and St. Louis, Missouri, has issued a fourth edition of "Ada Merton," one of the latest of the many successful stories of Father Francis J. Finn, S.J.; a new edition also (the thirteenth) of the Rev. J. Perry's "Full Course of Instruction in Explanation of the Catechism" edited

and adapted to the present wants of schools and private families by a Priest of the Mission; also a new edition of Dr. Schuster's "Illustrated Bible History of the Old and New Testaments" which has been approved of by an immense number of Cardinals and other Prelates, and specially adopted as a text-book in the dioceses of Kildare, Cloyne and Waterford. Another work issued by the same publisher is "The Science of the Bible" by the Rev. Martin S. Brennan, M.A., who has made the relations of Revelation and Modern Science his special subject. Out of twenty-three Chapters, Geology, Biology and Anthropology have each three chapters devoted to their difficulties. This book will be useful and interesting to a wide circle of readers of more than one class.

12. Among the latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society is a shilling volume, "Protestant Belief," in which Mr. J. Herbert Williams, late Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, says that it would be a delusion to write of Protestantism now as one might have done fifty years ago, and he accordingly tries to expose the present-day phases of error. There are also three new penny tracts: Father Herbert Lucas, S.J., on the "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg, and the Rev. George Bampfield, with a pleasant set of Spanish Legends, and a still pleasanter set of "Talks about Our Lady," in which Carpenter Lynes learns the true Catholic doctrine about the Mother and the Son. It is extremely well done.

13. The Franciscans in England, 1600-1850. By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.F.M. (London and Leamington; Art and Book Company).

Father Thaddeus, who has already published a "Life of Blessed John Forest," and several contributions to what might be called the prose poetry of piety. His present work is a solid volume of nearly four hundred pages, giving a minute and authentic history of the work of the Friars Minors in England till the middle of the present century. The Epilogue—which many will consider too lively for an historical work—seems to hold out the promise of a continuation. There are many excellent portraits; and a careful index of names adds to the completeness of Father Thaddeus' labour of filial love.

14. St. Anthony, the Saint of the Whole World. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. Adapted from the best sources by The Rev. Thomas F. Ward, Pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn. (Benziger: New York, Chicago, Cincinnati).

Another tribute to the popularity of St. Anthony of Padua. There are many full-page pictures, and the type is only too large and the paper too good. But his enthusiastic clients will think nothing too good for the saint.

UNITED STILL BY PRAYER.*

THE first place vacant in our home below,
 The first seat filled in our true home above :
 Henceforth our hearts must travel to and fro,
 Keeping intact the circle of our love.

Our prayers must follow her, although we feel
 (Sweet, patient sufferer !) she is happy now ;
 Her young life bore the saint's and martyr's seal,
 Surely their diadem now decks her brow.

Still we must pray. She'll welcome every thought,
 Then in her turn she'll plead and never rest,
 Till all she loved, safe through life's dangers brought
 Join her once more what time God's will sees best.

S. M. S.

 WINGED WORDS.

No one is helpless that has God to go to.—*Rev. J. Morris, S J.*

True art lies in the abandonment of artifice.—*Ibn el Wardi*

The average man speaks about twelve thousand words a day,
 the average woman about half as many more.—*The Academy.*

It is easy to get on with people who don't care a straw for
 you : but in intercourse with those whom you love there is often
 difficulty.—*Uncle Esek.*

True learning is to know better what we already know.—
Coventry Patmore.

To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.
 —*Cardinal Newman.*

If them that was good for nought got lost, and them that was
 little good for wint to find them, there'd be a dale of empty sates
 in chapel of a Sunday mornin'.—*Jane Barlow.*

* This little relic of the Author of "Songs of Sion" comes to us from Cavan.

The most perfect abstract of all that is best in the *Timæus* and *Phædo* of Plato, in the *Meditations* of Des Cartes, in the "Knowledge of God and Ourselves" of Bossuet, and in the most beautiful chapters in Kant's *Criticism of Practical Reason*, is to be found in the first pages of the Catechism; and this Catechism is the nourishment of the poor in spirit—the child, the woman, the shepherd, the artisan, while the others are addressed to a very few individuals of the human race.—*Victor Cousin.*

Life has hard knots, but God can untie them.—*Attie O'Brien.*

I wish I could make money this year out of my heart's blood. The want among the poor people will be awful, I fear.—*The same.*

When the rains fall, I feel as if they beat upon my heart.—
Another bad year and ruin is inevitable.—*The same.*

Thoughtful, religious people will read holy, good things, but touching them would not content me. I should like to cast a lasso on the wilder animals. I would lead them with a story of human emotions and actions, and then they may read on and swallow it all.—*The same.*

How few, after all, realize that by seeking first the Kingdom of God, all the rest is added.—*The same.*

There is as much egotism in concealment as in display, for both are done for the same end—to win your good opinion.—*The same.*

I think both *ATALIE* and *RENE*, by Chateaubriand, most objectionable in the subject matter. To my unsophisticated judgment, it is not the wisest way to eulogize purity by painting in flaming colours the opposite vice. I should rather adopt the Apostle's principle of not naming such things amongst us.—*The same.*

I should infinitely prefer that my fingers should be paralyzed than that they should write a line of doubtful influence.—*The same.*

AUGUST, 1898.

ALL ABOUT THE ROBIN.

THE reader would be amused or shocked if he were told the number of years that have passed away since I began to pile up a little pyramid of books and papers which I am now going to pull down and scatter. These books and papers were put together because they each contained some reference to the robin; and I am sure that the earliest of them were set apart for this purpose many years before the author of the last of them was born—namely, Edward J. Tighe, (Junior Grade) who contributes to the Castleknock "College Chronicle" a very charming paper which takes its text from Wordsworth:

Art thou the bird whom man loves best—
The pious bird with scarlet breast?

As a great deal of verse must be quoted, it will be judicious to get some of it off my conscience at once. I am sorry not to be able to name the author of each piece. Whenever I fail to give that information, it is because I do not myself possess it. For instance "The Red Breast of the Robin" is called "an Irish legend" in *Chamber's Journal*, and it bears no signature:—

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
Its cockit little robin!

And his head he keeps a bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;
For he sings so sweetly still,
Through his tiny, slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air and snow upon the ground,
 To other little birdies so bewilderin',
 Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
 Singing Christmas stories to the children;
 Of how two tender babes
 Were left in woodland glades
 By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em ;
 But Bobby saw the crime,
 (He was watching all the time !)
 And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,
 Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
 Singing what is solacing and gladdening.
 And sure, from what I've heard,
 He's God's own little bird,
 And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em
 But once he sat forlorn
 On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
 And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

I am not even able to name the periodical to which "Ned of the Hill" (who was he?) contributed the "Robineen." He prefixes to it this note :—"There is a very beautiful legend told on the Welsh Mountains, for the matter of that, I believe it is told throughout the whole Catholic world, to the effect that when our Saviour was being crucified for our salvation, a robin, observing the red blood flowing from His wounds, went to gently wipe away the stains with its little breast. This legend accounts for the robin's red breast."

Some reader may need to be warned that the Welsh Mountains are not in Wales but in County Kilkenny.

The blithest, and the sweetest,
 The mildest, the discreetest,
 The bird I love the dearest is the little Robineen.
 Though in the town he nestles,
 Yet he soft music whistles,
 As sweetly as I heard him up in Carrickshock *boreen*.

As days get a little colder,
 He gets a little bolder,
 And bravely comes to pick the crumbs that from my table fall—
 'Tis joy to hear the singing
 Of lark when skyward winging,
 And sweet it is to list the thrush, in springtime, at Lockhall

But little brown-eyed Robin,
 He puts my pulses throbbin',
 So gentle, kind and sweet he is, he sets my heart aglow,
 My mem'ry's still caressing
 The dear, dead mother's blessing,
 I heard poured upon him in the golden Long Ago.

She said that I should love him,
 "For the Blessed God above him
 Had painted o'er his tiny breast with drops of Precious Blood!"
 Since then, whene'er I ponder,
 Of him I grow the fonder—
 The little bird that so loved God can nothing be but good.

The Breton legend—but indeed it is by no means confined to Brittany—to which the first of these poems alludes in its last two lines is told at full length by an unknown "I. J. P." in *The Animal World* of January, 1894. I told it myself long ago in dignified Spenserian stanzas called "The First Red Breast" published in *The Month* and reprinted in the little book of "Verses Irish and Catholic" called "Erin." But "The Robin's Story" is told more naturally in the simpler metre of the following lines:—

My home was in an Eastern land,
 In ages long since past;
 Where in the fields, all bright with flowers,
 Tall palms their shadows cast.

One of the creatures of God's hand,
 His happy, living things,
 I poured my love in songs of praise
 To Him who gave me wings.

Full joyous in my drees of brown,
 I lived from sorrow free,
 Till o'er my way a shadow fell
 In wondrous mystery.

Without the city gate, one day,
 Amid a surging crowd,
 Whose angry voices rend the air,
 With clamour fierce and loud,

I saw One toil with fainting steps,
 Beneath the noontide heat;
 And drawn by strange, resistless force,
 I fluttered to His feet.

It scarce could be that mortal men
 Had doomed their God to death,
 Who crowned them, His most perfect work,
 With gift of living breath.

And yet methinks, no other face
 Could wear the look He wore,
 Who, up the way of grief, that day,
 A cross to Calvary bore.

He seemed a glance of love to turn
 Upon me as I flew,
 And spite of all His wounds and shame,
 My Maker then I knew.

I saw him hang with outstretched arms,
 Uplifted on the tree,
 While of the crowd that pressed around,
 None came His friend to be.

God gave me not a soul like man ;
 I could not understand
 What held Him there whose word was law
 To all the angel-band.

I only felt, in my bird's heart,
 A longing anguish-fraught
 To shed forth all my little life,
 Could that avail Him aught.

This might not be : yet on His brow
 I marked the thorn-spikes press,
 And strove that He, through my poor aid,
 Might have one pang the less.

With painful toil, at length I drew
 One thorn from that sad crown,
 While blood-drops flowing from His wounds
 Dyed red my feathers brown.

A blessed guerdon crowned the deed
 My feeble strength had done,
 For the bright crimson robe I wear
 Was in His service won.

For this my ruddy breast I prize,
 And count it treasure rare.
 And hold myself a bird most blest,
 This sign for Him to bear.

Before falling back on the prose of our subject, it may be well to give the foregoing condensed into a French sonnet as we find it in the volume of the *Almanach du Sonnet* for the year 1876, where the mysterious and Italian-looking signature attached to it

is M^{re} de Valori F^{ee} Rustichelli. Are the contracted titles Marquis and Prince? The princely Marquis thus sonnetizes "Le Rouge-Gorge":—

Quand Jésus gravissait les pentes du Calvaire,
Ployant, pour nous sauver, sous le poids de sa croix,
Un tout petit oiseau voltigeait sur le bois
Où le grand sacrifice allait bientôt se faire.

Cependant, d'Israël la horde populaire
Suivait, en se riant du fils du roi des rois;
Les disciples cachaient des larmes sous leurs doigts,
Et les femmes priaient en portant le suaire;

Mais, lui, tout en planant à l'entour du Sauveur,
Emu de voir souffrir cette tête divine,
Fit tant, qu' il arracha de son front une épine.

Or, la goutte de sang qu' y laissa le Seigneur,
— Le rouge-gorge ainsi le raconte au bocage—
Tombant sur lui, resta depuis sur son plumage.

With two more lines, and lines much shorter, George Doane may tell us the same tale over again before we pass to another branch of the subject:—

Sweet Robin, I have heard them say
That thou wert there upon the day
That Christ was crowned in cruel scorn,
And bore away one bleeding thorn;
That so the blush upon thy breast
In shameful sorrow was imprest,
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's Blood like thee;
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the Cross;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

In sharp contrast with all the poetry we have quoted about the Robin are the prose opinions of Mr. Josh Billings, who tells us that "the robin has a red breast. They have a plaintiff song, and sing as though they waz sorry for sumthin. They are natiffs of the Northern States, but they go South to Winter.

They git their name for their grate ability for robin a cherry tree. They can also rob a currant bush fust rate, and are smart on a gooseberry. If a robin kant find ennything else tew eat, they aint too fastidious tew eat a ripe strawberry. They build their nests out of mud and straw, and lay four eggs that are speckled. Four young robins in a nest, that are just hatched out, and still on the half shell, are alwuz as ready for dinner az a nuzeboy is. If ennybody goes near their nest, their mouths all fly open at once, so that you kan see clear down to their palates. If it wasn't for the birds, I suppose we should all be eaten up by the caterpillars and snakes, but I have thought it wouldn't be ennything more than common politeness for the robins tew let us have now and then just one of our own cherries tew see how they taste." Yet not only the facetious Mr. Billings, but grave scientific writers, give poor robin a bad character. Father Gerard, S.J., who is even more at home with the ways of birds than he is with the real details of the so-called Gunpowder Plot, says hard things against the *Sylvia Rubecula* in "Man and Beast," one of a delightful series of articles, in *The Month*, March 1896. But perhaps the fury that he shows against some of his own species is due to the excess of his love for another individual of the same.

A contributor to a magazine that is long since dead gathered together a good deal of the folk-lore of the Redbreast. This anonymous writer may be credited with all that follows till our next poetical extract. He tells us that in Wales children are taught by their elders that far, far away there is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire, and that day by day does the little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame, and so near to the burning stream does he fly, that his dear little feathers are scorched, and hence he is named "Bron rhuddyn," that is, redbreast. The robin returns from the land of fire, and therefore he feels the cold of winter far more than his brother birds. He shivers in the wintry blast; he is hungry, and so he chirps before your door. Oh! my child, then in gratitude throw a few crumbs to poor Robin Redbreast. The Yorkshire country people have a real horror of killing a robin, and with good reason; for they say, and firmly believe, that if a robin is killed one of the cows belonging to the person will give bloody milk. The same superstition is likewise prevalent in Switzerland. The robin there alone of all birds, enjoys immunity from the ready gun of

the Alpine herdsman, who believes the same tradition with our own John Brodie, of Yorkshire, respecting the cows, should a robin be killed on his pastures. In France, likewise, the robin meets with mercy at the hands of the sportsman, who is generally anything but sentimental; while the Breton peasant holds him in positive veneration. Mr. Chambers, in his "Book of Days," says, "The Robin is very fortunate in the superstitions which attach to him. 'There's a divinity doth hedge a robin,' which keeps him from innumerable harms." In Suffolk there is a saying, "You must not take robins' eggs: if you do, you will have your legs broken! and, accordingly, those eggs on long strings, of which boys are so proud, are never to be seen in that country; and one that kills a robin is sure to be unlucky." For "He that hurts robin or wren will never prosper, boy or man." "How badly you write," was one day said to a boy in a parish school: your hand shakes so, that you can't hold your pen steadily? Have you been running?" "No," replied the lad, "it always shakes since a robin died in my hand; it is said, if a robin dies in any one's hand, that hand will always shake." It is said of redbreast that, if he finds the dead body of any rational creature, he will cover over the face at least, if not the whole body, with leaves. The burial covering, with leaves, of the children in the wood, and the play of "Cymbeline," are supposed to have given birth to the tradition; but this charitable office, however, which these productions have ascribed to Robin, is of very early date, for in Thomas Johnson's "Cornucopia" (1596) it is related that, "Robin, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied, that he would cover the whole body also."

We promised to mark the end of our extract from the old magazine by inserting a layer of verse. We shall take it from a magazine that is not old nor likely to grow old and decrepid, but sure to be always young and fresh. Why were not at least initials signed to these lines in "The Stonyhurst Magazine?"

Robin sang his tiny song
In the holly tree;
True, 'twas neither loud nor long,
Many another sang more strong,
But 'twas all for me.

Withered leaves bestrewed the ground,
 Scattered everywhere,
 Still for all the thorns around,
 Born, it seemed, but to wound,
 What did Robin care?

Happy in his regal state,
 Clad in regal red,
 On he sang with joy elate,
 Sang to me and to his mate,
 Bidding care be sped.

Sang of his existence sweet,
 Sweet to be and do;
 Eager every heart to greet
 That in harmony would beat
 And be happy too.

Then I laid aside my woe
 'Neath that holly tree;
 'Mid the dead leaves laid it low,—
 Little Robin, didst but know
 All thou'st been to me!

As another of the things creditable to the subject of my discourse (or *excursus*) I like to notice that, among the many names that Charles Dickens weighed and balanced before fixing on *Household Words* as the title of his famous periodical, one was "The Robin." Also, into the third edition of his famous "Elegy" Gray crushed a new stanza (now omitted) telling how

"The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly press the ground."

But in fact the Robin comes in everywhere. John Lyly at the end of the sixteenth century exclaimed:—

"Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!"—

and at the end of the eighteenth century Edward Lysaght sang:—

"The bird of all birds that I love the best
 Is the Robin that in the churchyard makes his nest,
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More."

But poor Kathleen was not there; she had died, we trust, in God's grace, and she was with God. Thomas Irwin more accurately in the same context speaks of the dear "dust" near which the robin sings.

Amid the ivy on the tomb
 The Robin sings his winter song,
 Full of cheerful pity ;
 Deep grows the evening gloom,
 Dim spreads the snow along !
 And sounds the slowly tolling bell from the silent city.
 Sing, sweet Robin, sing
 To One that lies below ;
 Few hearts are warm above the snow
 As that beneath thy wing ;
 So sing, sweet, sing
 All about the coming Spring.

When summer, with hay-scented breath,
 Shall come the mountains over,
 Sing, Robin, through the valley,
 Above the tufts of flowering heath,
 And o'er the honied clover,
 Where many a bronzed and humming bee
 shall voyage musically ;
 Sing, brown spirit, sing
 Each summer evening
 When I am far away ;
 I know not one I'd wish so near
 The dust I love as thou, sweet dear ;
 So sing, sweet, sing
 Still, still about the coming Spring.

But it is quite impossible to quote all the Laureates of the Robin, who has himself been called the Laureate of Christmas. Even avoiding the tributes that may be found in more or less familiar collections, we can only refer to the "Legend of the Robin" at page 152 of *Poems of the Past* (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son) by "Moi-même"—who ought to have allowed us to know her as a Cork Presentation Nun at least if not by her whole name. Mr. Louis H. Victory tells the same story much more briefly as we find him quoted at page 15 of the first volume of Paul's "Modern Irish Poets"; and so likewise does Sir John Croker Barrow;—

A brown-winged Robin, 'mid the snow,
 With crimson vest between his wings,
 Sits on a holly-branch, and sings
 To redbreast berries down below.
 That crimson which thy breast adorns,
 Oh, tell us, Robin, can it be
 That that same crimson came to thee
 From Christ, and from His crown of thorns ?

" I drew a thorn from out His head,
 A drop of blood came in its place;
 It did not fall upon His face,
 It fell upon my breast instead."

Oh, Robin, when our faith is dim,
 May that blood-stain upon thy breast
 From thorn-crown on His forehead prest,
 Draw back again our hearts to Him.

In Lady Gilbert's " Wicked Woods of Tobereevil " (which has recently re-appeared in a very convenient edition), the terrible old miser, Simon, is prowling round the hedges in search of an economical meal. " He was standing close by the cottage of a poor tenant whose field he had been gleaning, and as he tore the bird's-nest a boy sprang suddenly forward.

" Ah, sir ! Don't tear the robin's nest, sir ! Indeed it is the robin's ; I saw her fly out this morning."

" Well, you young rascal. A useless, thieving bird ! "

" Oh, sir ; don't do that, sir ! The robin that bloodied his breast, sir, when he was tryin' to pick the nails out o' the Saviour's feet ! "

The child looked up as he spoke with a face full of earnestness and horror. It was as if he had been begging for the life of a little human playfellow.

But our poets have laid sufficient stress on that particular legend, whereas we only know one who is inspired by the Welsh version of the story—the American Quaker, John Greenleaf Whittier :—

My old Welsh neighbour over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of grey,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

" Nay ! " said the grandmother, " have you not heard,
 My poor bad boy, of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it ?

" He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin ;
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

" My poor *Bren Rhuddyn* ! * my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the Heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him ! "

" Amen ! " I said to the beautiful myth ;
" Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well ;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

" Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the Heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do ! "

The only annotation we shall permit ourselves on these verses is that the Hell whose fires can be cooled and lessened in this fashion is not Hell but Purgatory—one of the most easily believed of all controverted dogmas.

There is a Ruskin Anthology compiled by an American, William Sloan Kennedy, who prefixes a very apposite motto from Ruskin's own *For's Clavigera*. " I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said than by painfully saying it again in one's own way." I have been disappointed that in this selection the only reference to the Robin is this :—

" If you think of it, you will find one of the robin's very chief ingratiatory faculties is his dainty and delicate movement—his footing it featly here and there. Whatever prettiness there may be in his red breast, at his brightest he can always be outshone by a brickbat. But if he is rationally proud of anything about him, I should think a robin must be proud of his legs. Hundreds of birds have longer and more imposing ones, but for real neatness, finish, and precision of action, commend me to his fine little ankles, and fine little feet."

Perhaps somewhere else Ruskin regards the Robin from a higher point of view, as Katharine Tynan does in her " Autumn Song," which perhaps has not been gathered from the " Catholic Fireside " into any of her volumes.†

* The Welsh name for the robin, meaning " red-breast."

† Yes ; I find it at page 153 of " Shamrocks " (1887), but greatly altered and renamed " Robin's Faithfulness."

Robin sitting and sunning his breast
 Singeth a song unweary,
 Though the pale sun had dropt low in the west.
 Robin, Robin, my dearie !
 Singeth when birdies are warm in the nest.

This bright birdie heedeth not cold,
 Though the North wind is blowing ;
 Swayeth with brave eyes merry and bold,
 And his bonny breast showing,
 The raised throat pouring its rain of gold.

She, too, calls the robin "the birdie I love the best." Not to the blackbird, or thrush, or swallow—these are all named, but not to any of these :—

"To my Robin the praise belong,
 And the love be given !
 This is the message rings in his song :
 'In earth or in Heaven,
 The day shall dawn, though the night is long.'

"O bonny redbreast singing with glee
 In the frosty gloaming !
 Fair is the hope that you bring to me
 Of a new day's coming.
 A golden star in the west I see !

"And I thank God for your song and you.
 Now, good-bye, dearie !
 You have been singing the long day through,
 And the gold throat grows weary !
 Robin home to his warm nest flew."

Another Irish poet, Dr. John Todhunter, addresses a stately ode to the Robin, whom he hails as "chorister supreme, redbreasted bard that still such lyrics ripe canst dauntlessly outpour—brave Christmas caroller," nay, though he makes no other allusions to our old legends, he apostrophises him as "bird of Christ."

In Christina Rossetti's poems there are many references to the robin redbreast, such as this in the opening of "The First Spring Day":—

"I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
 If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
 If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
 And crocus fires are kindling one by one.
 Sing, robin, sing !
 I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring."

In "The Key-note" the second verse runs thus :—

" Yet Robin sings through Winter's rest,
When bushes put their berries on ;
When they their ruddy jewels don,
He sings out of a ruddy breast ;
The hips and haws and ruddy breast
Make one spot warm where snowflakes lie,
They break and cheer the unlovely rest
Of Winter's pause—and why not I ? "

The Earl of Southesk has some pleasant rhymes beginning with " Bird of red bosom and delicate beak," and ending with " Thou sweet little, dear little, round little thing."

But we cannot quote everything. We refrain with difficulty from William Allingham's winsome lyric, with its chorus :—

" Robin, Robin, Redbreast, O Robin dear !
And a crumb of bread for Robin, his little heart to cheer."

But we trust that our readers know and love the true poet who sang such a sweet farewell to the winding shores of Erne, and whose memorial fitly adorns the old bridge of his beloved Ballyshannon

Here we had ended ; but, after strenuously resisting it so long, we at the last moment yield to the temptation of giving our own rhymed version of " The First Redbreast, a Legend of Good Friday " :—

A quaint and childish story, often told,
And worth, perchance, the telling, for it steals
Through rustic Christendom ; and boyhood, bold
And almost pitiless in pastime, feels
The lesson its simplicity conceals.
Hence kind Tradition, to protect from wrong
A gentle tribe of choristers, appeals
To this ancestral sacredness, so long
In grateful memory shrined, and now in grateful song.

One Friday's noon a snowy-breasted bird
Was flying in the darkness o'er a steep
Nigh to Judea's capital, where stirred
The rabble's murmur sullenly and deep.
Far had it sailed since sunrise, and the sweep
Of its brown wing grew languid, and it longed
To rest awhile on some green bough, and peep
Around the mass that on the hill-side thronged,
As if to learn whereto such pageant stern belonged.

The robin whitebreast spied a Cross of wood
 That lifted o'er the din its gory freight.
 Beneath, the sorrow-stricken Mother stood,
 And silent wailed her Child's less cruel fate.
 But lest she mourn all lone and desolate,
 Has reason whispered to that fluttering breast,
 Whom, Whom, on Whom those fiends their fury sate ?
 Mark how it throbs with pity, nor can rest,
 Till it has freed its Lord, or tried its little best.

And see, with tiny beak it fiercely flies,
 To wrench the nails that bind the Captive fast.
 Ah ! vain, all vain those eager panting cries,
 That quivering agony ! It sinks at last,
 Foiled in the generous strife, and glares aghast
 To see the thorn-crowned Head droop faint and low,
 Mute the pale lips, the gracious brow o'ercast ;
 While from the shattered palms the red drops flow,
 Staining the pious bird's smooth breast of speckless snow.

That snow thus ruddied fixed the tinge of all
 The after-race of robins ; and 'tis said,
 Heaven's fondest care doth on the robin fall,
 In memory of that scene on Calvary sped.
 Hence, urchins rude, in quest of plunder led
 To prowl round hedges, never dare to touch
 The wee white-speckled eggs or mossy bed
 Of " God's own bird." So from the spoiler's clutch
 Would you, God's child, be free ? Ah ! feel for Jesus much.

In mosaics of this kind, alternate layers of prose and verse, one is supposed to end with a little streak of prose, which in the present case may confess that the foregoing Spenserian stanzas date back to the year 1859, and a lonely lane near Limerick, leading to a well called Ballintubber. " Thus do we span the chasm of centuries, and link the present with the past "—as Bishop David Moriarty said in Limerick Cathedral about the same time at the Consecration of Dr. George Butler, who wore the mitre of Dr. Cornelius O'Dea, dead some centuries. I take a pleasure in bringing in such good Irish names of places and persons, *apropos des bottes*, by hook or by crook, *per fas et nefas*.

M. R.

GLIMPSES IN THE WEST.

III.

IT is a thing to grieve for that our country, which possesses scenery so beautiful that it needs we should see the places most favoured in this respect of other lands to value fully Nature's largesse towards our own, should continue to want what others possess and treasure, a literature associated with the haunts we love. The birth of what may be called the landscape school of poets in England a century ago has nothing of a place in the literature of Ireland. The study of the Phenomenology of Nature, reduced to an accurate science in the writings of Ruskin, began even earlier than this century in the writings of Gray and Cowper; but Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, and Coleridge form the great group of literary painters who opened the windows of men's minds to the glories that encompassed them from dawn to sunset, sweeping away the conventional landscape of the so-called classic school of poetry, as De Wint, Girtin, Copley, Fielding, and the rest of the modern school of landscape painters, culminating in the gigantic genius of Turner, destroyed for ever the conventional classicisms of Claude, the Poussin, and of Wilson. And in England the work goes on to the present day. What Scott did for Scotland in the early part of the century, William Black has done even better, so far as the mere painting of landscape goes, in these latter days. What the lake poets did for Cumberland in seizing the moods of nature and facts which go to express them, Tennyson did for Devon and for Cornwall; and "Q" in *The Delectable Duchy*, and R. D. Blackmore, in *Lorna Doone*, make the haunts of the west almost as vivid to us when we read of them as when we see them. We must confess that, whilst this great movement was growing and maturing in England, its light scarcely touched the pages of Irish literature. The reason is not far to seek; though it is scarcely well to search for it too urgently here. No gentle musings over speed-well blue or lesser celadine, no marking how the cloud shadows lay blue upon the mountain sides in the still warmth of summer noon, nor how the shadow of the tall pine

traced itself faintly on the greensward at sunset, could content the men who saw their altars desecrated, and their country withering away in famine or despair. These Irish writers seem rather to have turned away from the sight of their country's loveliness where Nature's largesse of beauty seemed only as the garlands on a victim. Like the visions of water and of food which haunt the minds of starving men, they mostly sang in delirium of rushing steeds and armed hosts never to be theirs, and, substituting rhetoric for the true lyrical form in their blindness to "the rose of far sight beauty," the literary value of their work too often became as futile as the blown froth by the sea shore.* Yet now and again, in those desperate times a voice withdrawn from the turmoil and the fray, perhaps from a wrecked life too weak to fight, fading in sorrow and disease, like Mangan, or like Fergusson, rich in Celtic scholarship, or Aubrey de Vere, rich in culture and benevolence, takes up a strain fresh with the coolness of the breeze from off the mountain side, and clear with the light of dawn. For, though late in coming, for us the day has broadened in the east; and from sea cliff, lake, and mountain pass, Dowden has given the language landscape sonnets which Wordsworth could not excel; and William Yeats, if he will only forget his Indian visions, can reach the heart of the weird mysticism in Irish scenes as none other except Shelley could reach it; and the dying sunset on the salt pools of the haunted marshes by the sea, or the sunlight on the uplands of the Dublin hills, with the bleating of the lambs and the growing choir of nesting-birds in spring, make the poetry of Katharine Tynan and of Rosa Mulholland akin to that of Christina Rossetti. Yet still Ireland lacks her novelist and writer of romance. If Gerald Griffin, instead of writing futile verse, and struggling for literary life in London smoke, had cultivated at home in the midst of the scenes of his youth a sense of literary form and proportion, Ireland might now be able to point to a genius which would rival Scott; but to-day it would seem as if, under better conditions, the cloak of a great romancist just dead had fallen on the shoulders of William Yeats, and Ireland may yet possess the successor to Robert Louis Stevenson. The peculiar character of Irish landscape depends so much upon its atmosphere that it is confessedly difficult to paint it in prose; yet of late it has been admirably done by Rosa

* William Yeats. *The Celtic Twilight*.

Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), in many of her stories, notably, *The Hungry Death*, and by the Hon. Emily Lawless in *Hurriah*; and one can only wish that the character drawing of the latter was one half as true. But as yet, so far as I know, no Irish writer has succeeded so entirely in this respect as Froude did in *The Two Chieftains of Dunboy*; or as Mr. William Black in *Shandon Bells*. His painting of the scenery round and about Bantry Bay in this novel can never be excelled; it stands as a model for ever of what is best in this portion of a writer's art.

Those who have read *Lorna Doone*, in many ways the finest romance in the language, turn to North Devon and the borders of Somerset to see with their eyes the savage might of the scenery so vividly painted in the book. It is amusing to witness the tourist's disappointment when he finds himself by the Bagworthy river and in the Doone Valley. It is impossible to conceive anything more tame than the reality from which Blackmore has taken his materials, and which he has invested with such stupendous grandeur. The Doone Valley, where the remnants of the Doones' houses still exist as a few ruined hut foundations, half-hidden in bracken, lies in a shallow cup surrounded by gently rising hills, possessing none of the savage force of outline to be found in any granite-crowned Tor on Dartmoor. The mighty waterslide of the Bagworthy, up which Jan Ridd waded at the risk of life and limb on his visits to Lorna, does not exist. When we ask for it, we are shown, with due solemnity, a tiny glen down which a full brook rushes, which can be stepped across at any part of its course, and which, in the centre of the glen, slips over a waterslide about four feet high. This little rivulet, set in a wood of stunted oaks which lean across it and make a tender darkness over its course, is really the *fons et origo* of Mr. Blackmore's finest piece of imagination. You cannot walk upright on the path beside the water because of the low-hanging boughs; yet Tennyson reminds us how the fly crawling upon the window-glass "may seem the black ox on the distant plain." Sketch this waterfall, and paint a diminutive Jan Ridd wading up the current, and you have accomplished what Mr. Blackmore has done. You will be shewn the Doone gates at the entrance to the valley—but they are nothing, or might be anything—the terrible double cavern through which the Bagworthy river thundered in darkness existed only in Blackmore's imagination. The truth is that in

painting his landscapes in this work Mr. Blackmore found his materials lower down, in the far grander gorge and precipice scenery round and about Lynmouth, and, Turner-like, he absorbed all the elements of their savage grandeur, and heaped them up round and about the outlaw's stronghold. I doubt if, in the life of its author, any one book has so impressed itself on a locality as this one has: the sexton who shewed us the old church at Oare pointed out the window through which Carver Doone fired the shot which laid Lorna a lifeless bride in the arms of her husband. I refrained from telling him that I thought the occurrence was apocryphal, because I felt it would be useless to do so. Lorna and Jan Ridd are very living personages at Oare and Bagworthy; and well they may be, seeing how they contribute to the living of their descendants. The road to the Bagworthy and the Doone country climbs up the edge of the precipices of the Valley of the Lyn—a fine piece of engineering; but, when the Doones rode home from Lynmouth, it was by a rougher way—the rock-strewn path which follows the torrent beneath the leaning cliffs of the gorge, through which it thunders and roars over waterfalls and between gigantic rocks, beneath mighty oaks and elms, moss-covered and ivy-clad with the age of centuries. The beauty of all the streams of Devon is focussed on this one river, and I pity the man who visits it for a day and leaves it without a pang. It is the varying character of the scenery which makes the place unique. It reaches fully in its towering headlands the complete grandeur which Dartmoor scenery just misses, and in its deep gorge a luxuriance of vegetation and variety of sylvan growth which Lydford does not possess. I do not know to what it is due, but the atmospheric conditions in North Devon give a tone-power to the light which lifts every colour to its highest note of brilliance, a glory which must be seen and felt, and is not to be described. The *Dido and Æneas* of Turner in the National Gallery is the only picture which renders fully this power of sunlight under certain rare conditions, so far as I know. I have never seen such brilliant mosses as those which clothe the boulders and tree trunks of this gorge, the ivy which climbs the stems is full of varied tones of green, and the growth of ferns which spring from every crevice on the red rocks of the cliffs outrivals Killarney. You can climb up the stream's banks for miles, always rising higher into the level of the moors, yet always the sheer precipices tower

on either side, crowned with the brown peat and heather of the mountains which roll away above them. Once the stream opens out into a quiet river in an amphitheatre of mountains, and again the gorge closes in with darker and more savage grandeur, and lessening woodland, where the torrent leaps and boils between cliffs four hundred feet high, until at last you face a mountain wall down which it pours in its first rush from the levels of Exmoor. These were the elements of the scenery in which Mr. Blackmore steeped his imagination before he wrote his romance, and with which, with poetic licence, he recreated the tamer scenery of the Doone Valley.

Linton overlooking Lynmouth has place in his book, the weird desolation of "The Valley of the Rocks" being a fit abode for the witch Dame Meldrum; it was here, whilst consulting her, Jan Ridd witnessed the duel between the goat and the wether on the sheer edges of the Castle Rock, the finest single sea cliff in England. Blackmore describes this scenery with superb power: and, if my readers will refer to it, we may bid good-bye to *Lorna Doone*.

There is a chasm in a headland overlooking the Bristol Channel which encloses a haunt unlike anything else which the world contains. It is strange to find in England a dwelling place where the elements of modernity have never found a footing, and where all things are as they might have been in the middle ages. But, apart from its old-world atmosphere, one would be inclined to believe that, from the day when the first colonists of Clovelly built their cottages until now, the spirits who lean forward to watch over the beauties of this earth, determined that here at least was an abiding place for them for ever. You leave the car which takes the mails from Bideford, after a drive of seven miles, at the gates of the "Hobby Drive"—a woodland park on the brow of the cliffs, and having walked through a winding road beneath towering elms, limes, and sycamores, with exquisite breaks in the forest, which frame vignettes of sapphire sea and sheer headlands, their bases fringed forever with the snow-white border of the shifting sea foam, you come suddenly in a turn of the road upon an open space on the summit of the cliffs, and seven hundred feet below you, and a mile away, the fairy harbour of Clovelly lies sheltered in the curve of its headland, and, rising almost sheer from the water's edge the white sunlit walls of its houses, shim-

mering through the blue glamour of their smoke, climb tier upon tier up the cleavage of the wooded gorge from which it takes its name. Beyond the near headland of warm sandstone which shelters it rises the marble white peak of Gallantry Bower, the loveliest cliff in England. The warm creamy pallor of this beautiful mass of limestone puts to shame the dead white chalk of the Shakspeare cliff at Dover. Its tone in the sunshine of morning against the faint opalescence of the summer sea is at once the delight and despair of artists, and from the lofty eminence on which we stand the sea line rising high above it melts into the blue haze of the sky, and the ghost of Lundy Island hangs suspended as it were between this world and the next. From here to Bideford, and in and out by bay and headland, is the land of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* the work which just missed literary greatness through its blatant Protestantism, and its hysterical malevolence of attack against the Church. When one reads this book and sees that the mind of Kingsley was large enough to recognise how the conduct of England's defence against the Armada of Spain rested in the hands of the first Catholic of England, the head of the Arundels, Lord High Admiral and Duke of Norfolk, with what complete devotion and self-forgetfulness the duty was achieved, and how, in spite of the bitter persecution to which the Government had subjected their religion, the Catholics flocked to his standard, and forgot every wrong in their sense of loyalty to the throne, one would think that the same mind could distinguish the fierce racial and political rivalry, irrespective of religion, in which lay the roots of the animosity of Spain. It only needed two nations in those days armed for a struggle to the death for the mastery of the seas and the keys of the Eldorado of the west, and, though they might be both children of the so-called Reformation, their hatred would be as deep and bitter. To read Kingsley one would think that the "merrie England" of which he writes was an Island of Saints newly created, where the stake and the torture chamber were unknown, where the printing of the Bible had produced everlasting peace and justice; not a country which had but lately adopted a creed subversive of the faith of its fathers, not through conviction, but as a political subterfuge, whose methods of persuasion towards the "heretic" were certainly no better, if they were no worse, than those of the Spaniard, and who burned

"witches" for the deleatation of her village children on puerilities of evidence and methods of "justice" of which the Holy Office would be the foremost to sternly denounce, notwithstanding the miasma of false science which clouded the understandings of the best intellects in those days. One cannot read the writings of Raleigh and of Bacon, and indeed of all the men of thought who wrote of those times, and not be astonished at the almost entire absence of the controversial element, and their frank outspokenness as to the real issue of the quarrel which lay between Spain and England. It lay simply in the fact that a vast tract of continent had been discovered at the other side of this planet, and that neither of the two nations whose ships swept the seas saw room for any to possess it but herself. As a matter of fact Kingsley saw it all; but he saw it with the eye of a Sergeant Buzfuz, holding a brief for a Protestant Mrs. Bardel—and the stake and the thumbscrew, and the rack of the Inquisition play the part of the "chops and tomato sauce"—not to speak of "the frying-pan"—in his table-thumping denunciations. He would have been a great artist if he hadn't been a parson. And we can forgive him much for that chapter at the close in which Amyas Leigh, whom he has fearlessly struck helpless and blind as punishment for his paroxysm of blasphemous hate, falls into a trance on the cliffs of Lundy, and, meeting in a vision the soul of the Spanish Don, his enemy, in the sunk galleon beneath the sea, learns from his lips that the ways of heaven are wider and more just than those of men.

" . . . and I saw the grand old galleon. . . . She has righted with the sweeping of the tide. She lies in fifteen fathoms, at the edge of the rocks, upon the sand; and her men are all lying around her, asleep until the judgment day. . . . And I saw him, seated in his cabin like a valiant gentleman of Spain; and his officers were sitting round him with their swords upon the table at the wine. And the prawns, and the crayfish, and the rockling they swam in and out above their heads; but Don Guzman he never heeded, but sat still and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom, and I heard him speak, and he said: 'Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her Señors all.' Then he spoke to me, and he called me right up through the oar-weed and the sea: "We have had a fair quarrel, Señor; it is time to be friends once more; my wife and your brother have forgiven me, so your honour takes no stain." And I answered: "We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, not we." Then he said: "I sinned, and I am punished." And I said: "And Señor, so am I." Then he held out his hand to me, and I stooped to take it, and awoke.' . . . He ceased, and they looked in his face again. It was exhausted, yet clear and gentle, like the face of a new born babe."

This is Kingsley at his best; we can scarce find it in our hearts to condemn the narrowness of his religious bitterness since to it we owe "the most beautiful confession of personal faith since the days of St. Augustine,"* when the same tendency to invective and special pleading drove him to attack John Henry Newman, and drew forth in reply the *Apologia pro vita sua*. Only those who possess the earlier editions of this work, where Kingsley's fallacies and sophisms are mercilessly exposed, can understand the chivalrous withdrawal of that portion by the author from the later editions of the work, which appeared after Kingsley's death. For the grave holds equally the narrowest mind and the widest intelligence; only hereafter men will question who the great Cardinal's antagonist was, and hearing will think of him as the writer of *Westward Ho!*

I was standing at the foot of the main street of Olovally, by the border of the stairs leading downward to the beach, and leaning over the parapet of the arched gateway, which was built in the middle ages: a breakfast at six a.m. in Bideford, and a two hours' drive from thence, hither on a fresh summer's morning, followed by three hours' sketching in the Hobby Drive, had sufficiently sharpened our appetites to make us think of luncheon before exploring farther, so I asked an ancient mariner, weather-beaten and one-eyed, who came slouching down the cobbled stairway of the street, the way to the New Inn. Removing his one optic from the distant sea-line, where the smoke of the incoming Ilfracombe steamer was attracting it, he slowly brought its gaze to bear upon us and answered in the broadest Cork accent—"Faix then, yer honour, sur, ye've only to g'up the sthreet an ye can't miss it—the sign boords right opposit ye over the dure."

"You're Irish," I remarked, somewhat superfluously.

"Deed then I am, an' I was wondherin if you worn't the same."

"Yes," I said, "and I think you come from Cork."

The one eye brightened for a moment, and then, losing its light, looked tragically around. "I left Cork fifty year ago," he answered, "I havn't seen her since."

"What brought you to this place?" I said, I fear without tact.

"Wisha! bad luck," was the sombre reply, and he was silent, and turning moved downward a little, and looked again at the sea. But the kindly nature of his race was in his face as he turned to us a moment after—he would not let his countryman go without telling something of the story of his life. "I was wounded before Sebastopol, and after that a blagard of a Chineer pirate dhruv an arra through me oi—Yerra! wasn't I glad whin I heard the batin the Japs gev um!—Ha ha! more power to ye, sez I, there's me oi avinged for at last!"

He turned and began painfully to descend the stone stairway by the gate; I thought I would venture one more remark—"You have chosen a lovely place to live in," I called after him. There was a grim contempt in the eye he turned upon me.

"May be an' if ye wor cummin down the sthreet above on a winther's night wid de snow on de ground an' de two legs tuk from undher you, an' you sthretched on de flat o' yer back, ye'd call it 'a lovely place'!"

Nothing can give the scorn of his tone as he quoted my words; and with the knowledge that it needed "the fret" of an Irish mind in a strange land to picture so vividly the desolate loneliness and discomforts of this place in the winter months, I climbed up the street of steps to the Inn, intending to soothe his ruffled feelings later on. But my chance was passed; for when I went down to the tiny harbour and the pier he was nowhere to be found. My picturesque enthusiasms on the spot where the tragedy of his life had been played out awakened within him perhaps what Matthew Arnold described as the distinguishing Keltic note in literature—"revolt against the despotism of fact."

Who can describe Clovelly? The single mediæval street which dips sheer into the sea—with its limes and elm trees leaning above the houses—and its birds singing above the homes of its people, as they sing no where else in England—with its old-world pier of granite curved around its tiny harbour—and forever through the hours around its shores the voices of its sea. Even in the matter of light and shadow nature has worked her uttermost, for the gorge faces north, and from morning to evening the sunshine streams over the shoulders of the glen, lighting the tree tops and the house roofs, and massing their forms in half tones of shadow. I have not seen in so tiny a colony so many old men, nor none so hale as those on the pier wall—nor as stalwart and cleanly a race

of fishermen as those who ply as ferrymen to and from the Ilfracombe steamer. Death is loth to touch the grey-haired men, who crawl out into the sunshine and shelter of the pier's wall, and dreamily watch the sea, which they have spent their lives in fighting; he reaps his harvest instead among the young lives who carry on the battle along this terrible coast; and as we turn to say good-bye to the white town sleeping in the golden haze of a summer's afternoon, we are compelled to acknowledge the rude force of the old Irish seaman's logic, when we think that before another springtime shall have blossomed its limes and trained its birds full choir, its rose-trimmed casements may let in to greet the weary watcher's eyes the wintry light of yet another "Hopeless Dawn."

MONTAGU GRIFFIN.

THE DEATH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

I'M growing very old. This weary head
 That hath so often leaned on Jesu's breast
 In days long past, that seem almost a dream—
 Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
 These limbs that followed Him, my Master, oft
 From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
 Beneath the cross, and trembled with His groans,
 Refuse to bear me even through the streets,
 To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
 Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
 My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
 Of my dear children gathered round my couch;
 My eyes so dim they cannot see the tears.
 God lays His hands upon me—yea, His *hand*,
 Not His *rod*—the gentle hand that I
 Felt those three years, so often pressed in mine,
 In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
 The faces of my friends, and I forget
 The words and deeds that make up daily life;
 But that dear face, and every word He spoke,
 Grow more distinct as others fade away;
 So that I live with Him and holy dead
 More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea :
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles ! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields !
And then He came and called me : then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it for ever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me, and claimed me for its own :
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh ! what holy walks we had
Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes ;
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore Him. Lord ! now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on Thee !
So put Thine arm around me closer still !
How strong Thou art ! The daylight dawns apace :
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
The path to Bethany ; for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate ; and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal ;
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends ?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to His kingdom ? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so,
I know it all ; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. Oh, how oft I've seen
The touching of His garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs ! I feel it has to mine.
Up ! bear me to my church once more,
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love ;
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice

Just now, I think he must be very near,—
 Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
 Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
 And watch His footsteps.

So raise up my head;
 How dark it is! I cannot e'en discern
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
 'My little children! God so loved the world
 He gave His Son; so love ye one another,
 Love God and men. Amen.' Now bear me back;
 My legacy unto an angry world is this.
 I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
 What call the flock my name? the Holy John?
 Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,
 And lover of my children

Lay me down
 Once more upon my couch, and open wide
 The eastern window. See! there comes a light
 Like that which broke upon my soul at even,
 When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came,
 And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
 As when we mount towards the pearly gates;
 I know the way! I trod it once before.
 And hark! it is the song the ransomed sung,
 Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
 And that unwritten one! Methinks, my soul
 Can join it now. But who are these that crowd
 The shining way? Joy! joy! 'tis the eleven,
 With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
 How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!
 I am the last. Once more we are complete,
 To gather round the Pascal feast.

My place
 Is next my Master. Oh! my Lord! my Lord!
 How bright 'Thou art, and yet the very same
 I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
 To feel this bliss. So lift me up, dear Lord,
 Unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide.

[This poem is said to have appeared anonymously in a magazine at Philadelphia many years ago. It seems well to reprint it from a fly-leaf that has fallen into my hands.]

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL AMONG THE HAY.

Now warms the village o'er the joyful mead ;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong.

THOMSON.

THE intense blue of the July sky was overlaid here and there with patches of white cloud like silver shields upon an arras of azure. A steady wind blew from the south-east, and fanned the faces of the hay-makers as they toiled in the heat of noon-day. Men and boys alike were tanned a ruddy brown, and the perspiration stood thick upon their brows.

One or two of the lads were lagging a little in their labour. They had begun immediately after breakfast, and their enthusiasm had led them to do prodigies of "tedding" through the morning hours—swift and steady work that left the two or three hired labourers far behind the spurting youngsters. But when the noon-day *Angelus* sounded, the boys discovered that their elders were gaining ground, and even Hilary had to admit that the pace was too fast to be kept up.

"Well, Hilly, you started it," said Lancee, sticking his fork into the ground, and taking off his straw hat in order to mop his forehead.

Hilary looked at his watch

"It'll soon be time to fetch dinner," he remarked soothingly. "Tell you how we'll manage it. Harry and George and I will go down to the house and bring up the grub. You and Willie and Alf and Gareth, stop here and lay the table."

The interlude was agreeable to everybody, and the four younger boys immediately ran off to the shade of two great elm trees at the bottom of the ten-acre. A great hamper had already been placed there, and in this they found plates and outlery and table linen.

The breeze played merrily with the huge table-cloth as the boys unrolled and began to spread it.

"Here, I say," shouted Lance, as each of the other three put his foot on a corner of the cloth to keep it in its place, "that will never do!"

"My clogs are quite clean," sang out Alf.

"So are mine," retorted Lance, "but I'm going to keep them off the cloth. Perhaps,"—(pointing to the impression of the clog-sole Willie Munnington had imprinted upon his corner)—"perhaps you think the cloth wants *ironing*."

Willie was always ready to laugh at Lance's jokes, and his outburst was contagious.

"You chaps stick to your corners till I get a pile of plates. That'll do the business," said Lance struggling with a mass of crockery that, for carrying purposes, ought to have been divided by four.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he dumped them down at Gareth's corner and heard an ominous crack. "What rotten plates! I do believe the bottom one has gone and broken itself—just out of spite!"

"Just hold my corner, Gareth," called out Willie, "while I help Lance."

"Don't smash more than you can help, Billie," said Lance. "There mightn't be enough to go round at dinner, and—well, I'm peckish, I can tell you."

"I say, Lance!" shouted Willie, "here's a bundle of towels and some cakes of soap."

"Hurrah!" returned Lance, and then, breaking into song—
"*I know a pump from which the water flows.* Come on, you chaps! We'll have a jolly good scrub before the others turn up. We're the pages in waiting, you know—though I hope they won't keep us waiting too long. But we shall have to hand things about at the beginning of dinner."

The pump and cattle-trough were in the next field, and the four water-babies, while greatly lamenting the fact that there was not time to run down to the river for a bathe, splashed and ducked one another joyously.

"But we shall have a jolly dip to-night before we go home," exclaimed Lance, rubbing his wet curls with great vigour. "And Billie, my lad, you've got to learn to swim, remember!"

"Yes," said the pale-faced, but smiling lad, "I'm longing for that. What time do we finish?"

"Depends upon lots of things; but not later than seven o'clock."

"Here they come!" shouted Alfred as he sighted a sort of triumphal procession in the near distance. "Hurrah! there's father and mother!—Hilly and Hally are tugging at that hand-cart as though it were heavy."

"Let's run and meet 'em," said Lance, "and give 'em a shove behind."

Everybody was there—even Aladdin, whose head was said to be much better; for the wounds inflicted by Cyril had been skillfully healed (with a paint brush) by the ever sympathetic George.

"Only you must keep him well out of the sun," the painter doctor had warned Maggie. "If he gets sunstroke on the top of his concussion, the case will be a serious one."

So, all things considered, it was thought better that Aladdin should be accommodated with a seat in Sweetie's hooded carriage.

Arrived at the hay-field, the Squire eyed with pleasure the amount of work already done.

"I'm going to be the waiter to-day," he exclaimed. "Sit down, my darlings, every one of you! The workers must be fed first."

"Just as if 'you hadn't worked harder than any of us, father," remonstrated George.

"But not in the sun, old man. I've been sitting since half-past nine in a nicely shaded study."

"Only you must dress for dinner, my dears, by putting on your coats," said Mrs. Ridingdale. "What naughty boys you were to leave them at home! I had them all put in the hand-cart."

(The workers had come out to the hay-field in cricket-shirts, their white flannel knickerbockers, belted in true labouring fashion with a broad leather strap.)

The finding of a sufficiently shady place for Aladdin was greatly occupying Maggie. Dolls were only permitted at dinner when that meal was an *al fresco* one, and both Maggie and Connie were anxious that their inanimate charges should enjoy this privilege to the full.

When the meal of cold meats and salad, pastry and cheese, had been laid, the Squire said grace, and the attack was hearty and swift. Many of the boys were disposed, in attitudes more or less picturesque, on the mossy bank that sloped down to the linen-covered grass, and Aladdin had been accommodated with a seat between Maggie and George, his physician in ordinary, who assured the anxious Maggie that the spot was sufficiently sheltered from the sun. Sad to relate, however, Aladdin's conduct from the very beginning of the meal fell far short of what might have been expected from an invalid doll.

No doubt acrobatic feats are diverting enough in their way, but a guest is scarcely expected to indulge in them during the progress of a family dinner. Yet the contortions of Aladdin as the meal went on were many and various—beginning with the raising of stiff but protesting arms (as though objecting to the bill of fare, or his own exclusion from anything but a passive share in the feast) and ending with an attitude which was distinctly pugilistic.

It is true that those two "teasers," Harry and Lance, were in the near neighbourhood; but, whenever Maggie looked at them, their appearance of complete absorption was perfect and convincing. George himself, of course, was above suspicion. However, after Maggie had seriously taken Aladdin to task, threatening him with a total loss of hay-field privileges, his conduct underwent a change for the better.

Alas! was this a mere subterfuge—a plot for throwing the matronly Maggie off her guard? Well, it may be that Aladdin's naughtiness will never be sufficiently explained; but it is a fact that just when the little girl had satisfied herself that he had fallen asleep, he turned a somersault in the air and fell, head foremost, in the very middle of a cold milk pudding, thereby covering himself with lasting disgrace and much rice.

To Maggie the laughter seemed louder and more prolonged than the incident merited. George had immediately flown to the rescue of the erratic Aladdin, and Maggie's tears were only checked on the reiterated assurance of the physician in ordinary that plunging into a poultice of rice and milk was a specific for a damaged head, and that unerring instinct, or the cravings of hunger, must have led to the commission of this rash, and apparently suicidal, act on the part of the suffering doll.

Three hours later tea was served at the same place, and the company greatly increased by the arrival of Mr. Kittleshot, the Colonel, Dr. Byrse and his three boys—Augustus, Louis, and Victor.

The Doctor himself—looking much older than his years—seemed a little shy ; but his boys were noticeably nervous and ill at ease, in spite of the efforts of Hilary & Co. to make them feel at home. Lance was quite crest-fallen at his inability to elicit from Augustus, the eldest, any reply to his many questions other than a half-frightened “Oh, no,” or “Oh, yes,” uttered in that drawling Cockney accent which is so much more painful to listen to than the broadest burr of the provinces.

“Never play cricket!” exclaimed Lance, scarcely able to believe his own ears ; and the velvet-clad Augustus replied with a more than usually prolonged “O-h-h, no-o-o.”

It was a big disappointment to the Ridingleads. As soon as the hay was in, there would be (as usual) almost constant cricket for a month at least, and an average of three set matches every week with the clubs of the Dale. And not one of these new arrivals had ever handled a bat !

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOINGS OF THE DOCTOR.

Were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale ;
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And, cloyed with pleasure, squeamishly proclaim
That all is vanity, and life a dream.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

The inquisitorial powers of Mr. Kittleshot were well-known to the Ridinglead family and others ; but even the Squire had not credited his friend with the possession of a talent for kindly conspiracy. When the true nature of the latter's offer of the services of a professor of music was fully understood by Mr. Ridinglead, his first feeling was one of annoyance—a feeling that two minutes' reflection dissipated for ever.

“I should be a downright brute if I showed anything but

pleasure and gratitude," he said to his wife. "But he must think me a somewhat difficult man to approach."

"Not necessarily that," Mrs. Riddingdale replied. "But you must confess, dear, that you—perhaps I ought to say *we*—were needlessly cold towards him in the beginning."

"Our meeting for the first time at mid-winter may have had something to do with that," laughed the Squire. "But I admit that I was afraid of him at first. I mean fearful of having much to do with so wealthy a man. I'm thankful now, my dear, that we never really snubbed him. I was thinking more of the boys, and the possible influence his wealth might have upon them, rather than of ourselves. For the lads must sometimes feel that it is a sorry thing to be born poor."

"I don't think, my dear, that you have any reason for thinking so."

"No particular reason, certainly."

"And I have every reason for thinking—nay for *knowing*—that not one of them would have things other than they are. How often you hear them say when they are working, or in some way making shift: 'What fun! why, if we were richer, we should miss no end of sport!'"

"Dear fellows!" exclaimed the Squire, "they are certainly happy enough. And they are so fully occupied they have not time to be very naughty or discontented, or bored. Their day is always as full as it can be."

"As full as your own, dear. The very thought of your being able to secure a little leisure makes me think of Mr. Kittleshot with the deepest gratitude. Tell me, John," continued Mrs. Riddingdale, looking anxiously at her husband, "do tell me that you do not resent this action of his."

"My darling, I should be the greatest cad alive if I did. The truly vulgar man is one who will never place himself under an obligation to another. I own that when I first saw through Kittleshot's design, I felt a momentary resentment; but I assure you, my dear, it was only momentary."

"What will the Colonel say when he knows the truth?"

"We must let him find it out by degrees. Of course he is pleased enough to have Byrse in the neighbourhood, and he has already suggested that the Doctor should take the organ at Church."

"Has he really?" asked Mrs. Ridingle.ale.

"Yes, really and truly. I fancy he did not care to go on playing every Sunday within hearing of a mus. doc."

"And Mr. Kittleshot does not object?"

"Not at all. Says it was part of his plan."

"But the Colonel played very well, dear. And he has done so much to improve our organ."

"O, my love, he is musician enough to wish for the best that can be had, and is ready to sacrifice his personal pleasure for the general good. He has pressed Father Horbury so much on the point that I am sure he is really anxious to resign in Byrse's favour."

"By-the-by, where is the Doctor? We have not seen him since the hay-making was finished."

"Well, you remember Mr. K. saying that Byrse was going to London on business? I have asked no questions, but I suspect the Doctor is engaged in buying musical instruments. Kittleshot is most anxious to begin the training of the Timington orchestra."

"Has he found likely pupils?"

"Only two in Timington. I saw his difficulty from the first, but I was determined not to discourage him. The town of Ridingle.ale will, eventually, benefit most by the band, and I have no doubt he will pick up a certain number of likely young men in the Dale generally."

Mrs. Ridingle.ale laughed in an amused way.

"What is it, dear?" her husband asked.

"Don't you think the Ridingle.ale family will benefit, first, and last, and most, by this project?"

"What do you mean, my darling?"

"Really, John, you are very slow sometimes. Much reading and writing makes you stupid in some things. Didn't you hear Mr. Kittleshot cross-questioning the boys the other day?"

"Well, he is always doing that, you know."

"Yes, but this was in regard to their knowledge of musical instruments."

The Squire rose and walked to the window. It was a wet evening in early August, and the greatly needed rain was restoring the vivid green of the lawn, and washing a month's dust from plants and trees. The younger children were all in the nursery, and the bigger boys were not yet home from the Chantry, where they had been spending a long day.

"You don't mean to say"—the Squire began slowly, as he returned to his chair,—“you don't mean to say—”

"What ever is the matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Ridingle as the house became vocal with alternate shouts of 'Father!' 'Mother!'

"It's only the return of the rebels, dear," said the Squire.

"But they are fearfully excited," she returned, with a look of alarm.

There was a great clatter of clogs in the distance, and as the sound advanced the noise of a scuffle and scrimmage in the passage outside, as of half a dozen boys trying all at once to seize the door handle. Then, as the door flew open, Lance, owing to the pressure from behind, was suddenly shot forward into the room, the rest remaining jammed in the doorway.

"Do come down to the scullery, father!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Do come, mother! There's a box as big as a house!"

"Lance, you naughty boy!" cried Mrs. Ridingle; "look at the mess you are making!"

The rain was running in streams off his oil-skin cape and leather leggings, and the marks of his clogs were visible on the carpet. But the Squire had already taken him by the ear, and driving the rest before him playfully threatened them with dire punishment if they did not immediately change their wet garments.

The change was a rapid one, but when father and mother had both assured themselves that, thanks to clogs and leggings and oil-skin, there was no such thing as a wet foot or damp garment among the seven, they suffered themselves to be dragged to the scullery.

"Oh!" said the Squire, affecting to yawn as he surveyed the gigantic packing-case, "that'll keep all right till to-morrow."

The boys groaned in unison, and even Hilary turned to his father with a look of mute appeal.

"It's too big to open to-night," said the squire, trying to stifle his smile with another yawn. But the boys were not to be taken in. Their father's indifference was glaringly artificial.

"He doesn't mean it!"

"Fetch the chisels!"

"Hold it on end!"

"Bring a couple of mallets!"

"Mind your foot!"

"It's precious heavy!"

"I know what's inside."

"So do I!"

"Here, Hilary," said the Squire, "you take one chisel and begin *there*. I'll tackle this side. You fellows stand back a little, and control your emotion."

A cry rose from the boys as the huge lid was raised and the top layer of packing material was removed. Side by side they lay like coffins in a tomb, six violins—to begin with! Another layer of shavings and paper was pounced upon and thrust aside, and behold—flutes, oboes, and clarionets!

"The horns and cornets will be at the bottom," shouted the Squire—for the hubbub had become indescribable.

"Where are the drums!" cried Lance.

"How could you get drums in here, goosey?"

"Here's the triangle, anyhow!"

"I've got a tambourine!"

"What are these things? Castanets!"

"Jolly! let's try 'em!"

"But there's no 'cello!"

"Nor double bass!"

Then Jane, an amused and interested onlooker, stepped forward and told the Squire that the carter had said there were several other bulky packages at the station, but that he had not been able to fix them upon his cart with sufficient security. They would be delivered in the morning, she added.

"Just come at the right time—haven't they?"

"Who's going to play which?"

"I shall have the drum—when it comes."

"Harry will take a violin, of course."

"Yes—and George too."

"What shall you play, father?"

They were all trying the various instruments, all talking at once, and asking questions without waiting for answers. But when their mother put her hand to her head, the Squire immediately stopped the pandemonium of shrieking strings and squealing reeds, and ordered every instrument to be returned to its case.

"Well, Mr. K. is a brick!" said Harry.

"Course he is!" exclaimed Lance. "Father, do let us begin to learn 'em to-morrow, so that we can serenade him as soon as possible."

"When will Dr. Byrse be back?" George enquired.

"What will the Colonel say?" cried one.

But the prayer-bell silenced questions and explanations alike.

"Was I not right, dear?" asked Mrs. Ridingle of her husband, when the boys were in bed, and a great quiet had settled upon the house.

"Perfectly, my darling," her husband answered. "I see through the whole business now. We are evidently to form the nucleus of the Timington orchestra. But the gift, if it is a gift, is a princely one."

So husband and wife spent a happy hour in talking over the prospective orchestra, and discussing the capabilities of their boys for the different instruments.

But when they made their usual round through the children's sleeping-quarters, they found several of the bigger boys in a state of troubled slumber, and came upon Lance sitting up in bed at the close of a struggle with a prolonged night-mare. It transpired later that he had dreamed he was shut up in a big drum, both sides of which were made of pastry and were being heavily belaboured by the drum-sticks of Mr. Kittleshot and the Colonel.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ORCHESTRA IN EMBRYO.

In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon.

CRASHAW.

Since Dr. Byrse's arrival at Timington Hall, the Ridingle families had seen much of him. He had appeared again and again in the hay-field, and had already made the individual acquaintance of his future pupils. In the aggregate they alarmed him somewhat, for he was a small, nervous man, shy with strangers, and suffering a good deal from over-work and worry, and at first the prospect of having to do with these six or seven sturdy, noisy fellows, gave

him something of a fright. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, he soon discovered that the boys in the hay-field and the boys in the school-room were very different personages. Lessons were not to begin until the end of August, but, at the lads' own express wish, musical instruction was to commence at once.

"I have not had such a month's rest for many years," he said to the Squire, the morning after the arrival of the instruments. "And my doings of the last week have been of the most interesting character—as you know. The choosing and buying of all those fiddles, &c., has given me enormous pleasure. Mr. Kittleshot would not hear of placing any limit to the cost, and I have gone about London feeling almost as if I myself were the millionaire."

"My dear Byrse," exclaimed the Squire, "you're already looking better and heartier. Your appearance quite startled me when you first came here. I hope the lads won't be too much for you. I'm not going to crack them up. They are as full of fun and mischief as any boys in the world, but I can promise you that you will find them obedient, and prepared for any amount of hard work."

"I see already that they have been trained to obey and to sweat," said the Doctor, with a sigh of relief. "I am pretty sure now that we shall get on; but I confess that in the beginning I was afraid of them. They are so fearfully healthy and strong, and—well, perhaps *manly* is the only word for it."

The Squire could not help showing his pleasure as he replied: "Yes, I think they are manly. I knew that none of my children would inherit anything in the shape of money or property—with the exception of Hilary. (My grandfather, Lord Dalesworth, before he died, settled Ridingle Hall and farm upon the eldest lad.) Now, to my mind, the greatest cruelty, and almost the greatest crime, a parent can be guilty of is to bring up in softness and luxury children that must of very necessity earn their own bread, and rely entirely upon their own efforts."

Dr. Byrse sighed. He fully agreed with his old friend, but alas! the poor Professor was handicapped with a wife who bowed down daily in the temple of gentility, and who was always ready to sacrifice health and comfort to the goddess Fashion. The inferior of her husband both in birth and education, and always making the most of a certain real delicacy of constitution, she had become a dead weight upon the Doctor's aspirations, and a con-

stant drawback in his efforts to gain a position of competency. The Squire had as yet seen very little of his friend's wife and children, and was only half aware of the true state of things in their connection.

"When do you think of moving to the farm?" asked Ridingdale; for the latest suggestion of Mr. Kittleshot had been that the Byrse's should take a certain comfortable set of apartments in the house of the Squire's bailiff. "They will be just the thing for Mrs. Byrse," the millionaire had said, "and for the Doctor himself nothing could be handier."

Both Ridingdale and Byrse were delighted with this arrangement, and though Mrs. Byrse resented it exceedingly she was too wise to object to the plan in Mr. Kittleshot's presence. The luxury of Timington Hall she thoroughly appreciated, and the Doctor's present difficulty was to convince her that the time had come for them to move into their new home.

"I hope"—the Doctor began hesitatingly in reply to Ridingdale's question—"I hope to leave Timington in a few days. But Mrs. Byrse is in such—such poor health just now that I——"

The poor man paused and looked uncomfortable.

"Oh," said the Squire heartily, "I don't suppose there is the least hurry. We shall not begin lessons before the first of September."

"But you would like the boys to take up their instruments during the holiday time?" said the Professor, looking relieved.

"Well, if it is not asking too much of you."

"I am a perfectly free man, you see. Suppose we begin at once."

Twenty years before, when Mr. and Mrs. Ridingdale first saw the house that was to be their home, they were in despair as to its size and the number of big rooms it contained. But in this August of the year 189—, they were heartily thankful for every square inch of space the Hall possessed. When the weather was fine, violins and other instruments could be taken into the open, and though, as Lance declared, every single bird forsook the neighbourhood as soon as the practising began, the squeak of catgut, and the unearthly notes drawn by the younger pupils from reed and cornet, could not penetrate to the Squire's study. But there were rainy days from time to time, and then long-closed

rooms on the top floor were thrown open, and the lads scraped and blew their exercises without more than a very distant echo reaching the ears of father or mother.

Like his brother, Hilary had a fair knowledge of music, and played the piano well, if mechanically. However, the Doctor declared that the lad had a defective ear, so after a few trials he gave up the violin for the drums—greatly to Lance's disgust. But his tutor had decided that, after Harry—who had already mastered the two or three instruments his father owned, and gave promise of being a first-rate musician—Lance had the best chance of becoming a brilliant player of the violin. The boy grumbled a good deal and protested against the "beastly drudgery," as he called it; but when he found that the Doctor's eldest son, Augustus, was already a finished performer, Lance set himself to his exercises with enthusiasm.

"Not going to be beaten by a kid who can't tell a sparrow from a barn-door fowl, and who shrieks like a maniac at the sight of a cow," Lance said one day. "Can't imagine where the poor chap has lived."

All the Ridingleads were being alternately moved to kindly pity and comical contempt for the Doctor's three boys, whose terror at the approach of the most peaceable and affectionate animals was to the country-bred youths simply inexplicable. For since their first meeting they had seen much of the Byrses.

"What I can't understand is," began Harry, "they don't seem to have read anything except a rotten weekly paper called *The Upper Ten*."

"And that rag *On Dit*—the paper father took up with the tongs the other day, and set fire to it with a match," said George.

"They've never read a line of Scott," Willie Murrington remarked.

"Oh, as for that," chirped Lance, with fine contempt, "Lord Augustus was pleased to inform me that *Robinson Crusoe* was out of date, and that Dickens 'was too vulgar, don't you know?'"

Lance's mimicry of the tone of the boy he called Lord Augustus was perfect.

"They ought to know the Krupton's," said Hilary, chuckling.

The notion provoked a shout of laughter.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lance ecstatically, "we *must* introduce them. Bobby and Dick are sure to play in the Wednesday match, and Jack said he'd come if his dad didn't take him to Doncaster."

"What fun!" cried Harry. "Bobby's just about Lord Gus's age, and is sure to bet him two to one in tanners before they've had three minutes' talk."

"They're at such entirely opposite ends of the rope that they may fairly be expected to meet and tie and become chummy," said George, laughing on in his quiet way. "Bobby's only reading is *The Straight Tip*, as he takes care to tell you, and I fancy it's quite as instructive as *On Dit*."

"After all, though," Harry began, "that young Augustus *can* play the violin. It'll take you, Master Lanny, a precious long time to catch him up."

"But it wouldn't take me long to catch him *out*," cried the irrepressible Lance, who had quite recently covered himself with glory by making the most difficult catch of the Ridingdale season.

August was a true holiday month and (with the exception, perhaps, of January with its Christmas plays) brought the boys into closer connection with their neighbours than any other time of the year. The Squire never gave formal dinners, but a plain cricket luncheon was not beyond his means, and the matches proved an excellent excuse for entertaining—not merely the young people of his own class, but their grown-up relatives.

Mr. Kittleshot, junior, excused himself year after year, on the plea of business engagements, from accepting Ridingdale's invitation, but his wife, as well as his two sons Horace and Bertie, were always present on what was called the Big Day. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Kittleshot, senior, put in an appearance at every match.

On each Saturday afternoon appeared a different eleven made up of the poorer boys of the Dale—lads from Hardlow and Timington as well as from Ridingdale, and their unmistakable appreciation of the Squire's hospitality made the good man regret that he could not entertain them oftener and more sumptuously. A defeat from one of these rustic teams was occasionally suffered by Hilary and his brothers, and, though at the time they did their best to prevent it, they never begrudged a victory to their poorer friends. The village lads were full of praise of the fairness of the

young gentlemen, for in these matches the latter always played in cloaks, so that their opponents, most of whom never wore anything else, might not be placed at a disadvantage.

Nothing was lost on Mr. Kittleshot, senior. He noted the pleasant relations that evidently existed between the Squire's sons and their humbler neighbours. He remarked the friendly courtesy with which the young patricians treated their opponents during the game, and the eager solicitude with which the well-born lads waited upon their guests at the subsequent high tea. He commented upon the generous applause given by the young Ridingdale's whenever the young villagers made good play.

And when the day of the Big Match came, Mr. Kittleshot kept a sharp eye upon his grandsons. On the evening of that day the millionaire made two resolutions.

(To be continued).

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

BUTTERCUPS.

THE purest gold that miner ever found
 In torrid clime or under Arctic snows,
 Was not more lovely than this flower that glows—
 A flower of gold—in all the fields around,
 Issuing fresh-minted from God's mint, the ground ;
 Like all best things His lavish hand bestows
 On man for need or for delight—like those,
 The buttercups in myriads abound.

If there were only one sweet buttercup
 Made day by day, the millionaires would vie,
 One with another, in their greediness
 To own it ; but, since God sends such largess
 Of beauty, 'midst the green grass welling up,
 Seeing we see not but pass thankless by.

JOSEPH MACNAMARA.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 33.

Whispering of peace, yet hostile to repose,
I give divided joys, divided woes.

My common attribute is shame,
And yet when from my first I spring,
I'm often linked with honour's name,
And draw my being from a king.

1. When you say me, no worse remains to say.
2. What every lover loves, that peerless wonder !
3. What when you've solved me, you'll exclaim to-day.
4. What marks the author's, not the printer's blunder.
5. The plunderer once but now the prey of plunder.

O.

This is, as the reader knows who has followed this series so far, one of Judge O'Hagan's clever acrostics. The two kindred words of five letters each, described in the couplet and the quatrain, are *whist* and *trick*. How ingeniously the interjectional use of "whist!" is turned to account, and that phrase of the game, "honours are divided;" and in the next four lines how obscurely the poet reveals that you may win a trick at cards by having the king in your hand! The "lights," whose initials spell *whist* and whose finals spell *trick*, are *worst*, *her*, *inveni* ["I have found it out"], *sic*, and *Turk*. Where a word seems not to make sense in a proof sheet, and yet is found to be so written by the Author, *sic* is written after it, meaning "*thus* in the M.S." The unspeakable Turk has improved his position a little since this acrostic was written.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *The Wind in the Trees. A Book of Country Verse.* By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) London: Grant Richards.

If joyous perseverance is a very satisfactory proof of the genuineness of a vocation, there can be no doubt that poetry is Mrs. Hinkson's true calling. Her first volume of collected verse, "Louise la Vallière and other Poems," only dates back to the year 1885, and the dozen years since then have seen more than half a dozen of separate poetical volumes from her pen. After the one we have named came "Shamrocks," "Ballads and Lyrics," "Cuckoo Songs," "Miracle Plays," and "A Lover's Breast-knot," and now the book of country verse which bears the original and pretty name of "The Wind in the Trees." A remarkable list surely, even if one were not aware that it represents only the flower of a busy life-work of graceful and versatile prose.

What *The Athenæum* said of Mrs. Hinkson's "Ballads and Lyrics" in 1892 is true of her new volume. "She writes with the simplicity and spontaneousness that go so far in themselves to make poetry, and for want of which so much ably written verse, rich with many merits, fails to be poetry; and she has the delicate touch which makes, one scarcely knows how, music and meaning of a few words lightly put together." After Wordsworth, Shelley, George Meredith, and many another, Mrs. Hinkson has still something to say of the "lark ascending":—

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible air,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven,

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

And here is the beginning of her tribute to the "sun's brave herald," *ales dei nuntius*.

Of all the birds from East to West,
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

Gold plume and copper plume,
Comb of scarlet gay ;
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And whistles back the day !

Besides the freshness of her inspiration, Mrs. Hinkson has great technical skill ; and it is of set purpose that she allows herself occasionally a lax rhyme, which we greatly regret. Her very first couplet makes "sweet" an adverb rhyming with "bit." An Irish heart and Irish idiom break out in many of these little lyrics ; for they are all lyrics, and all brief. Mrs. Hinkson has wisely thought it unnecessary to put in the front any long poem, such as led the van in her earlier volumes. No less than forty of the present collection originally brightened the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a circumstance which goes far to guarantee the up-to-dateness of this pleasant and graceful muse.

2. Another Irish poetess who does not imitate the austere reticence of Alice Meynell and Rosa Mulholland is Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly who lives on the other side of the Atlantic. The latest of her many volumes of verse are two exquisite quarto booklets, brought out very artistically with beautiful illustrations by the publishers, H. L. Kilner and Co., of Philadelphia. These dainty specimens of American typography are "The Rhyme of the Friar Stephen" and "Christian Carols of Love and Life." The legend of Friar Stephen is a very interesting story told with great grace and spirit, rolling on with those alternate dissyllabic rhymes which Miss Donnelly manages with consummate skill and ease. The companion quarto, instead of one long poem, is made up of seventeen musical lyrics, through most of which a paschal spirit runs. They are very devout and joyous in their tone, and somehow we think them too truly poetical to require so very ornamental a shrine. A simpler get-up would have pleased us better.

The abundance of Miss Donnelly's poetical output is the more extraordinary that she, like Mrs. Hinkson, uses prose also as her literary medium. The latest of her many prose volumes is "Storm-bound, a Romance of Shell Beach," issued by the same publishers, who have brought it out in a very pleasant but less luxurious form. It seems that there was a terrific storm on, at least, a certain part of the American coast in September, 1889. This is used to introduce the circumstances in which nine separate stories are told by the old Colonel, the Doctor, and his poet-guest—who tells his story in verse,

in which by the way the dissyllabic rhymes are not manipulated with Miss Donnelly's usual conscientiousness—the other story-tellers being a young Seminarian, his Mother and his Aunt, together with the Hostess, the Governess, and the Doctor's little daughter. These stories told very gracefully must have filled very pleasantly the seven days during which the party were "Storm-bound" at Shell Beach, and they will while away many an hour usefully and pleasantly for their readers.

3. *The Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ from Pascal. A Commentary.* By William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory. (London: Burns and Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.)

This book is so extremely interesting and so valuable that we begin by mentioning its price—only three shillings for a handsome volume of goodly size. The first pages give a minute analysis of the matter of each chapter; and the last pages are taken up with an index of names filling eight compact columns—to wit, the names of the writers and thinkers, ancient and modern, whom Father Morris quotes to illustrate the doctrine of his brilliant author. No one can examine this index without being enticed to turn back to certain pages in which various authors are quoted. Besides hundreds who are cited only once, we notice that, after Pascal himself, those with the largest number of references after their names are Sir Isaac Newton, St. Augustine, Dante, Voltaire, St. Paul, Kant, Hegel, Cardinal Newman, and St. Thomas. Some of these of course are quoted in order to be refuted. The work must have cost its author much earnest labour, and it is one of the most valuable and interesting of recent additions to our literature.

4. *The Life of Saint Hugh of Lincoln.* By Herbert Thurston, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates).

We have omitted the statement on the title-page that this Life has been "translated from the French Carthusian Life and edited with large additions," by Father Thurston; because it has grown in Father Thurston's hands into a substantially original work. It is the ninety-ninth volume of the Quarterly Series which the English Jesuits have maintained at a high level even since the death of its illustrious founder, Father Coleridge; and it is also one of the most valuable, the largest, and necessarily dearest of the whole Series. The most ancient and the newest authorities have been studied with great care, and all available light is thrown upon the history of the Saint and his times. A fine portrait of the holy Bishop from a painting in the National Gallery is placed in front; and the last twenty-five pages are most profitably filled with a minute and careful index, which renders more manageable the abundant stores of erudition which an unnamed

The minute analysis of each of these chapters in the table of contents at the beginning of the volume almost reconciles us to the absence of an index at the end.

The first Saint whose life is given is St. Augustine, translated by E. Holt from the French of M. Hatzfeld, which is effectively introduced to us not only by Father Tyrrell's up-to-date Preface, but by a letter from Cardinal Perraud. Familiar as is the story of the son of Monica, there is a good deal of freshness and originality in the manner in which it is set forth in this pleasantly produced volume, the second part of which gives a clear account of St. Augustine's philosophical and theological teachings. The new series has begun well.

8. *Life of Saint Stephen Harding, Abbot of Cîteaux, and Founder of the Cistercian Order.* By J. D. Dalgairns. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

This is the first volume of an excellent reprint of the famous series of "Lives of the English Saints," which was edited by John Henry Newman at the very end of his Anglican life. The writers—Faber, Dalgairns, Coffin, &c.—all became Catholics except Mark Pattison. The writer of the present Life is the Oratorian, Father Dalgairns, the most gifted of the illustrious band after Newman and Faber. The editor of the reprinted series, Father Thurston, has added brief notes all through, full of accurate and painstaking erudition. Each volume of the series is produced very tastefully in cloth at the net price of half-a-crown.

9. "The Eve of the World's Tragedy, or the Thoughts of a Worm," is called by the author, Mr. Louis H. Victory, of Dublin (who is his own Publisher), a parable-dream of Gethsemane; and the extract from Emerson with which he dedicates it "to Laura"—first used for that purpose in Adelaide Procter's "Legends and Lyrics"—implies that he considers his work a poem. It is, indeed, poetry rather than prose. The conception of it, and its aim, feeling and spirit, are good and praiseworthy; but many of the expressions are daring and inaccurate, and the execution inadequate. It would need the author of "The Dream of Gerontius," if not of "Paradise Lost," to carry out such a design. We do not like to see subjects so awful mooted in a phantasy of fifteen short pages.

10. James Duffy & Co., Limited, of 15 Wellington Quay, Dublin, have issued a new edition of Edward Hay's "History of the Irish Insurrection of 1798." An appendix of nearly a hundred pages gives a number of documents which chiefly regard Mr. Hay's connection with the Rebellion.

The same firm has sent us a little book of a very different kind—

"Stations of the Cross, with Instructions, Practical Decrees, and Devotions for this Holy Exercise," by the Rev. Jarlath Prendergast, O.S.F. It is the fullest and most fully authorised treatise that we know of in English on the subject of this most solid devotion which any sincere Christian might profitably practise.

11. *The Spouse of Christ, or the Church of the Crucified.* By the Very Rev. James Canon Casey, P.P. (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.)

This most recent of Canon Casey's numerous poetical volumes seems to have been published more than a year ago, and we can hardly believe that our notice of it can have been so long deferred. However, lest such an omission should have occurred, we may call attention to this "Dogmatic and Historic Poem," by the Pastor of Athleague, Co. Roscommon. The first part treats very effectively of all the Notes of the True Church in the metre of "The Hind and Panther," in which metre Canon Casey is as skilful and as much at home as "Glorious John" himself. The second part is "historical," recounting in the same heroic couplet as much as the poet can crush into fifty pages of ecclesiastical history between St. Peter and the first St. Anthony. We are sure that this pious and learned Muse will please, instruct, and edify many readers.

We have received at the last moment a third and enlarged edition, of "Paddy Blake's Sojourn among the Soupers" which has long been out of print. It is a very effective exposure of the vile and cruel folly of venal Proselytism. Canon Casey has added many ballads and songs on the same subject, well adapted to warn the people against all such assaults upon their faith.

12. *Sarsfield at Limerick and other Poems.* By John Paul Dalton. (Cork: Guy & Co.).

The printing and get-up of this little volume of less than fifty pages reflect credit on the taste and skill of the local printers. Mr. Dalton's merits as a poet are, perhaps, rather negative than positive. His topics and his tone are poetical, but there are few lines that are apt to linger in the memory. "Gerald Griffin" is the poem that pleases us best; but knowing and feeling as he evidently does the pathetic beauty of Griffin's life and character, Mr. Dalton might have made more of his theme.

The same firm issues a new edition of a very different sort of work—"The Child of Mary before Jesus abandoned in the Tabernacle." This issue completes the 80th thousand. What book of verse will reach that figure?

13. Messrs. Burns and Oates, of London, have published in a neat sixpenny booklet a spiritual instruction to working men and women, by Father Reginald Butler, O.P., to which he has given the title of

"A Good Practical Catholic," and which Cardinal Vaughan recommends in a kind and cordial letter. Happy the working man or woman who puts into practice the instructions contained in these forty simple pages.

14. *The Philosophy of Law: An Argument for its Recognition by our Universities.* By William P. Coyne, M.A., Barrister-at-Law; Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland; Professor of Political Economy and Jurisprudence, University College, Dublin. (Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Limited).

This is an extremely valuable essay on the teaching of jurisprudence to the law students of Universities. Mr. Coyne is of opinion that the analytical jurisprudence of such writers as Bentham and Austin, based as it is on pure utilitarianism, might easily prove dangerous speculation for students untrained in philosophy; and he advocates a course of the Philosophy of Law, such as is to be found in the treatise of Suarez *De Legibus*, as a salutary antidote. We earnestly commend the pamphlet to those interested in the higher education of Catholics. Brief as it is, it shows a wide and sure knowledge of the subject; and its literary form is excellent.

15. The first Centenary of '98 is rapidly passing over; and it will be more advantageous to a book designed specially for this year to be noticed now briefly though it only reaches us when going to press. It comes from the young and enterprising firm of Moran and Co., of Aberdeen: "Stories of the Irish Rebellion," by J. J. Moran, author of "Irish Stew" and many other collections of Irish sketches, chiefly humorous. The present stories are full of dramatic incident racy told. I fear "The Vocation of St. Aloysius" will read a little tamely after them. It also comes from the same Firm—a drama in three acts, translated by a priest from the Italian of Father Boero, S.J. Probably the most skilful translator could not have adapted it to our notions of an acting play, especially as the simple incident on which it turns is well known and leaves nothing to surprise or interest.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

HIS gay little coat was braided with gold,
It fitted as tight as could be,
He hadn't a fear as he buttoned it on,
"For what does it matter?" said he,
"To-morrow is always the same as to-day."
So he drummed and whistled and went on his way.

"We're to march to the front," said the sergeant grim,
"For they say there's a chance of war,
"And glory, my lad!" but the drummer-boy smiled,
And his song was the same as before;
"To-morrow has always been just like to-day,
"We shall drink, and whistle, and march on our way."

The battle waxed fierce through the livelong day,
Till the sky with the noise was rent;
Yet while they were storming with shot and with shell,
The drummer-boy hummed as he went.
"You will find that to-morrow is just as to-day—
"We shall fight, and whistle, and march on our way."

And the sunset drooped on the smoky field,
As the night crept over the hill,
But the drummer-boy lay by his broken drum,
With a face that was white and still.
For the angel who carried his soul away,
Had whispered "To-morrow is not as to-day."

ALICE M. MORGAN.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

I have reason to believe—as editors sometimes say when they are perfectly certain—that the “M.” who narrated the following incident in that clever London weekly, *The Outlook*, is the poet who celebrates “Buttercups” in another page of our present Number.

* * *

In the raw days of February I happened to be duck-shooting along the coast in the extreme north-west of Ireland. I fired at and killed a duck which, falling into the sea about a dozen yards out, floated motionless in, as well as I could judge, two or three feet of water. Having no dog, I must needs retrieve for myself if I were to get the bird, so, taking off my boots and socks, I started to wade out. For the first few steps it was like walking through open razors. Presently I found myself sinking in soft mud, and before I was half-way out the water was well above my knees; so, willy-nilly, I had to say good-bye to the duck, and make for dry land again.

Now I was in a pickle. My feet were numbed with cold and black with mud; I was three miles from my hotel, and fully half that distance from the main road—the tourist’s road. I looked about to see if there were any house in sight; fortunately there was—about a hundred and fifty yards off—a thatched cabin of the type peculiar to the West of Ireland. Shouldering my gun and picking up my boots and socks, I made for the house and knocked.

The door was opened by a girl—or woman—of eighteen or twenty. She was unshod, and her clothing—though clean and not ragged—was evidently insufficient for the bitter weather. Want had made her as fragile-looking as the most fashionable young lady might desire to be in the days when it was held a baseness to seem robust. Seeing my plight, she smiled, but it was a kindly smile, and I went on to explain. She only laughed and shook her head, thus giving me to understand that English was foreign to her. However, as she held the door open invit-

ingly, I took heart of grace and went in.

It was a large, bare kitchen, but the white-washed walls were clean and the earthen floor was dry and well swept. In the middle of a wide hearth glowed a tiny fire—just a few turf embers; and near the fire sat an old, old woman—the girl's grandmother doubtless—knitting. There was no sign of man about.

The old woman, turning her head, greeted me with the same kindly smile, and said a few words in Irish to the girl, who thereupon placed a rush-bottomed chair near the fire and beckoned me to it. Then she filled a kettle with water and slung it on a hook over the fire, which she replenished with an armful of the precious turf. After a while she brought a wooden tub, half full of clear water, close to me, into which she poured the hot water from the kettle. I plunged my grimy legs in and felt grateful. A big piece of soap, placed in a saucer near at hand, completed the toilet preparations.

While I was scrubbing myself, the old woman and the girl again spoke in Irish for a while, after which the girl went into an inner room and, just as I was looking about for something to dry myself with, returned with a clean blouse in her hand which—rather shamefacedly—she handed me. It was evidently her Sunday jacket—a poor cotton thing, but perfectly spotless.

I shook my head, objecting, but she pressed it on me, while between them—laughing all the time as if it were a good joke—they managed to muster up English enough to make me understand that they were sorry they had no clean towel to offer, and that the girl could easily wash the jacket again, and have it ready for Mass next day, Sunday. So, greatly to their satisfaction, I took the blouse and dried my legs with it.

Going away, I tried to slip a couple of shillings into the girl's hand, feeling like a barbarian while doing so. The offer was refused a hundred times more gracefully than it was made, and I started for home thinking that this was about the best bit of practical Christianity that had ever come in my way.

* * *

I will steal the following sonnet by Rosa Mulholland from *The Irish Rosary* of last month, correcting one evident misprint. The feast that it refers to, *The Visitation*, is celebrated on the second day of July. Hence the date of its publication:—

Serenely fair the Maid of Nazareth,
 Like dove in flight, pursues her upward way,
 To where the low hills make the distance grey,
 And 'mid their greenness waits Elizabeth,
 Expectant of her coming whose sweet breath
 Such wonder-words into her ear shall say
 As turn world-darkness to eternal day,
 And ring with silver peal the knell of death.

Now when the sun his path of fire has trod,
 And lengthening shadows strew the desert sand,
 Two women sit upon the green hill sod
 And talk of men down there who sin and weep,
 And walk despairing, and are sad in sleep,
 Unknowing yet Redemption is at hand !

* * *

"Between the pale fingers of Alphonse Daudet, as he lay on the bed of death, there was a crucifix and a *chapelet* (rosary beads). In the presence of the dreadful mystery of death, it is the instinct and tradition of all families, in which throbs still some religious feeling, to place these sacred objects on the remains of beings that are dear. But in the works of Alphonse Daudet you may look in vain, it must be confessed, for a single page betraying a concern for the future life. Scepticism and indifference are the malady of contemporary minds ; and he also who writes these lines was, until very recently, affected by it. To-day, when suffering which he can not possibly think of with sufficient gratitude have restored him to his religious faith and eternal hopes, he is pained at the thought that the glorious friend whose loss he deploras did not share this faith and these hopes, and he can hardly resign himself to believing it."

This passage (says *Literature*, in quoting François Coppée) is important as the first really clear announcement of Coppée's "conversion." His articles in *Le Journal* have left no doubt that the "sufferings" of the last year had worked a change in him ; and it is curious to note how touchingly he refers to this "conversion," as if he felt that his past had been wasted, and that only a few days now remain to him in which to stand up and "testify."

* * *

An eminent art critic has prepared a list of the "twelve greatest paintings in the world." The list includes :—Raphael's

"Transfiguration" and "Sistine Madonna," Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," Guido's "Beatrice" and "Aurora," Titian's "Assumption," Correggio's "La Notte," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." It will be noticed that all these paintings are by Catholic artists, and nearly all the subjects are biblical.

* * *

I chance to know that the writer of the following, which is taken from an old *Spectator*, was no less a person than Mr. Justice O'Hagan, the translator of "The Song of Roland." "Nothing can be more true than what you say, that the most amusing misprints arise from what may be termed 'printers' sense,' which is far worse than printers' nonsense. In an eloquent and highly-wrought passage of Dr. Newman's lectures on 'University Education,' he says: "You may cull flowers for your banquet." This was printed, 'You may cull flowers for your bouquet.' An Irish ecclesiastical student who went to finish his course of theology in Spain sent a glowing account of his journey in letters to a newspaper in his native town. His last letter concluded thus: 'I can write no more, for before my vision rise the gorgeous domes of Salamanca.' The printer gave his enthusiasm another direction, for he printed 'dames' instead of 'domes,' to the horror of the Bishop, who at once prohibited the publication of any further letters from that distracted young man."

* * *

To a young midshipman called Lane the gallant Lord Collingwood addressed an admirable letter of advice, of which the following is the chief part. How very true is the suspicion expressed about those who are very particular not to go beyond their precise share of duty!

"You may depend on it, that it is more in *your own power than in any one's else to promote both your comfort and advancement.* A strict and unwearied attention to your duty, and a complaisant and respectful behaviour, not only to your superiors, but to everybody, will ensure you their regard, and the reward will surely come, and I hope soon, in the shape of preferment; but *if it should not, I am sure you have too much good sense to let disappointment sour you. Guard carefully against letting discontent appear in you; it is sorrow to your friends, a triumph to*

your competitors, and cannot be productive of any good. Conduct yourself so as to deserve the best that can come to you; and the consciousness of your own proper behaviour will keep you in spirits, if it should not come. Let it be your ambition to be foremost in all duty. Do not be a nice observer of turns, but for ever present yourself ready for everything, and if your officers are not very inattentive men, they will not allow the others to impose more duty on you than they should; but *I never knew one who was exact not to do more than his share of duty, who would not neglect that, when he could do so without fear of punishment.* I need not say more to you on the subject of sobriety, than to recommend to you the continuance of it as exactly as when you were with me. Every day affords you instances of the evils arising from drunkenness. Were a man as wise as Solomon, and as brave as Achilles, he would still be *unworthy of trust* if he addicted himself to grog. He may make a drudge, but a respectable officer he can never be; for the doubt must always remain, that the capacity which God has given him, will be abused by intemperance. Young men are generally introduced to this vice by the company they keep; but do you carefully guard against ever submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, and dissipated men; and hold it as a maxim, that you had better be alone than in mean company. Let your companions be such as yourself, or superior; for the worth of a man will be always rated by that of his company. You do not find pigeons associate with hawks, or lambs with bears; and it is as unnatural for a good man to be the companion of blackguards. Read.—Let me charge you to read. Study books that treat of your profession, and of history. Thus employed, you will always be in good company.”

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

DAVIE MOORE'S "LIFTING."

IN the west of Sootland the memory of two Father Dalys is dear to the hearts of the people. Father Peter Daly, shrewd, keen of humour, a "*fine man*" (and greater praise than these two words comprise the Lowlander cannot bestow) a "*fine man*," and—this should have come first—with such a devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, that, "whatever he askit he got," the people, crossing themselves, whisper to you still, "a body kent the Lord hearkened Father Peter."

Then Father John, Father Peter's nephew and successor, shy, silent, reserved, and "a gran" scholar wi' the Latin at his finger-en's, and such a wealth of books that, when a parishioner came for a "word," a chair had to be cleared of his treasures before the visitor could be asked to sit down.

"He kent a heap, and the Bishop set a store by him" [thought a great deal of him] sums up Father John's virtues as a rule, though I have heard it added, that, "for buik-learnin' neither Minister nor Dominie cud haud a can'le t' him."

But Father John, if he did not inspire the love his uncle had done, was an honest and respected priest, and a faithful client of the Sacred Heart as became the namesake of the Apostle "Jesus loved."

It was towards the end of Father Peter's days that the collection in aid of funds to repair the chapel was begun.

"We'll have the roof about our heads," the Father had said one Friday after Benediction when he was having a chat with two of his parishioners.

"We will that," John Mitchell, the farmer at Peggieslea, returned, with a shake of the head.

"We micht mebbe lift the siller," the third member of the little company advanced in a deprecating way.

The priest, in his turn, shook his head, "there's an old saying, Davie, my man, that 'ye canna tak' the breeks (trousers) off a Hielandman.'" Father Peter quoted the proverb with a smile. Who knew better than he the poverty of his flock?

"The folk wud do their best," Davie Moore, he was the village shoemaker and clogger, said in the same timid way.

"You are right there, Davie," the priest returned with emphasis, "the people do their best." There was a kindly gleam in his eye as he spoke.

"Peggieslea an' me," the clogger began, but Peggieslea interrupted him.

"I never was ony gude at lifting" (the local word for collecting), he said, and again shook his head.

"Aye, aye," Father Peter chuckled, "we'll make Davie do the 'lifting,' he's a heap nearer heaven than most of us, honest man!" This was an old joke of the Father's, Davie measuring some six foot four in his stocking soles, and a joke that made Davie always smile.

"Aye, an' Davie's warm," Peggieslea returned, as he took a pinch of snuff from the Father's box.

Davie smiled in his deprecatory fashion, "the Lord's no' that ill t' me" he said.

It was true enough that David Moore was, by no means, among the poorest of Father Peter's congregation; he was single, sober, frugal, and a good craftsman, indeed his work had a certain reputation in the country-side among both farmers and labourers, and even the Laird gave him an occasional order for a pair of shooting boots, as his father had done before him.

"Well, Davie, it's settled?" Father Peter asked, a twinkle in his eye, as good evenings were being said.

"If Peggieslea 'll no'," Davie began, but again the farmer interrupted him.

"Na, na, I 'll ha'e nocht t' do wi' the lifting," he scratched his head.

"Well, well," the priest said, "then, Davie, it's settled?"

"Aye, it's sawttled," Davie said in his slow way, and the

friends parted.

David Moore's brow was drawn together in thought as he climbed the hill on which the village stood towards his home.

Half way up he turned into the "general merchant's" shop and asked for a penny account book, "we'll ha'e a' things in order," he muttered to himself as he turned over the "choice" the "merchant" laid before him; then a thought struck him, he turned to the shopkeeper.

"Mr. MacMath, ye wadna be for gieing Father Peter a trifle for the gude o' the chapel wa's (walls)?"

The grocer shook his head, but—trade is not good in a little country town, the little MacMaths got through a heap of shoe-leather—the "general merchant's" bairns could not run about, like their humbler neighbours, bare-footed, and Davie Moore was never pressing, he would even take payment in kind—tea, sugar, oatmeal, a keg of herring, a cheese; after a moment's hesitation, the man dived his hand into the till and brought out half-a-crown.

"Atween you an' me, Davie," he winked, "atween you an' me."

"Aye, atween you an' me," Moore returned as he took the offered coin,

"Gin it's t' gang i' the book ye'll say 'a freen' (friend)?" the merchant asked anxiously. He was a prominent member of one of the many dissenting bodies of the district.

"Aye, we'll say 'a freen,'" Davie returned, and borrowing a pen, made his first entry.

"The lifting 'll no' be easy," the shopkeeper said.

"No, the lifting 'll no be easy," Davie said, "the folk's poor," and, perhaps, next to Father Daly himself, no one knew better than David Moore what a task he had set before him, but—St. Mary's chapel, roofless!

Once at home, Davie sat down solemnly, and began making out a list of the persons from whom he might expect a mite, and that finished, he brought out—from a recess at the back of his box-bed an old leathern pocket-book or case, and taking out its contents spread them out before him.

It wouldn't do for him, Davie Moore, to be giving too much, he told himself, it might frighten, maybe, poorer folks, and it wouldn't look well to give more than Peggieslea, who had

promised his pound. Davie was in what he would have called himself, "a quandary," when suddenly his face lighted, and he gave a little chuckle as he nodded at the first entry in his book, "gin there's ae *freen*, there can be anither," he said, and chuckled again.

"I wasn't thinking, Davie, that His Holiness at Rome had so many friends in D——," Father Peter said, a twinkle in his keen blue eye, when Davie, at the end of a month or two, shewed his account book.

Davie shuffled from one foot to another, he was no adept at deception, he saw Father Peter had found him out, and his answer came in all simplicity, "I was feared o' discouragin' the folk, an'" there was a little pause, "it's a promise like t' Her," and he nodded his head sidewise towards the picture of the Virgin that hung above Father Peter's mantelpiece.

"Well, Davie, man, you have done well," the Father said, "but it's not one summer's 'lifting' that 'll roof the chapel," here came a little sigh. "Well, Rome, we know, wasn't built in a day, not in a Presbyterian village anyway," the Father laughed.

Father Peter was right, another summer came, and—I am almost ashamed to say it—a piece of tarpaulin that once had covered Peggieslea corn-stacks was in requisition to keep the rain out of the vestry—the 'lifting' among such a congregation could not but be slow; but neither priest nor 'lifter' lost heart.

"We'll manage it, Davie," the Father always said.

With August came a bit of luck, a Catholic took some shooting in the neighbourhood, and Davie, summoning all his courage, called on him, after his work one day, and was rewarded with a five pound note. The 'lifting' was getting on!

It was a still, sultry evening, and Davie, when he got home, after making himself a cup of tea, took out the precious leather pocket-book to add the day's collection to its treasures. The money was nearly all in one pound notes, notes given him by his friend, the "general merchant," in exchange for the shillings and sixpences so slowly gathered, but making, already, a little packet.

One, two, three, Davie counted, though he knew the sum total well enough, thirteen pound odd, a big sum to be got together in a place like D., even in a twelvemonth.

He had just put the notes back into their envelope before consigning them to the pocket-book, when a knock came to the door.

"Davie, man, Davie, are ye there?" The speaker was an old Catholic woman who lived in a cottage facing the chapel. "Davie, man, are ye there? Father Peter's been flung out o' the Crosskey's gig, an' they're sayin' his leg's broke."

In a second Davie was flying down the street, he knew what Mrs. Pagan, the priest's housekeeper, was, when her nerves, as she put it, were "upset," and had he not nursed Father Peter single-handed through his attack of pleurisy two years before?

Davie was breathless as, the Presbytery reached, he took the short cut through the chapel into the house, but even in his haste he stopped for a moment before the Lady altar, and blew out a smouldering candle, inwardly anathematising Mrs. Pagan as he did it, for a "careless limmer."

Father Peter was an old man and heavy. There were other hurts besides the broken leg, and a few anxious days followed, during which Davie never left his side, while Mrs. Pagan sat in her kitchen, her apron to her eyes, pouring out her griefs and her grievances to any gossip who would listen.

Father John, Father Peter's nephew, sent by the Bishop, would soon be there. Father John, with his "*Revalenta*" and his "*ways*," and how could she, Mrs. Pagan, put up with either at such a time? and with, what was more, Davie Moore in the house, not but what Davie was a quiet and sensible man, but—he was always another mouth to feed.

The night before Father John's expected arrival had come, Mrs. Pagan had forgotten her troubles in sleep, Father Peter was sleeping too—under an opiate, and Davie was sitting by his side, ready, when the Father should awake, for any service required, handy as a woman.

The moon was not up, but it suddenly struck Davie that the night was not dark, that indeed a curious light, or gleam, came through the corner of the ill-fitting window-blinds, and—yes, surely—there were unaccustomed noises, for midnight, on the street, voices, cries, the patter of passing feet.

Gently, on his stocking soles, Davie crept to the window, and drew the blind aside, half way up the street there was a glare, a blaze, and against the flames were figures, figures hurrying to and fro. Davie started—impossible—it could not be, but—yes—no house but his own stood so far back from the street, it was his home that was burning.

Davie looked at Father Peter sleeping heavily after his draught, but muttering through the sleep now and then; the doctor had said he might sleep like that till morning, he must call up Mrs. Pagan and run up the street and save—leather and odds and ends of furniture had been in Davie Moore's mind, and then came another recollection—the “lifting!” The “lifting” in its paper envelope lying, as he had left it the night of Father Peter's accident, on the table.

As he stood, almost stunned for a moment, a knock came to the Presbytery door, that made poor Father Peter start, and turn his head from side to side, a summons to Davie.

“A spark on the thatch, we're thinkin'” the bearer of ill news explained, as side by side, the two men hurried up the street “onyway, the fire has ta'en the roof, an' ye'll no save a steek (stick) Davie, man, I's feared.”

A steek! The “lifting” was all Davie cared about, if he could save *that*, but at the instant there was a shout from the ever-swelling crowd, a shout, a cry to the nearer on-lookers to stand back, the flames seemed, for a moment, to mount like a pyramid to the sky, and, with a crash, the roof had fallen in, and Davie, sick and giddy, was holding on to his companion for support, the next moment he had burst into tears, house, HOME, leather, tools, the “lifting,” all were gone.

A room could be found to work in, the leather, the tools—Davie was known as a man that could be trusted—could be replaced, but the thirteen pound odd, the thirteen pounds seventeen and six. Davie sobbed like a child. His own fault, too. Why had he not, like a sensible man, banked the money instead of “haining” (saving) it up in that way, just that he might look at it from time to time. What would Father Peter, what would Peggieslea, what would the other folk who had trusted him with their money think—say? What would Our Lady—? but—with that thought—the first ray of comfort came to Davie's breast, Our Lady knew, if no one else did, that every bit of the “lifting,” and “haining” too, had been for *her*.

It was not till Father Peter had been carried down stairs one day by Father John and Davie, that he was told of the loss of the “lifting.”

“Well, well,” the Father said, and lifted, for a moment, his eyes to heaven.

"An' me lippening (trusting) it a' to her," Davie said, as he looked, it might be said, reproachfully at the picture of Our Lady that hung, as we have already said, above Father Peter's mantel-piece.

"I never lifted a penny," he went slowly on, with a shy look at Father John, of whose solemn ways he stood a little in awe, "that I didna count it to her afore the altar," he sunk his voice at the last words.

"Ah," the old twinkle came to Father Peter's eyes. "That accounts for the chink-ohink that disturbed me at my prayers. Davie, you've many a distraction of your priest's to answer for."

Davie blushed. "She was in her rechts to see it a'," he went on, and if the voice had its usual deprecatory ring, there was firmness in it too. "She was in her rechts (rights) t' see it a', an' she saw it, every bawbee, an' I didna think it o' her." Again he turned reproachful eyes towards the picture.

"Come, come, Davie," Father Peter remonstrated, "you must not be too hard on Our Lady," but his face was very gentle as he looked at the tall shoemaker.

"I never thoct it o' Her," Davie repeated.

"Well, well, she'll find it for you yet." Father Peter glanced a little anxiously at his nephew. Father John was but young, and he *might*—Father Peter saw the expression in his face—he inclined to improve the occasion, by preaching Davie a little homily on resignation.

"It's time yer Reverence was back in bed, it's weel there's someyin in the hoose with *sense*." Mrs. Pagan had opened the parlour-door and was eyeing first Father John, and then Davie, with severity.

"Well, well," Father Peter said, "there's nothing like obedience," He took a pinch of snuff and was carried off to his room.

"You must not be too hard on Our Lady, Davie," Father Peter whispered when, half-an-hour later, he was settling down on his pillow.

Davie looked at him. "I'm awa' t' the chapel t' gie Her a bit o' my mind," he said.

Father John would have spoken, but Father Peter laid his hand on his arm. "Away with you, then, Davie," he said, "and don't forget the two poor sinners here."

Father John was still at his office, Father Peter was just falling into his first sleep, when Davie opened the door. He was very white as he crossed the floor and stood by Father Peter's side.

"What is it, Davie? what is it?" No words were needed to make Father Peter divine that something had happened; he raised himself on his pillows.

"What is it, Davie, what is it?"

Father John put down his book and turned to the pair.

"It's the *lifting*," Davie cried, and held out a stiff, white envelope towards the priest.

For a moment no one spoke, and then Davie went on, "it's the lifting, an' I min' it a' noo. I had the envelope i' my han' the night they fetchit me t' yer reverence."

"Yes, yes," Father Peter said, "but where did you find it now?"

"*Whaur* should I ha'e fun' it? Davie demanded solemnly. "At the Lady Altar, to be sure, an' I'm thinkin' it's the last time I'll doot *Her*." He nodded his head significantly.

"Yes, yes," Father Peter said, he was getting impatient.

"The way o't wud be this," Davie went slowly on. "I min' I had the bit envelope i' my han' whaun Peggie cam' rinnin' t' tell me yer reverence had been conpit (upset), an' I mun ha'e pitten it doon t' blaw the can'le oot, yon jade, Mrs. Pagan, had left birnin', an' there it's been sinsyne (since)."

"Certainly," Father John said, solemnly, "I have seen that envelope at the back of the altar every day since I came, and——" as Father Peter looked at him, "I thought it was a petition from one of the people."

"Ah, we haven't such advanced ways here," the Father said, and then he turned to the shoemaker, "I am thinking, Davie, you owe Our Lady an amends." There was a tear as well as a twinkle this time in Father Peter's eye.

"I kenna about Amens," Davie said, and Father Peter turned away his head to smile, "but, she an' me understan' each other fine."

"Well, please God, my first Mass shall be in her honour," Father Peter said.

"As mine shall be to-morrow," said solemn Father John.

ALLAIRE.*

THE corn is springing close to the sea,
 A balmy breeze blows out of the west;
 Over the top of the cedar-tree,
 The fish-hawk darts to its emerald nest.

Past glittering lake and grassy lawn,
 (The road a-glimmer with golden light),
 We ride by the banks of the Manasquan—
 A surfeit of beauty, left and right.

Beauty of water, where trees above
 Brood o'er a mirrow of trees below;
 Beauty of bridge, where the sweet, wild dove
 Coos from the arches, soft and slow.

Beauty of verdure, whose flora fills
 The air with its spicey, exquisite scent;
 Beauty of valleys and rolling hills,
 Domed by the broad, blue firmament.

The pine-tree raises its hairy arms,
 The cedar quivers its ragged beard—
 We quit the pike, with its roadside farms,
 And ride through the woodlands, dim and weird.

O ruined village! O ghostly town!
 O wood-encircled, wild Allaire!
 Your crumbling walls are dark and brown,
 The weeds grow thick round the tumbling stair.

Sashless windows, and roofless rooms;
 The loft laid bare to the open sky,
 The broken doors—where the wild-flower blooms,
 And the great trees thrust their plumes on high—

Are sadder far than the ruined mill,
 Whose depths in empty darkness yawn,
 Whose works are rusted, whose wheels are still,
 Whose busy toilers are dead and gone;

For one was the haunt of bustling trade,
 Hard and grim in its narrow strife:
 The other, the nest where Love had made
 A home for the hopes of a human life.

* A deserted and ruined village near the coast of northern New Jersey, U. S. A.

Where are the feet that trod these floors ?

The eyes that flashed from the casement's shade ?
The hands that opened and closed the doors ?

The voices that rang through yon rooms decayed ?

Crumbled to dust, like these broken walls—

Their loves and their lives no more their own ;

Fled, like a dream, from these ghostly halls—

Their very name is a thing unknown.

O ruined village ! O phantom town !

O grim, gaunt preacher, wild Allaire !

A sermon is yours in each mouldering stone,

Your breath is full of the musk of prayer :

And this is your text : “ As *these* have been,

So ye are now, who soon shall be

Dust and decay. Ah ! then, begin

To live, not for time, but Eternity ! ”

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE HUNDREDFOLD OF THE DEVOUT LIFE.

A SPIRITUAL ESSAY.

BY FATHER THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

IN one of the earliest years of this Magazine, its Editor tried to enlist among its contributors his kind friend Father Thomas Burke, O.P., who then seemed to be only midway through his brilliant career, though he was in reality not very far from the end of it. To the urgent editorial entreaties the great Dominican replied that he had given up entirely the use of the pen, not having written anything since the address on O'Connell in Glasnevin cemetery.

The nearest approach that Father Burke made to the composition of a set essay was the introduction which he furnished to the translation of his friend Father Monsabr 's work, “ Gold and Alloy in the Devout Life,” which has been out of print for several years. With the permission of the Translator, the Publisher, and the Irish Provincial of the Dominicans, we venture (omitting a few

phrases) to present this introduction to our readers as a spiritual essay by this holy, genial, and gifted Irishman.

* * *

In every walk and profession of life the highest successes and rewards are reserved for the earnest and energetic. The soldier, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, succeeds and attains eminence in his profession or calling in proportion to the devotedness and energy with which he enters into its spirit, and applies himself to its specific requirements; and men speak of such a one as a "thorough" soldier, lawyer, &c., as the case may be. A man of this stamp may, and, perhaps, ought to cultivate other studies and branches of knowledge which have no immediate bearing on his profession; but the studies and duties of that profession will always hold first place, and all others are made secondary to them. He is, first of all, what he professes to be, although he may be much more as well. Now, it is such a man who secures the first places and prizes in his profession, because he deserves them, and the world is wise and discriminating enough in its distribution of rewards. He leaves far behind him the men who were content to take matters easily; who refused to make the sacrifices which he made so willingly; who played or idled, whilst he was working hard; who were content to escape censure, whilst he aimed at distinction; who looked upon the labours and studies which he embraced ardently, as a burden or a nuisance—labours and studies made easy to himself, and like a second nature, by long habit.

Even so it is in the service of God. There are prizes in heaven as well as on earth. "In my Father's house there are many mansions;" and elsewhere it is written that, "star differeth from star in glory." In seeking and securing the great prize of heaven all must be thoroughly in earnest, for Our Divine Redeemer said, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." It is no easy prize, falling at the feet of the careless and indifferent, but a precious inheritance, to be grasped and held with a strong hand. "Lay hold of eternal life," says the apostle. It is the glorious fruit of much watching and prayer and work: a prayer as fervent as if all depended on God; a working as earnest as if all depended on ourselves.

But even this earnestness, enjoined upon all, has its greater and lesser degree; and the greater is called "the devout life," for devotion is defined to be the virtue by which the will of man turns

itself promptly and energetically to all that concerns the service of God. Souls who give themselves to "the devout life" are not content with merely saving themselves; they aim higher, and seek perfection. Others may observe the commandments through fear of hell (not, however, without a principle of Divine love); devout souls will try to take up the evangelical counsels through love of God. Devout souls are not satisfied to escape the terrible censure, "thou wicked and slothful servant;" they desire to hear in all its fulness the grateful voice of their Lord: "well done, thou good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Remembering the beautiful passage of the gospel (Mark, iv. 24), where Christ says: "In what measure you shall mete, it shall be measured to you again, and more shall be given to you," they seek to give to God "good measure" of love and service, measure "pressed down, and running over;" and for the small mustard seed of their service, well they know that God will reward them, making the goodly tree of sanctity to grow in their souls "greater than all herbs."

Nor have such generous souls to wait for the next world to receive their great reward. God, in the impatience of His love, begins to reward them even here, according to His promise (Mark x. 29); "And Jesus answering said: Amen I say to you, there is no man who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands for my sake, and for the gospel, who shall not receive an hundred times as much, now in this time . . . and in the world to come, life everlasting."

What is this hundredfold? Dear reader, it is hard to describe it from its very abundance. It must be felt to be known; "Taste and see how sweet the Lord is," says the Psalmist. It lies in the experience of every soul that has ever made sacrifices truly for God. It involves, to begin with, the easy victory over the temptations and angry, unruly passions which form not only the danger but the bane of our lives.

And here let me observe, that virtue, even in its highest form, does not differ from the most ordinary Christian virtue in kind, but only in degree. Thus, for example, the same temptation may assail an ordinary Christian and a saint, and may be overcome by both, but, oh! how differently. The ordinary man barely escapes sin, like a weak swimmer rising laboriously on a wave; the saint dashes aside the temptation with a fury of energy, like a strong

swimmer, who rises on the crest of the billow with brow erect and scarcely smitten with its spray. The very temptation which fain would destroy, calls forth from the devout soul, in the energy of its resistance, an act of such prompt and strong love of God, as to bring down great additional grace, and to raise it hereafter to a higher degree of glory. An ordinary Christian may be tempted, and resist temptation, but languidly, half regretfully, as if the temptation at least had some charm for him. St. Francis Xavier was sleeping when the enemy crossed his imagination with a momentary temptation. The great saint, even in his sleep, met his adversary with such vehemence of repugnance, that he burst a blood-vessel in the splendid, though, to him, easy effort. This explains to us how it is that Almighty God often rewards his saints in a wonderful manner for acts which in themselves appear not so very extraordinary. The young novice, St. Thomas Aquinas, is tempted in a gross and repulsive form; he snatches up a piece of burning wood from the fireplace and drives the temptress away. There is nothing extraordinary in this act. It is what any ordinary Christian would be expected to do under the circumstances, for it was a question of life or death; and yet, God sent his angels then and there, who girded the young saint round with the cincture of angelic purity, so that he never afterwards experienced the slightest temptation of the flesh, and so was enabled to become the "Angelico Doctor." What was it that brought down so great and wonderful a favour from God? It was not merely the act of resistance to evil, but much more, the *devotion*—that is to say, the promptness, the energy, the holy anger, springing out of strong love for God, with which that act was performed.

Now, this is the first great blessing of the devout life. The devout soul is strong enough to silence if not to destroy, to subdue utterly, if not to extinguish the passions; and so to soar above the atmosphere of gross temptation, and the danger of mortal sin. And yet this spiritual strength, which is the first advantage of the devout life, may also be said to be its last blessing and its crown. For it is the result and the action of that love of God which is the perfection of all virtue. The fear of the Lord casteth out sin," it is true; but to drive away temptation as well, to rob it of even a momentary attractiveness, so to absorb and purify the desires, and sweeten the spiritual tastes of the soul, as to make everything sinful appear to us as it is before the eyes of God,

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Could I make all its orbit my abode,
 My soul would only find a living grave ;
 Not even all the universe of God
 Could e'er supply the boon for which I crave.

Above its sphere, in the bright realms beyond,
 Where the true Sun enlightens other skies,
 If I could strip off every earthly bond,
 Perchance my dream I yet might realise.

There where the living waters ever roll,
 There should I find again all hope and love,
 And that ideal joy of every soul,
 Which here is nameless but is known above.

Would I might float upon Aurora's ray
 And rise, sweet End of all my prayers, to Thee.
 Why in this land of exile do I stay ?
 There is no bond between the earth and me.

See! in the fields the zephyr, like a thief,
 Snatches the leaves and bears them on its breast ;
 And I! what am I but a faded leaf ?
 'Take me, O winds, and waft me to my rest.
F. C. KOLBE.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. BYRSE'S DISCOVERY.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

LADIES living in the neighbourhood of Ridingle Dale might be as exclusive as they pleased—and the exclusiveness of some of them was to the average mind more amusing than a comic paper; the wife of the tenant farmer might ignore the wife of the draper, just as the latter refused to know the clog-maker's spouse; the surgeon's wife might refuse to sit in any part of the church

not tenanted by those who belonged to the Vicarage set, and the overpowering gentility of the commercial traveller's family could throw a positive blight upon Ridingle middle-class society ; but no one could ignore Miss Rippell or withstand the fascinations of her shop. The truth is Miss Rippell was indispensable. In her establishment there was everything that the feminine mind holds dear. The glamour of Berlin wool was there, and the bewitchment of embroidery silks. Fancy work of every kind was displayed in the window, and cunningly exhibited in various parts of the crowded shop. Female prettinesses of every kind forced themselves upon a customer's notice, and husbands had been known to threaten emigration if their wives did not promise to avoid temptation and Miss Rippell's.

But this was only one side of the business. Stationery of every shape and size and hue was obtainable, and with it all that crowd of quasi-necessary articles that ladies love. Even men had been heard to admit that life in Ridingle without Miss Rippell's would be a desert ; for even though you have a season-ticket on the railway, you cannot take a journey of fourteen miles for a bottle of gum or a sheet of foolscap.

So although the wife of Doctor Byrse declared that Ridingle society was impossible, she had not lived at the Hall-farm many weeks before she became a constant attendant at Rippell's. For Mrs. Byrse soon divined that there were few things Miss Rippell did not know, and no local family history she could not relate in detail. The Professor's wife would, indeed, have made many mistakes but for the information she received at the " Library "—as she always called the Berlin-wool House.

Mrs. Byrse had a great respect for the Squire of Ridingle—was he not the grandson of Lord Dalesworth?—but she had taken a strong dislike to his wife. Again and again she had begged her husband to find out " who the creature was before she was married ;" but the Professor, whose biggest cross in life was Mrs. Byrse's vulgarity, absolutely ignored the request.

But on the day of the Big Match, when all the " best " people within easy driving distance of Ridingle Hall had accepted the Squire's invitation to luncheon, Mrs. Byrse made startling discoveries. The Colonel sitting beside her at table found himself relieved of the burden of making conversation by merely answering the lady's questions.

"And who is that very distinguished-looking young gentleman sitting next to Hilary?" she had asked.

"Man with single eye-glass, eh? O, that's Mrs. Ridingle's cousin, Lord Dixworth."

Mrs. Byrse barely checked an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, he is the eldest son of the Earl of Truro!"

"Of course," grunted the Colonel—beginning to feel a little bored.

Mrs. Byrse was silent for a such long time that the Colonel forgot her presence and made a very satisfactory luncheon in consequence.

"It was quite too bad of you not to tell me that Mrs. Ridingle was connected with the Truros," said the Professor's wife to Miss Rippell on the following day.

Miss Rippell answered quite truly that she imagined everybody was acquainted with the fact.

"But it *connects* her with two or three of the noblest families in the country," persisted Mrs. Byrse, who had not quite recovered from her shock of surprise. "The Truros are poor people, of course; everybody knows that; but the *connection*—" Mrs. Byrse lingered lovingly upon the word—"is a magnificent one."

"The Earl has been to Ridingle several times," Miss Rippell said, "and before Lord Dixworth went to Oxford he always spent some part of his holidays at the Hall."

"This connection accounts for so very much," Mrs. Byrse continued. "I understand now how it is that all those boys are so noble-looking, in spite of their patched clothes and the perfectly awful things they wear on their feet. I confess that in the beginning I was on the point of forbidding all intercourse between them and my children."

Miss Rippell's face flushed angrily. Model of politeness and good temper as she was—to say a word against the Ridingles in her presence was to becloud her face and provoke a hail-storm of words.

Fortunately for Mrs. Byrse, who was just beginning to realise the mistake she had made, Mr. Kittleshot entered the shop, and Miss Rippell's facial storm-cloud had to be cleared away.

"Yes," said the millionaire, after a little preliminary chat, "it is excellent building weather. My cottages are progressing

famously, and the public hall is rising rapidly. I am most anxious to make good use of these fine September days, and have just ordered the builder to bring more men to Timington. The concert-room will certainly be ready for use in November, but I am not so sure about the completion of the library and reading room."

"We shall be quite jealous of Timington," Miss Rippell said smilingly. "Ridingdale will be duller than ever, once you have opened your Institute."

"Well," began Mr. Kittleshot slowly, and with an air of mystery, "you must wait a little while. I shall do *something* for Ridingdale, sooner or later. I have an idea in my mind, but it is not yet sufficiently developed. I want to talk it over leisurely, and in great detail with—with a friend or two. I have a great liking for your quiet little—town, perhaps I ought to call it, and I shall certainly do something—someday. But I must get Timington into shape first, you know."

"Oh, sir, you have done much for Ridingdale already," said Miss Rippell. "The many workmen you are employing lodge in this town for the most part: indeed they are too numerous to be accommodated at Timington."

Miss Rippell was thinking also of Mr. Kittleshot's own business transactions in the place, for if he could get what he wanted in Ridingdale, he let it be known, he would not send elsewhere. And the wise shopkeepers took care that he did get what he wanted.

Mrs. Byrse rose from the chair in which she had been sitting—the chair close to the counter and with its back to the window—for nearly an hour.

"Don't let me drive you away," said Mr. Kittleshot. "A man's business is soon done in a place like this: a lady's is more complicated, I know. I could no more match silks or wools than I could fly. Hope you are getting on nicely with the Ridingsdales," he said, opening the door for Mrs. Byrse. "Your boys are very lucky to have such playmates as the Squire's sons—aren't they now?"

Mrs. Byrse standing at the shop door was beginning to swim in a perfect pool of superlatives in praise of "those dear, sweet boys" when, hearing the sound of clogs on the cobbled pavement, she turned suddenly and confronted George and Lance.

The two boys had raced the greater part of the way from the Hall, and their always rosy cheeks were crimson with exercise and heat.

"Talk of angels"—began Mrs. Byrse.

"And you hear the clatter of their clogs,"—was Lance's unspoken comment.

"What brings you here, you scamps?" asked Mr. Kittleshot, when Mrs. Byrse had gone. He had taken each of them by the forelock, and was gently leading them into the shop, for they had shown a certain unwillingness to enter while he was there.

"Some foolscap for father," said Lance, with more hesitation than he usually showed: "at least—that's one thing."

"Well, Miss Rippell, I'll leave them in your hands while I just make out a list of things I want."

Miss Rippell greeted the boys warmly. She always said that the Squire's sons brought sunshine into her shop, and that she felt its influence even after they had gone. They did not bring much else, but Miss Rippell would dearly have liked to refuse their ready money, particularly when it was tendered for some article the boys wanted for their own use.

Business was accompanied on the shop-woman's part by a score of enquiries as to the health of the Squire and Mrs. Ridingdale, and the well-being of that numerous family whose names Miss Rippell had mastered long ago. But when the big bundle of foolscap was handed over the counter, George and Lance lowered their voices and began a hurried consultation. Mr. Kittleshot, at the other side of the shop, was apparently engaged in writing out his list, but he overheard the words "water-colours"—"gold leaf"—"not more than sixpence."

The last word made him prick his ears, and when he turned round he saw Miss Rippell displaying some very small boxes of paints, and two or three tiny books of gold leaf. They were whispering together now, but the millionaire thought he caught the sentence,—*"I'm afraid we can't have the gold leaf."* A coaxing whisper from Miss Rippell followed, but Mr. Kittleshot saw the two boys shake their heads in a resolute sort of way as George put down his sixpence and placed a very small parcel in his jacket pocket.

"Not in a hurry, are you?" asked Mr. Kittleshot, as the lads stopped to bid him 'good morning.' "Couldn't you just go into

Keggleston's with me for a few minutes?" Keggleston was the Ridingdale confectioner—a person whose goods were in repute.

The blushing lads thanked their would-be benefactor warmly but declared they must get back home as quickly as possible. They had scarcely left the shop when Mr. Kittleshot began to cross-examine Miss Rippell as to their purchases. The good woman was only too pleased to be questioned.

"Paint and illuminate, do they? Hum! Wonder if there's anything they don't do. Poor little chaps!" the millionaire was thinking. "What a miserable thing it must be having to consider the laying out of a few coppers!"

So Miss Rippell had to display her entire stock of artist's materials; the result being that a big parcel was soon on its way to Ridingdale Hall, a parcel addressed to "Masters George and Lancelot."

"It can just go on jolly well raining for a week now!" exclaimed Lance when the parcel was opened. "I wish we could paint Mr. K.'s portrait for him, George."

"Don't see why we shouldn't paint his coat of arms," said the artistic but very practical George. "It would show him we are grateful—wouldn't it?"

"Hold on!" cried Lance excitedly. "I have it! Let's give him the freedom of Sniggery—in a box. You know that box we carved for father's birthday? Well, one something like it. And we could paint Mr. K.'s coat of arms on the parchment—with the interior of Sniggery, and bits of the lawn, and—all sorts of rum things."

George looked at his younger brother with admiration.

"Capital idea, old chap; but—well, do you think he'd care for it? I mean it seems such a very small-beery sort of thing to offer a great man like Mr. K."

"Oh, I'm sure he'll like it. He's dead nuts on Sniggery you know. Told me the other day he enjoyed it awfully. Let's ask father, after dinner."

"There's not much time left," George argued. "The holidays are all but gone, and lessons will soon be setting in with great severity. Then there's the fishing, and the last cricket match."

Father Horbury had more than once said to his pupils as he came upon them after school discussing some new project, half play and half work,—“That's right, lads. You are determined

not to give the devil a chance." Certainly, whatever else they might be, the boys of Ridingdale Hall were not lazy.

A working committee was formed that very day. Hilary undertook the sawing and preparation of the wood, and promised to put the thing together as soon as George and Lance had finished the carving. Willie Murrington was told off with the address, and Harry pledged himself to the work of engrossing this same address as soon as they were all agreed as to the terms in which it should be indited—a matter ultimately referred to the Squire, for that the boys were in hopeless disagreement as to the most fitting phraseology.

Birthdays at the Hall came round with such embarrassing frequency—sometimes two or three in the same month—that one home-made present was scarcely finished when another had to be taken in hand. The house was full of these little evidences of thoughtful affection—all begun and executed in profoundest secrecy—ranging from tiny pictures to cabinets of considerable size. Thus Hilary's really fine receptacle for bird-eggs was the joint work of Harry, and George, and Lance, while a most useful set of drawers for manuscript, long needed by their father, had occupied all the bigger boys for several months. Indeed the carpenter's shop was never quite abandoned, no matter what the season of the year might be, though the amount of time spent in it day by day was little enough.

Harry and Lance, full of the idea of the moment, were disposed to shirk their violin practice in order to gain more time for the execution of the "Freedom;" but the Squire would not permit it.

"There is no particular hurry for this testimonial," he said, "and you will best show your gratitude to Mr. Kittleshot by making the most of all these instruments he has been good enough to give us."

The Colonel, who had heard the story of Mr. Kittleshot's present with very mixed feelings, and whose ears had for the last month been assaulted with a good deal of untuneful scraping and blowing, roundly declared that the lads were making no progress at all, and that it might be years before they would be able to play anything worth listening to.

"Kittleshot isn't practical," he said. "Begun all wrong. As to finding fiddlers in Ridingdale, much less Timington, why—it's nonsense."

The millionaire himself did not think so. Ever active and ever inquisitive, he was constantly going about among the people, finding a little talent here, and a suspicion of genius there, and generally leaving no stone unturned in order to discover every person in the Dale who had the least taste or capacity for vocal or instrumental music.

CHAPTER XXII.

THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTFULNESS.

If life should a well-ordered poem be
 (In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight)
The more heroic way let others take,
 Mine the Pindaric way I'll make,
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.

COWLEY.

The temporary breach between Mr. Kittleshot and his son had not widened, and though the interchange of visits and dinners between Timington and Hardlow was more formal than cordial, it was at any rate regular. Mr. Kittleshot, junior, was reconciled to the fact of his father's presence at Timington Hall; his sons, for reasons of their own, still resented it. There are times when boys seem to forget that their elders have eyes and ears, and certainly if Horace and Bertie Kittleshot remembered this important fact they must have been strongly under the influence of that "Don't-care feeling" which so quickly develops into recklessness. They knew that their grandfather had not merely sight and hearing, but eyes of the keenest and ears of the sharpest; they ought to have known that his capacity for interesting himself in the doings of others was one of the most prominent features of his character.

The scene at the Hardlow dinner-table when old Mr. Kittleshot denounced the parental methods of his son, made a deeper impression upon the latter than his father had any idea of. For it is a curious fact that words we not only seem to object to, but do really most strongly resent, sometimes become the subsequent guiding principles of our life. Mr. Kittleshot, junior, had long suspected that his sons were not what their mother supposed

them to be ; but when, as his father had suggested, he began to enter into the details of their daily life he was as much startled as shocked. Hitherto the parental reins had been held as loosely as possible ; now they were drawn up with a jerk that made the two lads wince. Open rebellion they dare not show, but their secret revolt was deep and lasting.

Bertie had already turned fifteen, and in another month or two Horace would be fourteen ; but in their own estimation they were already men of the world. The sporting Krumptons were near neighbours and friends of Mr. Kittleshot, junior, and Jack, Bob, and Dick Krumpton—the three lads Hilary Ridingleale wanted to introduce to “ Lord Augustus ”—were very intimate with Bertie and Horace.

In the first flush of his anger young Mr. Kittleshot was disposed to lay all the blame of his sons’ naughtiness upon the Krumpton boys, but a little vigilance on his part soon convinced him of his error.

There was indeed very little harm in the Krumptons. They had inherited a taste for sport and a passion for horses and dogs, and they had been brought up in an atmosphere that was of the turf, turfy. Their father owned several race-horses and, being a man of considerable property, spent his large leisure in attending all the principal race-meetings in the country. He was anything but a reckless person in the matter of betting and had never sustained a serious loss. His boys were rather liked by the Ridingleales, though the two families did not often meet. Jack and Bob Krumpton were at school, and Dick, the youngest of the three, was to be sent there after the Christmas holidays. They were honest, hearty lads whose greatest pleasure was a gallop across country. Their knowledge of racing matters was on a par with their ignorance of most other things—either in the world of books or that of men ; though their practical acquaintanceship with the turf was of the slightest. They were good enough to stoop to cricket, however, in the summer holidays, and as Hilary said, though their batting lacked style and their bowling was a thing to discourage, their fielding made them acceptable additions to the Ridingleale eleven.

But the Krumptons had (or thought they had) one other taste in common with the Ridingleales, and it was this that amused Hilary and his brothers so greatly and made their meetings with the

betting-boys so prolific of fun. Nature had given the Krumptons very fair voices, and Jack had actually gone the length of learning the banjo. During the past month Sniggery had more than once resounded to "Drink, puppy, drink," and a host of similar songs, the solos of which had been taken, with great seriousness, by Jack and Bob.

"We can't come up to you, chaps, of course," the latter had said to Lance on one of these occasions, "but don't you think we're improving a bit?"

"No doubt about it," Lance replied, trying to keep a straight face; "that last song was a rattler. Are you taking lessons, Bob?"

"Well, not exactly lessons. But Jack and I are both in the school choir now. Wear whites on Sunday, y' know, and that sort of thing."

"Whites!" exclaimed the puzzled Lance.

"Yes, *whites*. What you chaps call a surplice."

Lance looked at the boy in astonishment. There was at first sight something so comically incongruous in the idea of this lad—whose ordinary dress and appearance was that of a superior jockey—putting on ecclesiastical garments and acting the part of a chorister.

"Oh, it's ripping, I tell you," Bob continued. "I had a solo the other Sunday—'As pants the hart,' by a chap named Spohr. Ever hear it?"

"Yes," said Lance, hesitatingly, and not quite knowing how to take his companion, who, however, was both serious and enthusiastic.

"Well, I call it scrumptious—don't you? I was beastly funky at first; but when I heard the other beggars chipping in—you know how it goes—I warmed to, and bellowed till I was blue in the face. When it was over, I—I—"

Bob broke off suddenly and turned his head away. Lance waited in silence.

"I wouldn't tell any other chap," Bob went on, after a pause, "but you won't laugh at me, I know. When it was all over, I put my face in my surplice and—blubbed like a kid."

"I quite understand," said Lance very quietly. "It's nothing to be ashamed of. Sometimes I can't sing at all for blubbing."

The lads were silent for a time. Each would have liked to

say more; but Bobby's tongue was held by incapacity, and Lance's by that horror of cant he had learnt from his father.

"Talk to God and His Blessed Mother as much, and as often, as you like, both in church and out of it," the Squire often said; "but apart from that, if you want to show that you are good Catholic lads, prove it by being unselfish, gentle, and considerate to one another, by being obedient and hard-working—not by using cant phrases and religious slang."

Yet in the younger children, the little ones who had not yet become self-conscious, Ridingdale loved to encourage pious prattle, and he would allow Sweetie to entertain him by the hour with talk about the angels and saints, and all things holy and good.

Lance became very thoughtful after his conversation with Bobby Krumpton. The Squire's fourth son was an odd boy in some respects. A casual visitor to the Hall would have regarded him as the most frivolous member of the family, and certainly nine-tenths of the scrapes he fell into were the result of want of reflection. But once a thought took hold of him he did not easily let it go, and Lance with his thinking-cap on was quite hopeless for ordinary purposes of work or play. He would wander out into the park all alone, or stroll down to the river and lie on the bank for hours together in order to think out some new idea that for the time completely possessed him. It was certainly one of "life's little ironies" that these very fits of reflection often led him into trouble, for at such times he would become so entirely absorbed that the duty of the hour was forgotten. Thoughtless thoughtfulness seems a contradiction in terms, but Lance was often guilty of it. Once when he had been locked up in the tool-house for an hour—he had been sent to the village with an important message and had returned without delivering it—the time being up, Hilary was sent to let his brother out.

"Oh, I do wish you'd leave a fellow alone!" was Lance's only remark when the door was unlocked. As he made no signs of moving, Hilary laughingly retired, leaving the door open. Three hours later Lance entered the house, only to find that he had missed afternoon lessons and—tea. Nor did he come to himself until his father had administered to him a light dose of "tincture of birch."

But, as he grew older, Lance's fits of abstraction became, if not less intense, at any rate shorter in duration, partly because he

really tried to act more reasonably, and partly on account of a compact made with his brothers.

"Promise me," he had said to the Snigs, "promise you'll kick me when you find me mooning, and that you'll take me by the scruff of the neck, if necessary, and drag me to the post of duty."

And the Snigs promised; though the kicking, on account of the serious nature of their foot-gear, was of a considerate character.

But Lance's talk with Bobby Krumpton led to one of the most pronounced attacks of absence of mind he had ever suffered from. Luckily it was holiday time, and a day's fishing was the very thing to foster meditation. So for fully eight hours Lance maintained a golden silence—removing himself from the neighbourhood of his brothers—once he had gained possession of his own share of the lunch. Hilary remarked this method in the youngster's madness, and proposed to the others that they should overhaul Lance's fish-basket on his return. They did so and found that it contained a copy of "Treasure Island," and a new book by Mr. Barry Pain.

"Not a single fish!" exclaimed Hilary. "What do you mean by it, sir?"

"I vote that he be put on trial for unsociable conduct, and an independence of action not to be tolerated in a younger brother," said Harry. There were occasions when Sniggery became a Court of Justice, and each of the brothers had been arraigned there at one time or other for some minor offence against the good of the commonwealth.

Lance had been silent for so many hours that speech did not come back to him so readily as usual. Moreover, he was feeling really guilty and a trifle mean. At any other time he would have protested saucily that it was a free country and that if a chap liked to spend a holiday in reading—and thinking—he had a right to do so. On this occasion, however, he was prepared to eat humble pie, and to throw himself on the mercy of his brothers.

"Don't put me on trial this time," he pleaded meekly. (He rather dreaded a formal bringing up before Sniggery—it took such a time and involved so many uncomfortable and humiliating details). "I own I am in the wrong, and I'll take a licking from Hilly—now, if he likes."

"The prisoner pleads guilty, and would like to be summarily dealt with. Very well," said Hilary making a great show of straightening out a long rod that he had cut from the osier bed hard by, "Let him advance and hold out his hand."

The two boys met, and the big brother, for reasons of his own, examined the other's open palms. Lance was glad he had just washed them in the river.

"Why, what's this!" exclaimed Hilary. There was a great cut running along the very part of the right hand that the rod might have fallen upon. "That's no good," said the compassionate elder boy who only wanted a decent pretext for letting off the culprit; "let's see the other."

Two fingers of the left hand were bandaged with linen.

"Worse than the right!" Hilary declared, affecting to look puzzled. "What do you mean by cutting and slashing yourself all over in that manner?"

"It's the carving tools, Hilary; they will slip so."

"Well, I know you didn't do it to defeat the ends of justice, so I'll just change your punishment," said the big lad graciously, and laying a brotherly arm on Lance's shoulder. Hilary was proud of the youngster's pluck, but would not tell him so. "As we go home, you shall just tell us what you have been mooning over lately—that is, when you haven't been reading Stevenson and Pain."

"It's awfully mixed up," began Lance eagerly, realising that he was forgiven and so doubly anxious to make reparation. "It's jolly good of you, Hilary, to let me off like this"—he went on taking his big brother's arm and speaking for the moment in a lower tone. "Well, I say"—his voice became high and clear now—"you remember what Barry Pain said about boys a little while ago?"

"You mean as to their being made up of equal parts of poet, pirate, and pig?" asked Hilary. "We're not likely to forget that in a hurry."

"Didn't the debate on it in Sniggery last three whole nights?" murmured George.

"I remember we gave two nights to the pig," Harry said, laughing at the recollection.

"And we accepted Mr. Pain's dictum," Hilary resumed, "barring the 'equal parts'—didn't we?"

"Of course," rejoined Lance anxious to proceed. "We decided that the parts were always unequal—except in—I forget the proper word, Hilly."

"Except in abnormal cases. We granted that Sweetie, for instance, was all poet: but then his case was a very exceptional one."

"And I know I admitted that I was all pirate and pig," exclaimed Lance.

"Only," spoke Willie Murrington, "we didn't admit it. You've got as much of the poet in you as any of us."

"More than some of us," George declared very solemnly. "He could never sing as he does if——"

"Perhaps, then, in me the parts are really equal," cried Lance. "I should like to think that, for I hate anything—abnormal, is it?"

"Ah, but," said Willie, shaking his head, "if we didn't get the abnormal now and then, we should never have a genius."

"Bravo, Willie!" exclaimed several.

"Well," continued Lance, "it was Bobby Krumpton that set me thinking. Something he said quite bowled me over. I can't tell you what it was 'cause I promised not to. But here was a fellow I had thought of as unmitigated p——"

"Not pig," interrupted Harry. "The Krumptons are not nearly so piggish as the——"

"No names, please!" Hilary called out. "It's true we had one or two bad cases of piggishness during the matches, and that the pigs in question were not poor boys—who perhaps have some sort of excuse for over-eating themselves; but we won't mention names."

"No, I wasn't going to call the Krumptons pigs," said Lance, "but I'm afraid I'd always thought of them as pirates. The reckless way they dash about the country, and that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes, I know what you mean, Lance," responded Hilary.

"Well, the fact is, they've got no end of poetry in 'em. I'm sorry I can't tell you what Bobby said to me the other day, but since then I've had a chat with Jack and—well, he astonished me. I couldn't make it out at first, both of 'em used such rummy expressions. I thought they were making fun of their religion, just like Protestants do in their books, you know. You remember

that book we all liked so much—‘The Silver Period,’ wasn’t it? Well, the man’s awfully inconsistent. He tells you what a good fellow the curate is—capital bowler, and always ready for any fun that’s going; and yet, later on, he tries to make him out a silly giggling ass. And whenever church is mentioned it’s with a sneer at the services and a sneer at the parson. Perhaps he doesn’t mean it, you know. Perhaps Protestants do really love their religion; but it seems to me that, in books at any rate, they laugh at it a good deal.”

“Father says that what you speak of is a blot on one of the best and brightest books of the century,” said Hilary; “but to return to our——”

“Pigs!” Harry interrupted. “Beg pardon; I should say pirates.”

“I say *poets*,” Lance exclaimed. “But what I am leading up to is this:—Don’t you think it’s all rot, this trying to classify boys just as if they were beetles or butterflies?”

“I for one certainly think so,” said George, waking up from a brown study. The boys were nearing the Hall now, and one or two of them felt a little weary with the long day’s sport.—“One makes such duffing mistakes, you see.”

“Sure to be caught out somewhere,” Harry remarked. “I take it that we are each of us a separate study—always supposing anybody cared to make a study of us.”

“And yet,” pleaded Lance, “I can’t help thinking Barry Pain’s analysis is a very good one.”

“Comes as near to the truth as such a thing can,” Hilary said with decision. “But then—he is dealing only with the boy in his *natural* state.”

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 35.

For certain reasons we pass over No. 34 for the present. It is very much longer than the following, which Mr. Reeves assigns to Miss Alice O'Brien, Old Church, Limerick.

The secrets to my second told
My first too often doth unfold.

1. Never true.
2. Not always new.
3. Always two.

Do you give it up? *Lip* and *ear*, with the "lights," *lie*, *idea*, and *pair*. With this we may join No. 37 (for No. 36 is very long).

No. 37.

When my first is arrived at, a shout loud and clear
Will peal up from the friends of Will Gladstone the caustic,
And none of the kingdom my second shall fear,
Though its name you may give to this double acrostic ;
While my whole jabbars on what he's taught to express,
Like a member reciting his maiden address.

1. I lived through many and many a year.
2. I swept the skies with studious eyes,
3. Nor dreamt of what's to weary minds so dear.

W.

This is signed "W"—namely, Mr. William Woodlock, Q.C., Divisional Magistrate of Dublin—a man of great talents, culture, modesty, benevolence, and piety. Were the Funds below *par* at that time? *Parrot* is the word he cuts in two. The lights are Old Parr, the French astronomer Arago, and *rest*. No one would dream of applying the epithet *caustic* to the great and good man who has lately passed away, except a poet in search of a rhyme for the word "acrostic."

MORE BORROWED THOUGHTS ABOUT STYLE.

ONE of the magazines has announced beforehand as an item in its July programme a paper on Style by some one whose practice makes me anxious to see his theory. Next week I shall look after this matter and probably borrow some of these newest thoughts about style; but July magazines are not accessible on the Feast of St. Aloysius, at which date this mosaic is begun.

The title of my paper makes open profession that these thoughts are taken from others; and the "more" refers back to a previous occasion when I did the same thing—in October, 1895. At page 520 of our 23rd volume may be found "*Variorum Thoughts on Style*," the *rarii* being Mr. John Morley, Alexander Pope, Victor Hugo, Matthew Arnold, Denis Florence MacCarthy, Louis Veuillot, and Mr. William Watson. My personal taste prefers a miscellany of this kind to an original and consecutive disquisition, such as Father John Gerard's very clever essay on style which may be read at page 510 of our 20th volume (1892). I purposely furnish all these precise references for the sake of some one who in the coming years may have the opportunity, perhaps in some public library, to follow the subject from volume to volume, of what will then be an old, faded, musty magazine called *The Irish Monthly*. There will be people found to take the keenest interest in even less serious subjects in the year 1998. For so the world goes on.

Instead of beginning with the earliest, I will first take the latest of the dicta about style which seem worth reproducing here. The *Nineteenth Century* for June, 1898, gives a lecture on "Style in English Prose" which Mr. Frederick Harrison addressed to a society of young men at Oxford. Here are a few sentences out of many pages:—

"It is a good rule for a young writer to avoid more than twenty or thirty words without a full stop, and not to put more than two commas in each sentence, so that its clauses should not exceed three. This, of course, only in practice.

Never quote anything that is not apt and new. Those stale citations of well worn lines give us a cold shudder, as does a pun at a dinner party. A familiar phrase from poetry or Scripture

may pass when embedded in your sentence. But to show it round as a nugget which you have just picked up is the innocent freshman's snare. Never imitate any writer, however good. All imitation in literature is a mischief, as it is in art.

Though you must never imitate any writer, you may study the best writers with care. And for study choose those who have founded no school, who have no special and imitable style. Read Smith, Hume, and Goldsmith in English; and of the moderns, I think, Thackeray and Froude. Ruskin is often too rhapsodical for a student; Meredith too whimsical.

Read Smith, Defoe, Goldsmith if you care to know pure English."

Mr. Harrison had begun by urging that no one need pretend to aim at acquiring what may properly be called style unless he has a "subtle ear for the melody of words, a fastidious instinct for the connotations of a phrase."

In the passage that we have quoted there are some names conspicuous by their absence and some conspicuous by their presence. The "Smith" who goes before Hume must be, not Sydney Smith, but Adam Smith; and who goes now to "The Wealth of Nations" to learn style? But the most remarkable thing in Mr. Harrison's lecture at Oxford is the omission of the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of John Henry Newman. By way of atonement I will cite a rather long passage from another master of style, the late Dean Church:—

"There are two great styles—the self-conscious, like that of Gibbon or Macaulay, where great success in expression is accompanied by an unceasing and manifest vigilance that expression shall succeed, and where you see at each step that there is or has been much care and work in the mind, if not on the paper; and the unconscious, like that of Pascal or Swift or Hume, where nothing suggests at the moment that the writer is thinking of anything but his subject, and where the power of being able to say just what he wants to say seems to come at the writer's command without effort and without his troubling himself more about it than about the way in which he holds his pen. But both are equally the fruit of hard labour and honest persevering self-correction; and it is soon found out whether the apparent negligence comes of loose and slovenly habits of mind, or whether it marks the confidence of one who has mastered his instrument,

and can forget himself and let himself go on using it. The free, unconstrained movement of Dr. Newman's style tells any one who knows what writing is of a very keen and exact knowledge of the subtle and refined secrets of language. With all that uncared-for play and simplicity there was a fulness, a richness, a curious delicate music, quite instinctive and unsought for; above all, a precision and sureness of expression which people soon began to find were not within the power of most of those who tried to use language. Such English, graceful with the grace of nerve, flexibility, and power, must always have attracted attention; but it had also an ethical element which was almost inseparable from its literary characteristics. Two things powerfully determined the style of these sermons. One was the intense hold which the vast realities of religion had gained on the writer's mind, and the perfect truth with which his personality sank and faded away before their overwhelming presence; the other was the strong instinctive shrinking, which was one of the most remarkable and certain marks of the beginners of the Oxford Movement, from anything like personal display, any conscious aiming at the ornamental and brilliant, any show of gifts or courting of popular applause. Morbid or excessive or not, there can be no doubt of the stern, self-containing severity which made them turn away, not only with fear, but with distaste and repugnance, from all that implied distinction or seemed to lead to honour; and the control of this austere spirit is visible, in language as well as matter, in every page of Dr. Newman's sermons."

We pass on from Mr. Frederick Harrison after giving his estimate of Oliver Goldsmith. "Dear old Goldie! There is ease, pellucid simplicity, wit, pathos. I doubt if English prose has ever gone further, or will go further or higher."

At page 424 of a very recent volume of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, (1896 or 1897), Mr. Quiller-Couch—who by the way tells us in July, 1898 (for, strange to say, I have already seen the forthcoming number) that he, like the poet Cowper, finds it hard to banish the *cow* sound from his name—this clever story-teller at that unspecified past date devoted one of his causeries "From a Cornish Window" to a very pleasant discussion of style in recent English prose. In the previous March number of the *Magazine* he had, half in joke, proposed the following competition:—"The magnificent prize of one guinea will be awarded to the

reader who divines the name of the man (or woman) who is (or has been during the past ten years) master (or mistress) of the best style in English prose." He received 164 guesses, of which 31 named Walter Puter, 13 Hardy, 12 R. L. Stevenson, 11 Ruskin, 9 Andrew Lang; and then Froude, Barrie, Kipling, Matthew Arnold, Marie Corelli, Besant, and Canon Doyle, received votes dwindling down from 7 to 3. Nine, including Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Birrell and Anthony Hope, got two votes each; while one vote apiece went to 28 writers, some of them greater than most of the preceding.

Mr. Quiller-Couch makes many entertaining and instructive comments on this literary *plébiscite* before announcing that the name that he had put into a sealed envelope before the competition began was "Andrew Lang:" so his guinea was divided among nine successful guessers, only one of whom is Irish—Mr. W. Jeffrey White, 41 Blessington Street, Dublin. Unlike Mr. Harrison, Mr. Quiller-Couch names Newman, but only to put him above all competition; and he applies with certain reservations to Andrew Lang what Mr. W. E. Henley wrote of Thackeray as "a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art." But Mr. Henley also places altogether apart the style of the great Oratorian as a thing "enskied and sainted." "Setting aside Cardinal Newman's, the style he wrote is certainly less open to criticism than that of any modern Englishman. He was neither super-eloquent like Mr. Ruskin, nor a Germanised Jeremy like Carlyle; he was not marmoreally emphatic as Landor was, nor was he slovenly and inexpressive as was the great Sir Walter; he neither dallied in antithesis like Macaulay, nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms like Dickens; he abstained from technology and what may be called Lord Burleighism as carefully as George Eliot indulged in them, and he avoided conceits as sedulously as Mr. George Meredith goes out of his way to hunt for them."

This paper was begun on St. Aloysius's Day; it is now the vigil of SS. Peter and Paul, and I have got the July number of the magazine that is called after the first of those glorious saints. The best piece of literature that has yet fallen to it is the essay on style, to which I looked forward at the beginning of my present paper. The writer is Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as Provost of the Oratory at Edgbaston. His paper is largely a discussion of a recent work on style by Professor

Walter Raleigh, whom he seems to rate higher than Mr. Harrison does; for evidently Mr. Raleigh is the person of whom Mr. Harrison said in the lecture that we have referred to: "An ingenious professor of literature has lately ventured to commit himself to an entire treatise on style, wherein he has propounded everything that can be usefully said about this art, in a style which illustrates everything that you should avoid."

It would be pleasant to dwell on the clever criticisms to which Father Ryder subjects Professor Raleigh's statements and principles; but it will be better to let the reader study those things in full as they are within reach. Most of the other things that we have cited are practically inaccessible.

Our last remark may be an illustration of Buffon's famous saying, "*Le style c'est l'homme.*" Many a man commits himself seriously by committing his thoughts to paper. Perhaps the present *olla podrida* is a case in point.

M. R.

BEYOND THE BOURNE.

"O H, mother sing to me a lullaby,
While quiet here and looking up I lie;
I see the floor of Heaven spread out on high,
And stars, the silver nails that fasten up the sky.

"And while you're singing I will float away
And rise beyond the floor into the day,
And leave you here to sing for me and pray—
But do not fear, I will come back, I will not stay away."

She sang the lullaby all through the night,
Nor ceased her singing with the morning light.
Weary with watching grew her tear-dimmed sight,
But the child came not back although the day grew bright.

And then the mother prayed but sung no more,
She knew that death had beaten at her door;
For though the prayer be strong and suit be sore,
None pass again the silver nails that hold up Heaven's floor.

W. ALEXANDER CRAIG, M.R.I.A.

A SUNDAY OUTING.

IT is five o'clock of a Sunday morning, and the mists lie white over the bog-lands as yet, though the larks are trilling roundeaux and triolets and glees in the sky overhead, and the corn-crakes crying hoarsely in the dewy freshness of the white and crimson clover. From the chimney of a homestead nestling at the foot of a slight hill a thin line of blue smoke is curling upwards; and the ducks and hens are rejoicing over their early breakfast on the sandy patch of ground that stretches before the cottage-door. The two or three cows that have just reached the byre are surely wondering why they have been brought from the emerald meadow where they have passed the night at such an hour; nevertheless they stand patiently while Pat Connolly and his wife, in unwonted silence, get through their work of milking. When it is accomplished, Pat hurries his cattle back to their pasturage, pausing for a moment to glance approvingly at a newly washed cart that is "heeled up" under the shade of a beech tree, while Mrs. Connolly bears the frothy milk-pails into the barn that is made to serve the purpose of a dairy in the summer season.

Inside the Connolly domicile there is much commotion. The eldest girl is trying with needle and thread and thimbleless finger to repair a rent in a frock belonging to the youngest member of the family, while one of her brothers reminds her that Sunday stitching has to be unpicked on Monday. Two or three children in various stages of undress are uproarious over the prospect of the holiday they are to have to-day, and full of conjectures and questions as to what sort of place that their mother's former home is. A row of shoes polished so that one might see one's own reflection in them is ranged underneath the table that stands beside the kitchen dresser; and hats and caps, new or renovated, are hung upon the whitewashed wall. A big kettle is bubbling and seething over the peat fire, and the teapot has been rinsed and awaits Mrs. Connolly's return. The young woman for whom the breach of the Sabbath is being committed is screaming lustily from the room behind the fire, and her immediate senior is despatched to quiet her, but in doing so increases the din. Mrs. Connolly's entrance and a few threats and shakes restore a sort of order.

The excitement is too acute to allow breakfast being aught but a scramble; not even the presence of the baker's loaf on the table or Mrs. Connolly's reminders that the journey to Lismore is a long one can induce the children to make a hearty meal. The cups and saucers, the bowls and tins, are hastily washed up, the pigs are fed, and the calves supplied with their allowance of butter-milk, and then the business of dressing begins. There is many a call for Mrs. Connolly. She has to button the neck-band of her husband's shirt—a task only a trifle less difficult than inducing the baby to allow her ten refractory toes to rest inside her new leather boots. She has to arrange Jamesie's flaxen locks in a stiff and unbecoming curl, and persuade Kate to don the eldest girl's jacket. At length, however, Pat assisted by the eldest boy has the brown mare between the shafts of the blue and red painted vehicle. A board, covered by a bag stuffed with hay, is stretched across the cart, and makes a not very uncomfortable seat for Pat and his wife, and two youngest children. The others, with much laughter and pushing, are crammed in behind; Pat shakes the reins, gives a sharp "click, click" with his tongue, and off they go.

Suddenly Mrs. Connolly gives a quick exclamation. "Och, sure, we've forgotten the basket with the dozen of turkey eggs!"

Pat pulls up, and half a dozen voices offer (on behalf of their respective pairs of legs) to go back to the house for the missing articles. "Have you the bottle, Pat?" Mrs. Connolly asks in a half whisper. Her spouse claps his hand over the pockets of his coat. "Sorra a bit! It is well we didn't leave it behind altogether!" Pat says thankfully. Jamesie receives instructions as to the whereabouts of the half pint of Coleraine whiskey, and the setting of turkey eggs, and darts back to the house. Pat Connolly and his wife know better than to visit their relatives empty-handed.

Jamesie is back in a few seconds. The basket is deposited at Mrs. Connolly's feet, and the bottle finds a resting place in Pat's pocket. The brown mare moves onward again. She has probably been meditating over the unusual proceedings going on. Along the sandy, deep-banked *boreen* she travels slowly. The rose-covered hedges rise high on each side. There is the scent of blossoming honeysuckle in the air, and the early morning sunbeams turn the tender leaves on the young beeches to greenish gold. Amid the grass on the banks are beds of blue speedwells

and scented violets, and what the children call "dens" of wild strawberries. The mare quickens her pace as she passes through an opening that leads from the *boreen* to the Queen's highway. The road is broad and level and grass-grown at the sides. The cattle in the fields lift their heads as the cart jogs past. By-and-bye a river comes in view, and the children stretch their necks to get a glimpse of the rippling waters with their crowns of amber foam. Yellow iris and golden broom adorn the banks, and a soft wind sings amid the pendulous pink-tinted clusters of a line of young sycamores. Far away a solitary pedestrian comes in sight, and Pat glances to the sun.

"We'll need to hurry," he says, striking his steed with the wattle he carries for a whip. "Mass is at ten in Lismore."

The observation brings forth a string of questions from the crowd behind.

"What sort of a chapel is Lismore?"

"What's the name of its priest?"

"Is there singing at Mass?"

"Is there a gallery?"

"Does the priest preach every Sunday?"

The questions are duly answered, and others follow. The sun rises higher and higher in the cloudless blue sky, and the highway becomes less lonely. Mrs. Connolly tries to shelter herself and the baby under a big cotton umbrella that is continually knocking Pat's hat to one side, and threatening his eyes. No one is sorry when the mare stops before a comfortable farmhouse, and when Mrs. Connolly's brother and her sister-in-law appear to welcome them.

The younger children are lifted from the cart, and proceed shyly to make acquaintanceship with a number of cousins who are scattered over the street, while Mrs. Connolly is conducted by her sister-in-law into the house. The former notes that one or two articles have been added to the furniture of the room before the fire since her last visit. There is a mirror over the mantel-piece, and a fine screen of crumpled paper hanging across the fire-place. The baby has fallen asleep, and is placed in a bed in an inner room. It is not worth while for Mrs. Connolly to take off her bonnet and shawl, but she drinks a cup of tea before she starts with her husband and brother for Lismore Chapel. The latter's helpmate must needs remain indoors to cook the dinner and mind

the younger children. The elder ones have already set out for Mass.

Many a handshake does Mrs. Connolly receive as she emerges from the chapel when Mass is over, and much news does she hear of old friends. But first of all she pays a visit to the spot where her father and mother are buried. A sunken moss-covered stone marks the place, and she kneels long beside it. What sorrows, and joys, and cares she has known since she first knelt there !

Her sister-in-law's appearance testifies to the fact that dinner is ready when she reaches her old home. When the meal is over, the children are despatched to hunt for strawberries or to admire the calves ; and a glass of punch for the seniors is prepared from Pat's Coleraine whiskey. Then the two men proceed to make the round of the farm, and the two women gossip of local matters till the matron of the house thinks of exhibiting her new bonnet and cape. Perhaps Mrs. Connolly has some envious feeling as she examines and admires these. There are more signs of wealth in the home of her girlhood than were in former times, for her brother has wedded a good match, and an American legacy lately received by his wife has made him a very warm man indeed. After a little Mrs. Connolly is taken to see the hens, and the pigs, and the calves. She is also shown the new milk can, and the separated milk. Lismore boasts a creamery, and its attendant quarrels and feuds. The women follow their husbands to the field where the flax is "blue-boughed," and much is said of the lessening value of the crop ; and when the circuit of the farm is ended, it is time to think of preparing tea.

The tea and soda scones are partaken of quietly, for the children are still outside—some playing "Duck and Drake," others hunting for gooseberries among the few straggled bushes in the garden, and two or three others again engaged in spinning tops. When they are summoned inside, they present a tattered appearance, but able they certainly are for a fair quantity of buns and tea. Pat has been in the stable giving the brown mare a feed of oats prior to starting on their homeward journey. The various presents—a cutting of a fuchsia, a slip of a rose tree, a bantam hen, and a wonderfully ugly Dresden Shepherdess—bestowed on the children by their cousins, are carefully stowed away, the last good-byes are said, and Pat Connolly leads the mare to the public road. Conversation is brisk among the youngsters for a time, but

it gradually becomes more spasmodic. The lark soars and sings, and sings and soars high overhead, and the thrush chants a vesper hymn among the bushes. The west is a crimson sea that turns to a citron hue as the brown mare nears home. In it there are islets of pearly clouds with capes and headlands of rose and jasper; and when the old boreen is reached, the peace of evening is over all the world.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

SQUIRRELS.

THIS morning I was walking in the woods, and I watched the ever new and varied antics of the active squirrel-folk. Hearing a familiar sound above me—the scratch of a squirrel paw upon the bark—I looked up, and a pair of sparkling black eyes revealed a little ruddy face against an almost equally ruddy pine branch. Is there anything in the world so impudently shy as the countenance of a watchful squirrel?

I stood perfectly still, and, quickly gaining confidence, the squirrel advanced cautiously down the tree trunk, his dancing eyes fixed on mine. When he had come so close that I could almost have touched him, had I been foolish enough to stretch up my hand, he paused, then suddenly faced about and scampered noisily to the topmost bough of the tree where he sat on his hind legs and cracked an imaginary nut, waving his bushy tail the while. Presently this last-mentioned appendage was dropped slowly over one side of the branch, whilst its owner leaning down, gazed at it from the other side with a most astonished face—just fancy a tail being there! Then it was whisked over his back, flattened and spread out as much as possible, while the squirrel cowered and shivered as though expecting a violent storm of rain; again rapidly altering his position (and who can do so more quickly than a squirrel?) he stood bold upright, laughing loud, infectious squirrel-laughter—*chuck-wulla, chuck-wulla, wulla, wulla*. Oh, it was an excellent joke! I laughed, too; how could I help it? Whereupon the little fellow glared at me with an “how dare you?” expression—then he became more serious, quite grave in fact. He turned his back to me, that expressive tail hanging down with an anxious droop while, lowering his head, he gave utterance to the long, low call, so plaintive, so far-carrying, but so

seldom heard. At once the answer came from a distant oak ; his mate was all right then. Now my little friend was immensely amused at his recent anxiety. He laughed, oh dear ! how he laughed—until he took it into his head to be frightened, when he tore off, leaping from bough to bough, knocking down rotten sticks with as much noise as possible, until he reached the summit of an adjacent beech tree, where he paused to crack a few nuts—real ones this time—and, having eaten the kernels, he aimed the shells at my head, and disappeared down the hollow-tree trunk with a smothered *chuck-wulla*, and a final flourish of that uncontrollable tail.

You need only stand still in a pine wood to see these pretty red wood nymphs at play, and I dare say you have watched their antics. But have you ever seen a squirrel *perfectly* still ? I did this morning, but I do not think it is a common sight.

He was sitting on the fork of a birch tree, his ruddy ears in bold relief against the silver bark, his furry face uplifted, but so motionless that you might almost have thought he was made of wood, were it not for the lustre of his black eyes and the soft curves of his little form. The very tip of that ever-restless squirrel-tail did not even twitch, not a whisker quivered, not an eyelash moved. And, oh ! believe me, though I could not see her, that squirrel's loved one was above him ; else why that languishing, adoring expression in his glistening eyes, in the whole of his upturned countenance ? Two delicate fore-paws clasped tight to a white fluffy bosom some treasure, I know not what, about the size of his own head. This treasure was the cause of of his present behaviour. And why ? Wild nature distrusts mankind, and did he not know that, if he moved, he might be detected, and, if detected, might he not be obliged to fly ? And then what would become of that treasure, precious though cumbrous ? Ah, who says the squirrels are not a cunning people ?

I would not spoil the little stratagem, and went away ; but although I looked back many times the squirrel never moved, and the last time I turned before losing sight of him he was still rigid as a statue. Heroic squirrel !

I do not say this was the first time I ever saw a squirrel quiet. I only use this incident to illustrate the fact that a wide-awake squirrel can keep still in case of an emergency—but I think he finds it hard work.

FATHER FINN'S STORIES.

AN AUSTRALIAN APPRECIATION.

WE have very often had occasion to praise the stories, written chiefly for boys, by the Rev. Francis Finn, S.J. As he was an American writing for American youth, we had some misgiving as to whether his tales would enjoy in this country a large share of the popularity which in the United States has pushed each of them through several editions. As a fact we have heard lately that they *are* relished by Irish boys also; and this is confirmed by a paper on the subject in "Our Alma Mater," a college journal edited by the students of Riverview, near Sydney. The logical connection between these two last statements may not be quite apparent; but at any rate Australians are not Americans, and most of the boy-editors of Riverview bear unmistakably Irish names, one of them being Charles Gavan Duffy, grandson of the Monaghan man who has given that name a place in history and literature. The Australian writer gives many personal details about the American Jesuit; and, as "Our Alma Mater" cannot be accessible to our readers, we venture with this full acknowledgment to make use of two or three of its pages.

* * *

Father Finn's great merit is that, being a Catholic, he writes, in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, racy and interesting stories—stories that boys like to read. For it is by his boy-audience, of course, he is to be judged. To us in Australia, his books offer the further interest of giving us some idea of what American boys are like. We know America by report a good deal; but it is good to go and live a while on the play-grounds, and amidst the pleasant din of the young gentlemen born under the Stars and Stripes. Father Finn is credited by reviewers and critics with "discovering" the American boy, which means, I suppose, that he discovered the secret of setting down his own fair and true idea of him truly and fairly on paper. This is the gift of authorship; to be able to mint into alphabet-moulds the treasures which the hard-working soul has dug from common daily life. Noble they whose mintage passes current with men!

Boy-life is a hidden world that few are competent to write about at all, fewer still to write about in such wise as to interest boys; for it is not only sufficient to know boys—everyone knows boys—a good many to their cost rather than otherwise. It is necessary to see the romance of boy life, or, if you like, its poetical side. A country may be very uninteresting if you travel always along the valleys and in the shadows of the mountains; but don't forget there are mountain tops up in the streaming sunlight. If you take the trouble to go up you may change your views completely about the country. Now, I am always delighted when some one comes and takes me up there and shows me the golden landscape, and so is every school-boy. The love of the ideal is latent in young hearts as well as in old; and a tale of school life, no less than a tale of chivalry, may have the magic touch of imagination that makes us stop and listen.

It is not my purpose to go through Father Finn's tales, and recommend or criticise them. I think all my readers know his stories too well to need either. Instead of that I shall give some details about Father Finn himself, which lovers of his stories will be glad to have.

Father Finn is, as anyone who reads his books must immediately guess, a true American. He was born thirty-nine years ago, in St. Louis, Missouri, and during his very young years—those years in other boys' lives he has described so well—was very fond of reading stories, being specially fond of Dickens; so fond of reading that games and sports occupied little of his time up to the age of fourteen. An anecdote is told of him, that one day during his twelfth year, whilst anxious friends were trying to induce him to give up his books and go out and take recreation, the Rev. John Van Krevel happened to call at his home, and was requested to use his persuasive powers to induce little Francis to go out. Father Van Krevel walked over to the young book-lover, and, patting him on the head, said: "Let him alone; he's all right. He'll be a great story-writer some day."

However, when, at the age of fourteen, he went to live in St. Louis University, his companions were not so tolerant of his book-reading propensities, and he became one of the leaders of athletics in his college. He entered the Noviciate of the Society of Jesus on March 24th, 1879, and took his vows on March 25th, 1881.

He taught at St. Mary's College, Kansas, until 1883, when he went to Woodstock College, Maryland, where he spent one year in the study of philosophy. The scholastic year of 1884-85 was passed at St. Mary's, Kansas, and 1885-86 in St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. He then returned to Woodstock, and gave two years to the completion of his philosophy course. After two years of teaching at Marquette College, Milwaukee, he went back again to Woodstock and devoted the next four years to the study of theology, of which the last year was made at St. Louis. In 1893, while at Woodstock, he was raised to the priesthood. Teaching at St. Mary's and Marquette filled out the time until September, '96, when he began his tertianship at Florissant. From Florissant Father Finn went to Cincinnati, where he has since been engaged in teaching at St. Xavier's, and lecturing upon literature to the post-graduate class.

Father Finn began writing in 1884 with a short story called "Charlie's Victory." "Ada Merton" appeared the same year. In 1885 he wrote "Tom Playfair," but did not publish it until 1891, when he brought out also in book form "Percy Wynn," which had appeared serially in 1889. The year 1892 saw "Harry Dee," which was followed the next year by "Claude Lightfoot." Next came "Mostly Boys," and "Ethelred Preston," and lastly "That Football Game," which reached its fourth thousandth in three months.

That Father Finn's popularity is not on the wane may be judged from the fact that "Tom Playfair" is now in its thirteenth thousand, "Percy Wynn" in its twelfth, "Claude Lightfoot" in its ninth, "Harry Dee" in its eleventh, "Mostly Boys" in its sixth, and "Ethelred Preston" in its fifth.

Father Finn is about 5 feet 9 inches tall, and well developed. Hair black and straight, and beginning to 'lose ground.' An expansive prominent forehead, deep-set gray eyes, large straight nose and well-formed mouth, altogether a pleasant face belonging to an interesting talker who delights in entertaining children and bantering his friends.

Besides being a first-class story writer, Father Finn is much praised as a literary critic, his lectures at St. Xavier's winning high commendation. He has written several plays, of which only one—"Bethlehem"—has been given to the public.

Father Finn very courteously answered some questions we put

to him (you know one feels like asking him questions and having to deal with him in general after reading his books), and we give our readers the benefit of his answers. If you see in our questions any intimation of personal ambition on our part to get at the secret of Father Finn's success, and to turn it to account, we hereby refute such insinuation by giving the whole matter publicity.

"Father, how and when did you first start writing?"

"I began writing for publication at the suggestion of a brother scholastic now (Father John Weir, S.J.) about thirteen years ago. The first thing I wrote was "Charlie's Victory," a short story. I wrote it at one sitting. In the beginning I had a knack of writing a short story at one sitting, which in these later years has left me. Up to the year 1891 my writings were confined to the pages of magazines and were published anonymously. My pen name was "Neenah." In May of '91 I published my first book, "Peroy Wynn," under my own name."

"Do you find writing hard work?"

"I find it very exhausting work. It requires my complete attention. This completeness of attention makes it difficult, almost impossible for me to do any imaginative work during the school year. My time for writing is during the last part of the summer vacation. The first part I give to taking a good rest. If I succeed in getting this I find writing delightful, and think nothing of making five or six thousand words a day. I write rapidly and correct at leisure, sometimes re-writing the entire story. Some of the happiest incidental details fill in naturally in this re-writing."

"About the plots, Father?"

"The plots come in a flash, like death, like a thief in the night, when they are least expected. I find that so long as I have one plot in my head there is no chance for the entrance of another till I have, as it were, exorcised it by committing it to paper. Then there are a few days or weeks or months of vacancy, when all of a sudden a plot swoops down and enters into possession to the exclusion of everything else."

"Have you written much this year?"

"During the past year I have written but one story—a long short story of about twenty thousand words. I have been carrying about in my head for over a year and a half the plot for a new story which I hope to take in hand the coming summer. It is

very gratifying to me to learn that I may count among my friends the young 'Britishers under the Southern Cross.' Talking of young Britishers, the most beautiful, the noblest letter I have received thus far from my young friends of the English-speaking world (and letters of this kind have come fast and thick for some years) came from an English boy."

The name of Father Finn's latest story is "The Teacher Taught."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Life of the Venerable Servant of God, Julie Billiart, Foundress and First Superior-General of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame.* By a Member of the same Congregation. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

This full and well-written biography of the Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame fills more than four hundred royal octavo pages, and is illustrated by ten excellent engravings; yet the price fixed upon it is only four shillings. The filial piety of her children is evidently bent on making Julie Billiart known as widely as possible. Much interesting information is also furnished about Père Varin, and many other holy persons connected with the revival of religion after the Revolution. The printer has helped to make the book eminently readable; and altogether this venerable Foundress has received justice at the hands of her English daughters. Many houses of her Order flourish in England, but it has not yet crossed the Irish Sea.

2. *Memories.* By C. M. Home. (London: R. Washbourne).

This is a rather long story for the young, filling two hundred and thirty pages. Miss Home—as we venture to call her in spite of the dubious initials "C. M."—wields a practised pen, having published "Redminton School" and "Claudius." The incidents are sufficiently varied and are told in grammatical English, and we hope that youthful readers will find them interesting. It will be their own fault if they do not learn from the tale many useful lessons. But, for all that, there is wanting a certain spell, a certain glamour, which we desire even in stories for the young, to elevate and spiritualise the youthful imagination.

3. *Christian Philosophy: A Treatise on the Human Soul.* By the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L. (Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago).

Father Driscoll, a distinguished student of the Catholic University of America, has proposed in this volume to "set forth the main lines of Christian Philosophy as enunciated in the Catechism and as systematized by the Schoolmen, especially St. Thomas." He seems to us to have succeeded admirably in his object. Evidently he has spared no pains to secure accuracy in his citations and references; and, although a disciple of St. Thomas, he has studied carefully all the modern psychologists. The publishers have brought the book out in the most suitable manner, with excellent austere binding. We engage for it a welcome from the thoughtful readers to whom it is addressed. In an elaborate criticism on this work in the August number of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*—one of the most solid, and at the same time most entertaining, periodicals of its kind in any language—the manifestly competent writer says that Father Driscoll's book will be "valuable to students who are already acquainted with Catholic philosophy and who desire a ready general introduction to outside opinions; and doubly valuable to those who require the abiding light of that philosophy amid the shoals and fogs of the literature of modern psychology through which they may be obliged to pass."

4. *Cyril Westward: The Story of a Grave Decision.* By Henry Patrick Russell, late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Davenport. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

This is one of the best books of its kind—namely, narratives of conversion thrown into the form of a novel. Miss Agnew's "Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience," had considerable vogue fifty years ago; and Cardinal Newman's "Loss and Gain" will always be a classic. By the way, is it not strange that this grand and austere genius should throw his thoughts and feelings into this peculiar form at so solemn a crisis of his history? Mr. H. P. Russell embodies in his controversial fiction two or three most interesting letters which he received from the Oratorian Cardinal. "Cyril Westward" will hardly be read for the sake of the mere story, though several of the characters are well defined and the conversations are lively enough. But, as we have said, it is a good controversial novel, and an up-to-date description of the motives which influence a convert from Anglicanism. The absence of headings to the chapters gives a blank look to the table of contents; but this is a very small point. The late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Devonport, has given good reason for the faith that is in him.

5, *Strong as Death: a Story of the Irish Rebellion*. By Mrs. Charles M. Clarke. (Aberdeen: Moran & Co.)

In her dedication, Mrs. Clarke (whose nom-de-plume was first "Miriam Drake") calls this exceedingly portly volume a reprint of an old story, which, she adds, was founded for the most part on oral tradition. When this novel originally appeared, it filled three volumes. The type of the present excellent reprint, though very clear, is small and crushes a great deal into each page; and yet there are five hundred and forty of them. Some of the real history of Ireland before the Union is pressed into the service of the novelist, and she manages cleverly a great variety of dramatic incident. "Strong as Death" is a notable contribution to the Centenary literature of 'Ninety-Eight.

6, "The Religious Life and Vows" is a treatise translated by O. S. B., from the French of Monseigneur Charles Gay. It is published by Burns and Oates, and is introduced by Father Gordon of the London Oratory, who, however, pays the book too high a compliment when comparing it to the writings of Father Faber. In place of a table of contents the last ten pages are given to a synoptical table of the preceding two hundred and sixty pages. The nature and the motives of each of the vows are discussed in separate chapters with an unction and solidity which will render this work a valuable addition to the library of a religious community.

7. *Meditation Leaflets*. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. (London: Burns and Oates).

There is no sentence-making in this book. Indeed there is hardly a complete sentence in the hundred and twenty pages. Very full and systematic heads are given of thirty-five meditations; and then the same is done for the subjects of twenty-one considerations. We think that very many will find the book particularly useful. The form is cheap and convenient.

8. The most recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) are Sir Francis Cruise's clear and conclusive summary of the arguments and investigations which answer "Thomas a Kempis" to the question "Who was the Author of *The Imitation of Christ*?" An able and learned lecture by the Rev. Dr. O'Riordan of Limerick, on Draper's "Conflict between Science and Religion." Mr. James Britten's account of Mr. John Kensit as a "A Prominent Protestant"; and a penny biography of St. Martin by Lady Amabel Kerr.

9. *Manual of Religious Instruction, compiled to correspond with the requirements of the Diocesan Programme of Waterford and Lismore*. (Waterford: Harvey and Co.)

This admirable and most practical manual is given in good serviceable binding for sixpence. Solid information is given very concisely on a great number of subjects suggested by the Catechism ; and these are carefully allotted respectively to the advanced Junior Class, Middle, and Senior ; and finally to the Monitorial and Intermediate Class. We venture to supply an omission on the title-page by naming the author, the Rev. P. Power, Diocesan Inspector.

10. *Catholic Teaching, for Children.* By Winifride Wray. (London : Washbourne).

This excellent book is recommended very earnestly by Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, who implies that such a book would have an enormous sale if it had been written for Protestants, but, as it is written for Catholic children, it will not be so quickly out of print. There is shameful carelessness about such matters among even well-disposed Catholics. The illustrations in many books add nothing to the value or attractiveness of the book. The pictures of the present book are very good in themselves, and very well reproduced. The same publisher has issued a very compact and cheap, but of course not quite complete, Roman Missal, which he calls "A Popular Missal for the use of the Laity."

11. *A Memorial of the Sacred Heart.* By the Rev. George William Clifford, S.J. (Munresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.)

This is a singularly holy and interesting little book, and anything but commonplace. A little sketch of Father Clifford's uneventful life is preceded by a portrait which recalls his appearance vividly to one who saw him last forty years ago. Indeed the first sentences ever written in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus by the hand that guides this pen were written at that remote date at the bidding of Father Clifford when Assistant to the well-remembered Novice-Master, Father Tracy Clarke, S.J. It is well to have this little relic of a saintly man. The panegyric on Silence (pp. 67-72) is the most striking thing in the book.

12. About twenty years ago two small books of religious verse were published in Dublin under the titles of "Emmanuel" and "Madonna." Both of them went through several editions, and have long been out of print. When they reappear, there will be a different combination of materials and a change of name. This makes the author of them more content to let each of the names be adopted by a pious periodical, one on each side of the Atlantic. "Emmanuel"—which for the sake of its meaning ("God with us") was applied first to my collection of eucharistic verses—is the title of the official monthly of the Priests' Eucharistic League, which has for four years

been edited by the Bishop of Covington, in the United States; and "Madonna" is now taken for the second time as the name of an extremely neat magazine for the Children of Mary. It is published every three months for two pence. It is true to its name; and by means of its compact double columns it crushes a great deal of interesting and edifying matter into each part. May it flourish apace, and may it abide! Nay, we hope that it will soon pay us a monthly visit, like the *Sancta Maria* of Belfast. This last is more in the nature of a general religious magazine, and in both literary merit and typographical get-up it does credit to our northern metropolis.

13. *Alcoholism and Suicidal Impulses.* By W. C. Sullivan, M.D. (London: Adlard and Son).

This brochure, which is a reprint from "The Journal of Mental Science," does not come within the sphere of our critical jurisdiction; and indeed Dr. Sullivan's name would hardly figure among our book-notes except as an indication of the success already gained by a son of the late very gifted Irishman, William K. Sullivan. Dr. Sullivan is now Deputy Medical Officer of the Liverpool Prison, and very distinguished in the special department of medical science to which the present Paper is a valuable contribution.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

LIX.

Fichet in his *Arcana Studiorum Methodus* advises the young student to know many subjects but to profess one, to have a definite object, to love labour and despise pleasure (or rather to take pleasure in labour); to gain learning by hearing, reading, teaching, and writing. It is best to read with another, to read not *multa* but *multum*, and to study original books (not the summaries drawn from them). He lays great stress on the advantage of teaching. "The moment you have made any progress in a study, strive if possible to be teaching all day. Teach what you know, if you don't know it all. Take special care, either by begging or bribing, to have a person to whom you can repeat whatever you please. I have read many things,"

continues Fichet, "but a month's interval so destroyed all recollection of them that I hardly remembered them on reading again. But what I have taught others I know as well as the limbs of my body. They are as clear as daylight before my eyes. My knowledge of them is firm, certain and fruitful. I could hardly believe that Death itself would extinguish the remembrance of them."

* * *

The following sonnet, addressed by Mr. William Watson to Aubrey de Vere, appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* a few years ago. It may not be preserved in any of Mr. Watson's volumes :—

Poet, whose grave and strenuous lyre is still
 For Truth and Duty strung ; whose art eschews
 The lighter graces of the softer Muse,
 Did disdainful of mere craftsman's idle skill ;
 Yours is a soul for visionary hill,
 Watching and hearkening for ethereal news,
 Looking beyond life's storms and death's cold dews
 To habitations of the Eternal Will.

Not mine your mystic creed ; not mine, in prayer
 And worship, at the ensanguined Cross to kneel ;
 But when I mark your path how pure and fair,
 How based on love, on passion for man's weal,
 My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
 Reverses the reverence which it cannot feel

* * *

De Maistre forbids us to give the name of genius to a man who abuses his gift. He turns finely this line of Voltaire's against Voltaire himself :

Une âme corrompue ne peut être sublime.

"A soul corrupt can never be sublime."

* * *

Good books and bad books—what a power they wield
 Among the reprobates are there any more guilty than the men

who left behind them books attractively written but poisoning the mind and corrupting the heart? This wide influence of the written word is well expressed by the quaint hexameter which alludes to the quill writing on parchment that is covered with wax:—

Anser, apis, vitulus populos et regna gubernant.

“ Realms and peoples ruled we see
By the goose, the calf, the bee.”

* * *

A poor woman, who could suffer and pray but could not read, told me that she says the rosary every day for the poor souls in Purgatory, “especially for those who have no one to pray for them.” This seems to me a good phrase, better than the ordinary ones, *âmes délaissées*, “abandoned souls,” “forgotten souls.” All these other expressions charge some one with blame in the matter, whereas some may be detained in Purgatory so long as to survive all their kinsfolk and friends, and there may be others, who, even at first, when they are called out of life, leave no one behind who is bound to them by special ties. Let us, then, imitate the charity of this poor woman, and pray for the souls in Purgatory, especially those who have no one to pray for them.

* * *

I remember a pleasant essay which gave instructions to youthful literary aspirants “How to fail in Literature”—how to make sure of being rejected by editors; and one of the hints was to write verses headed “Only.” And then the writer—probably Mr. Andrew Lang—improvised a few insipid stanzas, each beginning with *only*. In spite of these associations I give hospitality to the following waif from an American newspaper where it was attributed to “Charlotte Murray,” of whom I know nothing more.

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said,
Only a word !
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remembrance,
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep
Only a look !
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went out alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done,
" Surely 'twas nought,"
(So the proud world thought),
But yet souls for Christ were won !

Only a hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given,
Yet seed was sown,
In that hour alone,
Which would bring forth fruit for heaven.

" Only "—but Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please,
And their love He loves to crown.

OCTOBER, 1898.

"SONNETS ON THE SONNET."

CRITICISM AND AFTERMATH.

IT is many a year since Father Joseph Farrell (God rest his soul!) remarked to me with surprise and pleasure the large number of separate works reprinted from the pages of this Magazine. They number now some thirty or forty volumes issued by various publishers on both sides of the Atlantic—novels, essays, poems, histories, and biographies. To this miscellaneous collection we have sometimes given the name of "The IRISH MONTHLY Library." It has, last of all, received a curious addition in the volume named at the head of this article—a volume which could never have been put together without the complicity of this Magazine.

This "IRISH MONTHLY Library" embraced such solid work as Father Edmund O'Reilly's valuable essays on "The Relations of the Church to Society," such brilliant work as Father Joseph Farrell's "Lectures of a Certain Professor," such exquisite work as Lady Gilbert's "Marcella Grace," and "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," such admirable work as Mrs. Atkinson's "Essays chiefly on Irish subjects." Even of volumes of verse like Alice Esmonde's "Songs of Remembrance" every line had first appeared in THE IRISH MONTHLY.

As we have said, the newest volume of the series, "Sonnets on the Sonnet," could hardly have come to maturity if it had not first been printed tentatively by instalments in these pages. It is

fitting therefore that in these pages also its after fate should be chronicled, as it has been our custom to do for the books just enumerated and for many others.

So far it has fared exceedingly well. In the short time that has elapsed since the old historic firm of Longmans, Green and Company sent it forth into the world, it has received very favourable notice from *The Times*, *Scotsman*, *Academy*, *Illustrated London News*, *Literature, Notes and Queries*, *Tablet*, *Weekly Register*, *The Speaker*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Daily Express*, *Independent*, *Irish Figaro*, *Cork Examiner*, *The Month*, and many others. Some of these critical remarks may be repeated here; and these prose extracts may be separated by one or other of the half-dozen sonnets on the sonnet which came into our hands too late to be included in the book that bears that name. The first of these is signed P. A. S., which our readers will recognise as the initials of an eloquent priest of the diocese of Cloyne to whom our Magazine owes such prose as "The Two Civilizations" and such verse as "Sentan the Culdee."

I put my trembling bird, with down-drooped wing,
 Within a golden cage that hung before
 The Temple of the Muses; closed the door,
 And stept aside, silent and wondering
 Whether the captive minstrel-soul would sing—
 She, whose aspiring fancy fain would soar
 To the far Pisgah-heights, whose altars bore
 Traces of the lordliest poets' ministering.

And lo! the fourteen prison-bars did glow
 Into a golden lyre, serenely strung,
 And o'er the quivering chords did sweetly flow
 The wavelets of an echo, swiftly sprung
 From the contagious rage, the frenzied glow:
 For here had Milton, here had Petrarch sung.

The Times delivers its verdict in gentler accents than one has been used to associate with *The Thunderer*. It begins with what seems to be a mistake, remarking that this anthology of *Sonnets on the Sonnet* "is not the first of its kind but is perhaps the most complete and the best." Is it not the first that gathers together all the sonnets that have the sonnet itself for its theme? For surely even the amiable critic of *The Times* cannot mean that, as a general sonnet-anthology, it is better than those that had their choice amongst the sonnets of all subjects and of all centuries.

It may be a surprise to some to find such a book bearing the signature of a learned Jesuit, but they should remember that the Society of Jesus has always piqued itself on keeping abreast with all the legitimate interests of mankind, poetry included : and certainly Father Russell shows himself not only appreciative of serious poetry, but gifted with a decidedly humorous vein, and with no little power of himself writing sonnets. Dividing his subject into "The Structure of the Sonnet," "The Nature of the Sonnet," "The Masters of the Sonnet," "The Sonnet's Latest Votaries," and "The Sonnet's Kindred Self-Described," the compiler gives us verses from many authors great and small, and in more languages than one, while as examples of "The Sonnet's Kindred" we have triolets, rondeaux, villanelles, and many more varieties. In the first part we open with a 16th century Spanish sonnet, and pass to Théophile Gautier in French, and Augustus Schlegel in German ; later we have the famous sonnets of Wordsworth ("The Sonnet's Scanty Plot of Ground"), of Keats, and of Rossetti, with many less celebrated but sometimes excellent in their way ; and lastly, we have some very admirable sonnets by Carducci and other foreign writers with good translations attached. The reader may exclaim with Biron "Tush ! none but minstrels like of sonneting," but certainly Mr. Russell's anthology shows us that the minstrels themselves regard their craft and its results with an enthusiasm which is very likely to prove infectious.

As we promised to make this paper resemble streaked bacon by inserting a silver streak of verse between every two layers of prose, we shall give next a sonnet that came to us from an English parsonage when the book was already in print. The writer, being unaware of our objection to anonymity, uses the signature "Cresandia," in which we detect an anagram of her abode.

The sonnet is a dainty gem of rhyme,
Where ten sweet syllables may smoothly flow
Through fourteen lines, all neatly set a-row,
And linked together with harmonious chime ;
Where some grave poet, with a thought sublime,
May teach a thousand listening hearts to glow ;
Or, word by word, as fancies come and go,
A lighter muse may charm the flight of time.
Will Shakespere wrought it, all in purest gold ;
Austerer beauty grew 'neath Milton's hand ;
'Mid Wordsworth's bays it glittered like a star.
And thou, presumptuous pen, dar'st thou ?—withhold
Nor dream to mingle with that deathless band
But humbly follow thou, afar—afar.

The Scotsman begins by saying that our book "is probably the fullest collection yet made of self-conscious sonnets." But is it not the first ? Ought not "certainly" be substituted here for "probably" and "only" for "fullest" ?

Every reader of poetry knows one or two sonnets, such as the famous one by the Spaniard Mendoza, or Rossetti's "A Sonnet is a Moment's Monument," in which the point is made by some felicitous harmonising of the formal perfections of the sonnet with thoughts about it as a verse-form. But Mr. Russell has got together no less than a hundred and fifty-seven pieces of this kind, drawn from mediæval and modern literature. The poems, which include French, German, and Italian sonnets, are classified according to an intelligent scheme. Some thirty of them have been written specially for the compilation, and an appendix gives a choice of similar poems in other forms, triolets which discourse about the formal difficulties of the triolet, villanelles that extol the beauties of villanelle, and so forth. Then there is a selection of critical dicta in prose about the sonnet. The book is a little late. It is no longer the fashion, as it was ten years ago, for every young poet to try his 'prentice hand upon the sonnet or the old French forms. Nowadays the object is to be as formally formless as possible. But a metrical craftsman in search of "styles" or a critic interested in the sonnet-form, could not find a richer book of its kind; and as the sonnet seems bound to go on for ever, while the rondel, triolet, and the villanelle can only come and go, the collection should be welcome to no narrow circle of readers.

Notes and Queries says that in this collection "an agreeable idea is agreeably carried out," and calls it "a volume which the lover of poetry will gladly put on his shelves." This periodical itself contributed to the completeness of our collection, as we indeed mentioned in a sonnet which we thought it well to suppress. But though suppressed sonnets are not quite as bad as suppressed gout, there is a great deal of force in that question of one of Job's comforters: "Conceptum sermonem quis continere potest?"

Let's build a book, we said, whereof each page,
 Spacious withal, shall nought display upon it
 Save introspective, egotistic sonnet,
 The sonnet's form to fix, its worth to gauge.
 With such a theme the Muse may shock the sage
 As if a bee had crept within her bonnet;
 Yet shall our book find readers keen to con it,
 E'en in this prosy, sonnet-hating age.

O IRISH MONTHLY! thy October Number
 In '87 first this quest began;
 Next that receptacle of learned lumber,
 Hight *Notes and Queries*, to our succour ran.
 A few originals the book encumber:
 The rest are pilfered whencesoe'er we can.

The reader by referring to the postscript of the volume that is the subject of the present discussion will probably be able to conjecture a reason why any utterance of *The Weekly Register* on the poetic art is likely to be instructive. After some intro-

ductory remarks, this critic speaks thus of our book :—

It is a surprisingly various bouquet. From the jesting essays in which Mendoza and Lope count their lines, to Wordsworth's and Rossetti's protestations of delightful bondage, and to more unfamiliar praises of the sonnet in various languages, Father Russell shows a comprehensive acquaintance with all that has been said in prose or verse upon his theme. Catholic writers are remarkably conspicuous among the cultivators of this narrow corner in the "scanty plot of ground." But that somewhat sterile and bleak quotation is less appropriate to the genius of the sonnet than Milton's description of strict Eden, inexhaustible in enclosed felicities :—

To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth ; yea, more !

There are three French sonnets on the Sonnet which seem to have a fair claim to be included in this aftermath. One of them, by Louis Guibert, ought to have been grouped with several that rang the changes upon Boileau's famous line about the faultless sonnet and the long poem and their comparative worth :—

Oui, certe, un beau sonnet vaut seul tout un poème ;
Mais c'est fortune exquise et bien rare vraiment
Que de mettre la main sur un tel diamant :
Le sonnettiste heureux est l'artiste suprême.
Ballade ou madrigal, romance, épître même,
Rien d'un cadre aussi fin n'entoure un compliment.
Trouvez, s'il est possible, un écriin plus charmant
Pour présenter son coeur à la femme qu'on aime ?

Le coffret tout d'abord plaît et séduit les yeux
Par son étrange éclat, son travail merveilleux ;
Mais plus riche il paraît, plus, quand votre main l'ouvre,
La perle, en son nid d'or, brille aux regards surpris. . . .
Ainsi, dans les splendeurs du vers qui la recouvre,
La pensée ingénue acquiert un nouveau prix.

Another by Louis Goujon, is addressed to a lady who had expressed her sovereign contempt for sonnets of every kind :—

Pourquoi ce fier mépris pour le sonnet, Madame ?
Ce moule de Pétrarque est cher aux amoureux :
Dans cette coupe d'or tout breuvage est de flamme,
Et le caprice emplit ses contours rigoureux !

C'est un splendide écrin pour les bijoux de l'âme :
Lui seul peut recevoir dans ses vers peu nombreux
Les rimes de la joie et les sanglots d'un drame,
Tout ce que l'art ancien a de plus savoureux.

La Muse lui confie,—encor mieux qu'au poème,—
Le sujet qui réclame une forme suprême,
Le tour ingénieux qui séduit l'avenir.

Jettez donc aux buissons votre erreur insensée !
 Ce vase de cristal enferme la pensée,
 Cette fille de Dieu que nul ne peut bannir.

Finally a third Frenchman, M. Gleize, will furnish the last example of an old trick, pretending to describe, line by line, the mechanical construction of a sonnet :—

Je voudrais bien faire un sonnet,
 Mais je ne sais comment m'y prendre.
 Mon cerveau cherche à le comprendre,
 Mais ma Muse refuse net.

Quoi ! m'avouer vaincu ! me rendre !
 Entrons vite en mon cabinet ;
 Alignons de rimes en *et*
 Avec d'autres faites en *endre* ;

En voilà huit déjà, c'est sûr.
 Le style n'en est pas bien pur,
 Mais ça fait onze tout de même.

Un petit effort, puis, voilà
 Que j'en ai douze ; et je vois là
 Venir bientôt le quatorzième.

The weekly literary journal, *Literature*, which has been started by *The Times*, is considered to be now so firmly established that the "Vagabond Club" lately entertained in its honour Mr. H. D. Traill, its editor. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins (of "The Dolly Dialogues") was chairman, and Mr. Andrew Lang (of many things) was one of the speakers. The reason why we chronicle this event is that *Literature* has had the discrimination to recognise the merits of a certain "very interesting anthology"—the subject, namely, of the present paper. The Reviewer, however, blames the Anthologist for having included, in an appendix of "The Sonnet's Kindred Self-described," hexameters that describe the nature and structure of the Hexameter. He adds that, if English verses in classical metres are to be given, the very interesting "Experiments" of Tennyson ought not to have been ignored :

These lame hexameters the strong-winged music of Homer !
 No, but a most burlesque barbarous experiment—

And we should have also his

"Tiny poem
 All composed in a metre of Catullus."

There is one section of the volume which might have been extended indefinitely, the *catena* of pronouncements in prose about the nature and functions of the sonnet and its most stringent laws. To these I should certainly have added the following weighty dictum from *The Guardian* of August 25, 1897, if it had come under my notice in time :—

“The creation of the Sonnet is perhaps the greatest achievement of Christian literature in the field of pure art. The metrical forms employed by Greek and Roman poets for the epic, for the drama, for the ode, are at least as successful as our own ; but for the expression of a single thought, fused into poetic life by the warmth of a single emotion, a single imagination, they had nothing which approaches the sonnet of Petrarch, Ronsard, and Wordsworth.”

Another shortcoming was our forgetting to avail ourselves of a permission given by Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton to make use of a letter in which he was so good as to explain his view of the sonnet as put forward in his famous sonnet called “The Sonnet’s Voice : a Metrical Lesson by the Sea-shore.” The following is an extract from a letter which gave me his kind permission, and also Mr. Swinburne’s, to have them represented in my volume.

“With regard to my sonnet ‘The Sonnet’s Voice’ a widespread misunderstanding seems to prevail which, should you append notes to your selection, you might do me the service of correcting. I send the cutting from the proof of an article on the sonnet which will appear in about a week in *Chamber’s Encyclopædia*. The truth of the matter is this: years ago, when the late D. G. Rossetti and I were staying at the seaside together (at Bognor, I think) we agreed to write each a sonnet on the sonnet. He was to express the poetical spirit of the sonnet ; I was to state and describe its metrical form. His sonnet beginning ‘A sonnet is a moment’s monument,’ now prefixed to the ‘House of Life,’ was one of the results of this undertaking. I soon found that the sonnet of octave and sestet divided itself into four distinct varieties and that I must write four sonnets to Rossetti’s one. These were all written, and Rossetti years afterwards urged me to print them in the *Athenæum* or in some other literary journal. In 1881 I did print one of them in the *Athenæum*—the sonnet you are enquiring about—and it attracted more attention than I at all expected, and more attention than I think it deserved. It got reprinted first :

Mr. Hall Caine's Anthology, then in Mr. Sharp's, then by Karl Lentzner in Germany, then in 'Popular Poets of the Period,' and then in America several times. From this has resulted the misunderstanding to which I would draw your attention. It is erroneously assumed that the movement of the 'Sonnet's Voice' is meant to exemplify the movement of each of the four varieties of the Petrarchan sonnet, whereas it exemplifies the movement of one variety only. The only critic, as far as I know, who saw that 'The Sonnet's Voice' was meant to formulate the metrical scheme of one variety only of the Petrarchan sonnet was Mr. Mackenzie Bell in his essay on 'Some Aspects of Contemporary Poetry' prefixed to *Popular Poets of the Period* (Griffith Farren & Co., 1889) in which, referring to my article on the sonnet in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he says: 'Mr. Watts is very far from asserting that all sonnets of octave and sestet move, or ought to move, by way of flow and ebb. On the contrary he contends that some of the best Petrarchan sonnets do not move by way of flow and ebb, but after the octave is finished go on and achieve a climacteric effect in the sestet. This is why in making my selection from his poems for the present volume I was careful to give an example of each of his own methods of writing sonnets.'

Many Americans are represented among the contributors to "Sonnets on the Sonnet;" and perhaps on this account many American critics have been very generous in their appreciation of the collection. One of these is the editor of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, the most varied perhaps, and most entertaining, and at the same time most solidly learned of the periodicals that appeal to priestly readers.* This critique embodies the following sonnet upon our "*Sonnets on the Sonnet*," written by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, "whose name (says the American editor) stands highest on our list of American Catholic poetesses."

These *Sonnets on the Sonnet* please me well,
 Brilliant as diamonds on a golden chain—
 With, here, a ruby Rondeau: there, again,
 A pearl-like Triolet or Villanelle,—
 Each seems the tongue of some enchanted bell,
 Ringing the changes on one pleasant tune,
 Amid the roses of a grassy dell,
 Where it is always summer—always June.

* None of these can boast of so attractive and yet so thoroughly appropriate an item as the serial story, "My New Curate," now running through this Review.

Sweet-syllabled, they echo, far and near,
Measures of rare and honeyed harmony :
As if to instance (from both quick and dead)
How much of art and loveliness austere,
Of grace and ingenuity can be,
In fourteen polished lines, incasketed.

A poet nearer home, Mr. Thomas Auld of Belfast, has also written a sonnet on the "*Sonnets on the Sonnet*."

How hath the sonnet flow'r within our ground
Flourished since first Sir Philip Sidney brought
From warmer clime the tender bloom, and taught
This foreign plant to shed its fragrance round
Our English garden ! Those in shackles bound
Of love have ease within the sonnet sought ;
And wiser men, in fourteen lines well wrought,
A vehicle for piety have found.

Now is the sonnet loved ; but love is blind—
Much is it loved but little understood :
But here, where taste and learning jointly sway,
The sonnet-lover may the sonnet find
Explained ; as if, within a garden good,
A rose should speak and all her secrets say.

Among the mistakes pointed out by various critics, we may notice that Edith Thomas is a married lady, and Mr. Henley's first baptismal name is William, not Walter. The sonnet given by mistake as anonymous at page 16 was in reality written by the Rev. Dr. Frederick C. Kolbe, whose name is attached to it at p. 73.

Though there are many Irish names amongst the contributors to this "unique anthology" as Miss Donnelly calls it in the title of her sonnet—it is only of late years that the sonnet form has been much used by Irish writers of verse. "In the Irish language itself," Dr. Douglas Hyde informs us in a private letter, "a few sonnets have been written, but they are of modern date and no particular merit. Despite their acquaintance with French, Spanish, and often Italian, from which they translated much, the seventeenth-century Irish do not seem to have taken over the sonnet-form—which seems curious."

Mr. Quiller Couch honoured our collection by making it the subject of a very interesting "Literary Causerie" in *The Speaker*. But a still greater favour was bestowed on the modest volume by *The Saturday Review*—namely a full column of its best sneers and most elaborate abuse. This criticism is headed very happily "The Sonnet in the Gutter," liquid mud being liberally supplied on

the Sabbatarian premises. If plodding mediocrity could (like genius) be "snuffed out by an article," this gush of gutter would have settled for ever the herein-before-so-often-named "Sonnets on the Sonnet," whereas this cleverly disguised puff has served only to circulate a few additional copies of the book—a result no doubt desired by the critic, who probably is not at all ferocious in private life.

One of the most brilliant achievements of recent years in sonnet-craft is the beautifully illustrated volume "At the Gates of Song" by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin of Pennsylvania, which ran into a second edition in a few months, and has received the warm praise of critics of high authority. He, too, has written a sonnet on the Sonnet:

Still let a due reserve the Muse attend
 Who threads the Sonnet's labyrinth. As some bell
 That tolls for vespers in a twilight dell,
 So in the octave, let her voice suspend
 Her pomp of phrase. The sestet may ascend
 Slowly triumphant, like an organ-swell
 In opulent grandeur rising—pause, and dwell
 With gathering glories to its dolphin end:

So, oft at eve around the sunset doors,
 From up-piled splendors of some crimson cloud
 Storm-based with dark—unrolling like a scroll—
 Forth th' accumulated thunder pours
 Across the listening valleys, long and loud,
 With low reverberations roll on roll!

Some have objected to the section entitled the "The Sonnet's Kindred Self-described" as a mere intrusion, while others have welcomed it as specially interesting. There is indeed one little item that has no right to be included. "My First Rondeau" has a *locus standi*, for it describes the construction of a rondeau; but "My last Rondeau" is in reality a serious poem on death. Strange to say, this page appears to have been connected with the "dying hour" of Gladstone. In the "London Correspondence" of *The Daily Express* of May 20, 1898, this paragraph occurs:—

"Apparently almost the last book to which Mr. Gladstone gave ear was a little volume of religious poems compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell, in which occurs the verse:

My dying hour, how near art thou?
 Or near or far my head I bow
 Before God's ordinance supreme.

The book reached Hawarden within the last few weeks. One of the reliefs of the dying statesman was to hear favourite hymns read."

As a rondeau takes up almost as little space as a sonnet, let us quote "Land! Land!" from *THE IRISH MONTHLY* of February, 1891.

My dying hour, how near art thou?
Or near or far, my head I bow
Before God's ordinance supreme;
But ah, how priceless then will seem
Each moment rashly squandered now!

Teach me, for thou canst teach me, how
These fleeting instants to endow
With worth that may the past redeem,
My dying hour!

My barque, that late with buoyant prow
The sunny waves did gaily plough,
Now through the sunset's fading gleam
Drifts dimly shoreward in a dream.
I feel the land-breeze on my brow,
My dying hour!

The statement which we have quoted from the London correspondent of *The Daily Express*, and which, as he added subsequently, he made on the authority of a gentleman who had just returned from a visit to Hawarden during the last days of Mr. Gladstone's life—these almost sacred associations lend a special interest and value to the 88th page of the volume to which we have now directed the attention of our readers more than long enough.

M. R.

JEMMY AND BETTY.

AN ULSTER CONJUGAL ECLOGUE.

[This admirable piece of dialect, "wrote down, prentet, and put out, just the way the people spakes," was contributed by "H" to *The Ulster Journal of Archaeology* in 1858. It is worthy of a place beside Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Loyal Orangeman" *IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. XVII, page 57. The writer explained in footnotes ninety of the expressions made use of, but we shall suppose the reader to be capable of understanding most of them, cutting down the notes to 28.]

JEMMY.

Auch ! auch ! there's another day over,
 An' the year's comin' fast to an endin' ;
 But two or three sich will desthroy me,
 For my cough's getting worse, an' A'm¹ waker.
 Oh ! Betty McCreedy, what ails ye,
 That ye can't keep a wee bit o' fire on ?
 Go' long, bring some clods from the turf-stack,
 For my toes an' my fingers is nippin'.

BETTY.

What's the manin' of all this norraton,
 An' me lookin' after the childre ?
 A'm sure both my ancles is achin'
 With throttin' about since the mornin'.
 If ye hav been outside for a wee while,
 It's many another's condition.
 An' the day is n't long ; A can tell ye,
 It's har'ly an hour since yer dinner.
 An', Jemmy, A may as well say it,
 There's no use at all in desavin',
 It's crosser and crosser ye're gettin'
 Till my very heart's scalded wi' sorra.
 Deed an' doubles² A'll bear it no longer.

JEMMY.

Well, Betty, bad luck to the liars,
 But there's one of us greatly mistaken.
 From mornin' till day-light-goin' workin'.
 Clanin' corn on the top o' the knowe-head,³
 The wine whistled roun' me like bag-pipes,
 An' cut me in two like a razure.

¹I'm²Verily, verily.³Knoll, hill,

A thrimble an' shuck like an aspy,
While the dhraps from my nose, o' coul' wather,
Might 'a' dhrownded a middle-sized kitlin'.

BETTY.

Och! indeed ye're a scar-crow, that's sartin :
Lord help the poor woman that owes ye!
But ye needn't be cursin' an' swearin'
An' still castin' up an' upbraidin'.
If ye think there's a liar between us,
Just look in the glass an' ye'll see him.
(Och! the bitterest words in his gizzard
Is the best A can get thram my husband).

JEMMY.

Will ye nivver lave off aggravatin' ?
Now quet an' hev done. A forbid ye.—

BETTY.

Och, indeed 'twas yerself that begun it,
So A'll give ye back-talk till ye're tired.
There was Johnny Kincaid in the loanin',⁴
Was afther me more nor a twel'month,
When *you* hadn't yit come acrass me,
But A hadn't the luck for to git him.
He's a corpolar now on a pinsion,
An' keeps up his wife like a lady,
An's nate an' well dhrest of a Sunday.

JEMMY.

Well, well! but there' no use in talkin',
His crap disn't fail him in harvest ;
An' forby,⁵ Paddy Shales isn't paid yet
For makin' the coat that I'm wearin'.
More betoken,⁶ it wants to be mended,
But ye nivver titch needle nor thim'le.
There's my wais'coat is hingin' in ribbons,
With only two buttons to houl' it ;
An' my breeches in dyuggins'⁷ an' tatthers,
Till A can't go to meetin' on Sunday.

⁴Lane, boreen.

⁵Besides.

⁶Another fact to the purpose.

⁷Shreds.

BETTY.

Och ! hev done with yer schamin' religion,
 For ye nivver was greedy for Gospel.
 'Deed, bad luck to the toe ye'd go near it,
 If we cloth'd ye as fine as Square Johnston.
 Ye wud slunge^s at the backs o' the ditches,
 With one or two others, yer fellas,
 A-huntin' the dogs at the rat-holes.

JEMMY.

But A'm used to be clanelly an' dacent,
 An' so wus my father afore me ;
 An' how can a man go out-bye, when
 His clothes is all out at the elbows ?

BETTY.

Well, yer hat disn't need any patchin',
 An' A'm sure it's far worse nor the t'others ;
 A bought it myself in the market,
 From big Conny Collins that made it,
 For two shillins, an' share of a naggin.
 See, the brim is tore off like brown paper,
 Till ye're jist like a Connaughtman nager.
 An' thin, as for darnin' yer stockin's,
 As well think of mendin' a riddle.
 Why a woman's kep throttin' behine ye,
 Till she can't do a turn, nor a foundet^o.

JEMMY.

Now, just let me alone ; an' believe me,
 If ye don't houl' your tongue in wan minute,
 An' git me my supper o' sowins,
 The same as ye say'd in the mornin',
 A'll warm all the wax in your ears,
 An' we'll see which deserves to be masher.

^sLounge.^oAnything whatever.

BETTY.

Och ! ye mane-hearted cowardly scrapins,
Is that the mischief¹⁰ that ye're up to ?
Ye wud jist lift your hand to a woman,
That ye ought to purtect and to comfort.
See here,—ye're a beggarly coward ;
If ye seen your match sthript an' fornenst ye,
Ye wud wish to creep intil a mouse-hole.
So ye needn't be curlin' yer eyebrows,
An' dhrawin' yer fist like to sthrek me.
God be thankit the tongs is beside me,
An' as well soon as syne, A may tell ye,
If ye offer to stir up a rippet.¹¹
An' think that ye're imperance cows me,
All the veins in ye're heart ye shall rue it.
If ye dar for till venthur to hit me,
See, by this an' by that, ye'll repent it,
A'll soon comb yer head with the crook-rod¹².
Or sen' its contints shinin' through ye.

JEMMY.

Well, ov all the oul' weemin in Ulsther,
A nivver seen wan so curnaptious¹³ ;
It's ivver an' always ye're scouldin',
And still fin'in' fault with a body,
For the turnin' o' sthroes, or for nothin'.
Yer tongue would clip clouts jist like sheers,
An' from mornin' till duskiss it's endless.
A'm sure if A wus for to bate ye,
An give ye yer fill ov a lickin',
It isn't yer neighbours desarves it ;
But A wudn't purtend to sitch maneness,
Nor even my wit till a wumman.

BETTY.

It's the best o' yer play, A can tell ye,
An' now that ye're comin' to razon,
Let me ax where ye met yer companions ?
Ye've been dhrinkin' ; ye needn't deny it ;
Now don't look so black at me that 'ay,

¹⁰Accented on last syllable. ¹¹Racket.¹²On which the pot hangs over the fire. ¹³Quarrelsome.

Nor sin your poor sowl wi' more lyin'.
 Can't ye see that ye smell like a puncheon?
 (Oh! the Lord in His mercy look on me,
 A dissolute, heart-brucken wumman,
 While my cross-grained oul' smool¹⁴ of a husban'
 Runs spendin' his money with blackguards).

JEMMY.

Will ye nivver ha' done aggravatin'?
 Why, the patience o' Job couldn't stan' ye.
 It's easy for you to be talkin'
 Just sittin' at home on yer hunkers,
 An' burnin' yer shins at the greeshaugh.¹⁵

BETTY.

Oh! I know very weil what ye're after;
 Ye wor spendin' yer money with weemen.
 Lord forgive ye, ye gray-headed sinner,
 I suppose you'll be pisonin' *me* nixt.
 It's that makes ye crooked an' fractious,
 In the house with yer wife and yer childre.

JEMMY.

Will ye whisht wi' yer capers¹⁶ an' blethers¹⁷
 Before ye hev dhruv me quite crazy,
 An' A'll tell ye it from the beginnin'.
 Yer oul' uncle Billy come past me
 About half-an-hour afore sun-set,
 An' he said we might shanough¹⁸ a minute
 In Okey M'Collisther's shibbeen.
 It was him that stud thrate for the both of us:
 An' good luck to the dhrap bud a "Johnnie,"¹⁹
 Cross'd my corp²⁰ since ere-yestherday mornin'.
 The divil a mortyal was near us.
 He ax'd for yerself very kinely,
 An' siz I: "As for Betty, poor crathur,
 She's gettin' more dons²¹ nor ever,
 An' can't sleep a wink for rheumatics,

¹⁴A sneaking, Molly Caudle of a man. ¹⁵Red ashes. ¹⁶Foolish actions. ¹⁷Foolish talk.

¹⁸Friendly gossip. ¹⁹Half-a-glass. ²⁰Body, lips. ²¹In delicate health.

Forbye both the weed²² an' the tooth-ache."
 Poor Billy appear'd very sorry,
 An' say'd he'd call over to see you.
 "Och," siz I, "but I'm badly²³ myself, too,
 An' still gettin' ouldher and waker;
 A'm afeard A'll be soon lavin' Betty,
 Poor widdy, without a purtactor.
 But A'll make out my will in her favour;—
 An' she'll may-be live happy, in comfort,
 When A'm put to bed with a shovel."²⁴

BETTY.

Now, Jemmy, ye musn't talk that 'ay;
 See, ye've set me a cryin' already,
 An' my heart's in my mouth like a turmit.²⁵
 Poor fella, ye're kine at the bottom,
 An' A'll nivver more taze nor tormint ye.
 Why, yer poor bits o' breeches is wringin'
 With the damp that comes on at this sazon.
 Sit down 'on that furm by the hollen'²⁶
 An' I'll brisk up the fire in a jiffey;
 An' see, here's half-an-ounce o' tobacky,
 Ye can jist take a dhraw o' the dudyen,²⁷
 While the tay in the pot is confusin'.
 There's no time for a wee bit o' slim-cake,
 So I'll just whip across to the huxter's;
 For a bap,²⁸ that agrees with yer stomach,
 Or two penny roulls, an' some bacon.

²²A short feverish attack. ²³Unwell. ²⁴Buried. ²⁵Turnip.

²⁶A jamb to protect the fire from the wind of the open door. ²⁷A short pipe.

²⁸A spongy cake made by the baker, whereas slim-cake is home-made of flour and potatoes.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR KITTLESHOT'S RESOLVE.

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
 For, being not propp'd up by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon
 For high feats done to the crown ; . . .

 The force of his own merit makes his way.

KING HENRY VIII.

FOR some time past Mr. Kittleshot had been in the habit of taking the first train to London every Monday morning, returning, generally, on Tuesday, but never later than Wednesday. Naturally enough he had much business to transact with bankers and lawyers, and more than one great limited company claimed him as chairman or director.

But the heart of Croesus was in the Dale.

"I feel like a schoolboy when I have turned my back upon London," he said to the Squire one Wednesday evening. "To have the bigger half of the week in front of one is delightful. Business is beginning to lose its charm for me. I have already withdrawn from one or two enterprises that were beginning to take up too much of my time."

The Squire sighed and smiled at the same time. He was thinking how willingly *he* would drop one or two things, if he could, and for the same reason. That very morning the Colonel had done his best to take out the jaded man for a day's shooting; but alas! there was work on the writer's desk that must be finished.

"How's the building getting on?" Ridingdale enquired.

"Capitally, thanks. I told you we got a dozen extra men last week—didn't I? But I fear the public hall will not be ready until Christmas. How are the fiddlers progressing?"

"I'm not quite satisfied with one or two of them; but, from what Byrse tells me, we shall be able to do something for the opening—if that takes place at Christmas. Harry has got on well, but then he had had previous practice. And two of the professor's sons are, of course, equal to anything."

“Capital!” exclaimed Kittleshot. “The two Timington lads are, apparently, born musicians. And I’ve a list of young men living in Ridingle Dale who have been playing one instrument or another since their childhood.”

“Bravo,” cried the Squire, “that’s as it should be. With a judicious admixture of vocal music we shall be able to give you a very fair concert.”

It was an October evening, and the two men stood on the terrace overlooking the lawn. Shreds of exquisite colour floated in the western sky, like fragments torn from royal garments of gold and crimson. A few roses still clung to standard and briar, but white and purple asters in the borders caught the eye and held it charmed and satisfied with their restful scheme of colour.

It was the reposeful moment between the setting of the sun and the fall of an autumnal twilight, and a great hush lay upon Ridingle Dale Hall. The boys were in the school-room with Dr. Byrse, and Mrs. Ridingle Dale was where she loved to be—in the nursery, superintending the children’s baths and hearing baby prayers. A robin sat on a near rose-bush, huddled close to a solitary white rose in full bloom—sat and sang a carol of October.

The Squire had had an exceptionally heavy day, and was feeling the stupifying effects of close and continued application. But with the departure of the post-bag came longed-for leisure and needed rest. Came, also, Mr. Kittleshot, and his coming was acceptable.

Both men turned their eyes to the western sky and remained silent for several minutes. The Squire was luxuriating in the quiet beauty of the evening, and felt disposed to give his friend the lead in conversation; but Mr. Kittleshot’s mind was so crowded with topics that he felt incapable of selecting one for present needs.

But—“It’s all very queer,” he said at length as the two, mutually conscious of a rising night wind, began to pace the terrace, “it’s the queerest thing in my experience—I mean, our coming together. To think that my first visit to this place was for the purpose—well, if not of quarrelling with you, at any rate to engage in a hot discussion, and to put into plain language my disapproval of your principles.”

The Squire laughed merrily—as he always did when

Kittleshot recalled the circumstances of that January meeting.

"Life is full of things similarly queer," Ridingle said. "I often fail to recognise myself in some utterance that I gave birth to in a by-gone time. A man's opinions generally change with his years."

Mr. Kittleshot stood still and looked at the Squire keenly.

"In that case," he exclaimed, "you ought to have changed your religion by this time."

Ridingle replied with great earnestness and warmth.

"No, Mr. Kittleshot. Religion, if it be true, is a thing unchanging and unchangeable. Faith and opinion are two totally distinct things. The only fixed quantity in this life is—Religion."

The millionaire was silent. It was the first time the Squire had ever touched upon this great subject. And, at the very outset, here was an idea as new to Mr. Kittleshot as the latest decree of the Congregation of Rites. However, controversy, especially religious controversy, was the last thing in the world he wished to engage in. His own views were curiously mixed, and although he now and then put in an appearance at the parish church of Ridingle or Hardlow—there was only a Methodist chapel at Timington—he would have shrunk from calling himself a member of the Church of England. For he had begun life as a dissenter, and a certain feeling of loyalty to the religious opinions of his father and mother kept him from a formal profession of any other belief. It did not appear to matter very much whether he went to church or meeting-house. What he had always gloried in was the Protestantism common to both.

"I beg your pardon," he said at length to his companion: "I ought not to have introduced that topic. And I'm afraid I spoke rather rudely. The fact is, it's so hard to get a quiet chat with you, and I have so much to talk to you about that I'm anxious to make good use of my present opportunity."

"You would like to go indoors, perhaps?" the Squire asked; for it was not only growing chilly but there was a noise within that betokened the breaking up of evening schools, and in a few minutes the terrace would be invaded by the rebels.

"Yes," said Mr. Kittleshot, "I think I should. I'm going to dine with the Colonel and he has put dinner an hour later. I have something to show you"—he continued, touching the breast pocket of his coat—"something that may interest you."

The Squire took a last look at the evening sky. To the north and south the purple was pierced by tiny points of golden light.

"A little while ago," began Mr. Kittleshot when he found himself seated in the Squire's study, "I made two resolutions. One of them I shall say nothing about on the present occasion; the other I want to acquaint you with at once."

The man of money had taken from his pocket a bulky package.

"These," he said, beginning to unfold some crackling sheets of paper, "these are plans prepared for me by a famous London architect—plans of an institution I am anxious to found in Ridingle." "

The Squire was eyeing the first unfolded sheet with interest.

"I cannot say that my scheme is fully matured," Mr. Kittleshot went on, "but I know more or less what it is that I want to do, and I think you will agree with me that my main idea is a sound one. From my own personal knowledge I know that the Dale is far more musical than we supposed, and—well, the long and short of it is that I want to kill, not merely two but many birds with one stone. Perhaps I ought to say with a pile of stones."

The Squire's eyes were beaming, but he made no remark. He saw that Mr. Kittleshot was wound up for much speech.

"I had thought of keeping the whole thing a secret—of springing it upon you some day as a surprise. I am glad that I gave up such a childish notion, for the more I go into the details of the scheme, the more I feel my need of your good help."

Ridingle expressed his readiness to do anything he was capable of.

"These are only preliminary plans, you understand, and may be changed, modified, or enlarged, to any extent. Ridingle wants a public hall—that we settled long ago; but I think you will agree with me that the town's greatest need is either a new industry, or something that will bring to it the equivalent grist of such an industry. I have discovered that at the beginning of this century it was a far more important place than it is to-day. It is in the very centre of a very beautiful dale, and there is not a healthier locality in the British Islands. It stands in a county that has always been famous for its vocalists, and it is within a few miles of my own Lancashire—its only rival in musical knowledge and taste. Why, then, should it not have a gre-

College of music where every lad who can reach a certain standard may have the chance of becoming a sound musician ? ”

The Squire was so bewildered by the magnitude and number of the plans that he scarcely knew what to say.

“Are you thinking of vocal or instrumental music ? ” he asked.

“Of both,” replied Mr. Kittleshot with emphasis. “Many a first-rate singer is lost to the world for want of a helping hand. Many a good organist or fiddler in embryo remains undeveloped for need of sufficient tuition. But I may as well say at the outset that I am thinking very specially of one particular class. You may imagine the number of appeals for help I get every day of my life. A certain number of these cases I investigate personally, and I confess that the people I am inclined to help are the desperately poor of the middle class who have done all they can to help themselves, but for whom the circumstances of life have been too much. Of course, even cases of this kind differ in merit, and I frequently find that distress has come about through the folly of parents and the vanity of their children. No country was ever so cursed with a spurious gentility as this land of ours. It’s not as if this social uppishness made for real culture, or even good manners. Many of the people I’m thinking of while living in houses for which they can never pay the rent—clad in garments for which they can never discharge the bills—engaging in amusements that make only for expense and showiness—are the rudest and most vulgar of their kind, while their education and general taste (I have the best authority for saying it) is far below that of a young German boy in the lower grade state-schools of his Fatherland.”

The Squire nodded his approval. And “this very day,” he said, “I have written the same thing in other words for the *Review*.”

“I knew you would agree,” Mr. Kittleshot went on. “It has taken me some time to find it out: indeed but for you I should not have been able to put my finger so readily on this weakest of weak spots. Of course they may say—It’s all very well for a man in your position to preach simplicity: you can afford to do so. Indeed this very thing has been said to my face. My answer is: If you appeal to me for help, I have a right to know the reason why you need this help; nay more, I insist upon knowing some-

thing of the causes that have led to your present state of distress. I might say, though I never do, that I practise what I preach—not, my dear Ridingdale, so fully and effectively as you; yet I think you will allow that, considering my means, I am neither luxurious nor extravagant.”

The Squire readily agreed. One of the things that had drawn him closer to Mr. Kittleshot was the fact that while the latter was spending much money upon the improvement of Timington as a village, he had made no additions to the Hall, and was content with putting it into a thorough state of repair. A person like Mrs. Byrse might find life in such a house luxurious, but compared with his former style of living, and even with the present state of things at Hardlow, Mr. Kittleshot was practising something approaching simplicity.

“Your example,” Cræsus continued, “has done more for the Dale than you have any idea of. No—just wait a moment,” Mr. Kittleshot said, as the Squire began to protest—“let me give you some instances. I know exactly what you were going to say. You were about to urge that, being a poor man, you had lived as such and that there is no credit in acting under compulsion. Confess now that that argument was in your mind!”

“That or something like it, certainly was,” said Ridingdale laughing a little at his friend’s earnestness. “I could not have acted otherwise if I had tried.”

“Ah!” cried the other, “that’s just where the flaw of your argument comes in. *You* could not have acted otherwise, but many another man under precisely the same circumstances would have done so. Nay, I myself know several who, if they have not quite such a big family as yours, have smaller means, and act as though they were possessed of a thousand a year at the very least.”

“But how can they do it? I mean, how is it possible?”

“It’s as easy as any other kind of sinning. They live really upon friends and tradespeople—particularly the latter. A large percentage of bankruptcies come about through the credit system. Men let an account run on with one house until they are pressed for a settlement, then they transfer their ‘favours’ to another firm. For a very short time they pay ready money, perhaps, and—well, how is a shopkeeper to know the exact state of the affairs of all his customers? They play cards and billiards sometimes,

and such people rarely lose. They never forget Smith who was at school with them and who is doing well, or Brown whom they knew at Oxford and who is now a rising man. They sell wine on commission, and commit themselves to shady dealings in jewels or horses. They discover remote relationships between themselves and families of an assured position, and sometimes they make themselves necessary to a childish old man of means, or an ancient wealthy lady of weak intellect."

"But such a life must be intolerable!" the Squire exclaimed.

"They do not find it so, unless, as sometimes happens, they get caught out. And always their friends and relations suffer far more than they. I get constant letters from such people, and I flatter myself that I can detect them in double-quick time. They are the folk of whom I keep a long and serviceable list. They are the people I do *not* help."

"Honest labour wears a lovely face."

The boys, quite unconscious of Mr. Kittleshot's presence within, had for some time been indulging in little snatches of harmony; but they were now under the window of their father's den and Lance was evidently giving an imitation of some prima donna for the amusement of his brothers. Running up and down the scale at surprising speed, and pausing now and then to give a trill of phenomenal length, he suddenly dropped into the melody of—

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?"

Mr. Kittleshot paused to listen.

"They have no idea we are within," said the Squire, laughing; "the young scamp is burlesquing the thing abominably."

"He is singing true words in jest," Mr. Kittleshot remarked with a smile. "It is a great thing to be young and innocent and to have small need of sermons—either in songs or stories."

The melody ended and was succeeded by an unmistakeable clog-dance in which many feet were taking part. Crœsus laughed heartily.

"How I wish I could stay longer, but," looking at his watch, "it's time I started."

"I told the Colonel not to expect me," said the Squire, "but he is sure to have a place laid for me, and so——"

"Do come," pleaded the other. "I want so much to talk to you about this scheme of mine. Why did you let me run off at such a length on a side issue?"

"Can you wait ten minutes while I dress?"

"Certainly. I told them to bring round the brougham at half-past seven."

"Swimm'st thou in wealth, O punishment!"

"Bless the lad," exclaimed the millionaire, "it's just as if he was purposely trying to rub it in."

Mr. Kittleshot walked to the window and slightly raised the blind. A nearly full moon was now shining and its light filled the lawn from end to end, though the terrace itself was in shadow. The boys were in merry mood, laughing and chatting, and now and then applauding Lance or joining in the melody he was singing.

But a sudden silence fell upon the little group as Mr. Kittleshot, having made his way to the terrace, appeared in their midst. Even Hilary could not, for the moment, find a word to say.

It was Lance who rushed to the rescue.

"Please, Mr. Kittleshot, when will it be convenient for you to receive the —er—the Freedom of Sniggery?"

When the millionaire had asked for, and received, a repetition of this question, he began to understand its import.

"It's very kind of you, my lads," he began (Lance said afterwards that there was a tremor in the rich man's voice.) "You are very good to a lonely old man, and—well, I won't forget it. The day after to-morrow will suit me admirably."

"And with the Freedom of Sniggery," said the Squire who had come up while the millionaire was speaking—"with the Freedom of Sniggery you must be good enough to accept that of Ridingle Hall.—But I am afraid we are keeping the Colonel waiting."

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMINGS AND GOINGS.

"You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimate of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle."

CORIOLANUS.

The Colonel's dinner was as memorable for its table-talk as for its sumptuousness. He seldom gave a formal dinner-party, but on this occasion Dr. Byrse was present, as well as the leading Ridingdale surgeon, a certain Dr. Nuttlebig—held in great esteem by dwellers in the Dale.

Mr. Kittleshot unfolded his scheme in great detail, and begged for suggestions and emendations. The Colonel gave him both, and by the time the party reached the smoking-room they discovered that very little was left of Mr. Kittleshot's original idea. It seemed inevitable that these two elderly gentlemen should be in opposition, close friends as they were.

Ridingdale himself, the Doctor of Music, and the Doctor of medicine, were for some time amused listeners.

In reality the Colonel was far more pleased with Mr. Kittleshot's scheme than he appeared to be. He foresaw that Croesus was quite prepared to spend a very large sum of money on this college of music, and to do the old soldier justice, he was anxious that everything should be well-considered beforehand so that no portion of the generous outlay might be wasted. He need not have distressed himself in the matter. Mr. Kittleshot's plan was a much bigger one than even the Squire supposed, and the would-be benefactor was keeping back a good portion of it from his most intimate friends. Unknown to anyone, he had consulted experts in law, in architecture, in music, and in general education.

Yet at the appointed time the millionaire went to receive the "Freedom of Sniggery" with all the gravity befitting so great an event.

"When your father assured me that the entire thing was spontaneous," said Mr. Kittleshot in the course of his speech in answer to the address, "I felt more pleasure than I can quite express.

It is easier, much easier, to have money than friends, for the spurious friendship that is bought by gold is not worth considering. Well, dear boys, you have been good friends to me always and have in various ways made my life happier than it has been for years. There are many pretty and costly things lying about my rooms at Timington; few are prettier than this"—laying his hand upon the carved box—"and not one so highly valued by its owner."

The combined forces of Snuggery, Snaggery, and Sniggery assisted at the presentation, and when Mr. Kittleshot had retired, amid much cheering, to the Squire's study, the bigger boys scampered indoors—to the amazement of the Snags who on a festive occasion of this sort expected to share in the general fun.

"What *are* they going to to?" asked Connie.

"I should like to know," Maggie answered, looking a little crestfallen. "Perhaps they're going to the river."

"Not till after tea," murmured Sweetie. "Hilary told me he was going fishing to-night."

"Not one of them has seen Aladdin's new suit," said Maggie with a sigh as she looked at her favourite sitting in all the glory of crimson velvet in a corner of Sniggery. "Mother and I worked so hard to get it ready for to-day—especially mother."

"I had to leave Betty at home," remarked Connie, referring to her own favourite doll. "I told her it *might* rain, you know; but really and truly"—lowering her voice so that Aladdin might not be tempted to tell tales out of Sniggery—"really and truly, Maggie, I was ashamed of her frock."

Maggie looked a trifle scandalised.

"Of course, it *might* have rained," pleaded Connie. "You don't think it was a story, do you, Maggie?"

"Well, it *does* rain—*sometimes*," Maggie replied, looking a little puzzled. "But *I* should have brought Aladdin—even if his new suit had not been finished."

Raymond and Cyril, beginning to feel bored by the conversation, made a rush across the lawn, determined to find out the whereabouts of their brothers. In a few seconds they re-appeared on the terrace, shouting excitedly to their sisters and pointing to the house.

"Something's going to happen, Sweetie," said Maggie, taking the child's hand, but by no means forgetting Aladdin.

"Perhaps they're going to sing," returned Sweetie as Connie took his other hand, and the three began to trot across the lawn.

But before they reached the house, they heard the first crash of music from the Ridingleale orchestra.

The band was anything but complete, and its repertoire was confined to three pieces, but Mr. Kittleshot was hugely pleased. He had not expected to hear it for another month at least ; but with the help of the Professor's boys, the two young men from Timington, and a professional from Ridingleale, they had managed to prepare an imposing march, a selection from "*Mignon*," and a pizzicato, the "*Serenade des Mandolines*" of Desormes. Each piece was enthusiastically encored, and the pizzicato had to be played three times over.

The boys had kept their secret well. It came out later that they had had a daily practice in the old barn at the farm for some time past, and that though the beginners, Hilary, George, Lance and Willie were not yet capable of much, yet they had a sufficient number of semi-professional helpers to form a small band, and to perform at any time for Mr. Kittleshot's pleasure.

The millionaire went home to Timington, humming tunes all the way. As he lay back in his carriage, he thought himself the happiest man in the world, and when he reached his own study he placed the little box containing "the Freedom" in the place of honour on his mantelpiece. He stood for some time contemplating it and talking to himself.

"They little know—they little know," he said again and again. "They little know that they have given the old man a new lease of life : they little know all that they have done for me. They little know"—but here Mr. Kittleshot broke off, laughing softly to himself and repeating—"They little know !"

The following day he went up to London by an early train, and remained there for a whole week.

Mr. Kittleshot's reappearance startled one or two persons very considerably. No one in Ridingleale knew that he had returned, when lo ! on a certain Sunday morning he entered the little Catholic chapel and was shown into the Squire's seat.

"I always intended to come," he said to Father Horbury on the following day. "It means nothing, of course, but I dare say the town will be in a ferment about it. But I like to show people that I am not bigoted. And I wanted to hear the music."

Father Horbury, repressing a smile, hoped Mr. Kittleshot had found a comfortable seat.

"Well, you are a little crowded. There's more elbow room in the parish church, I must confess. I'd no idea you had so many people in Ridingdale."

"About half of them live in the town," the priest explained. "The other half belong to the Dale generally. Some of them walk four or five miles. A few much more."

"Are there any Catholics in Timington?"

"Half a dozen, I think, but at Hardlow and beyond, a fair number."

"I understood nothing but the sermon—and the music. The former was very practical, and I followed every word of it. I had expected something very different."

"Something mystical and recondite?" the priest asked. He found it so hard not to show his amusement at Mr. Kittleshot's remarks.

"Yes, perhaps so. But the service puzzled me a good deal. The people all seemed to be doing different things at the same moment, and the choir appeared to be quite independent of everybody."

Father Horbury tried to explain that all were engaged in the one great duty of hearing Mass, but that the precise way in which they did it was left to the individual worshipper.

"But they took no part in the singing."

"No. The music is to give honour to Almighty God, and to promote the dignity and solemnity of the Holy Sacrifice. Also it produces, or ought to produce, a certain devotional atmosphere in which prayer becomes easy and delightful."

"What you mentioned last I understand very well," said Mr. Kittleshot, anxious to shelve the main question. "I never heard music that appealed to me more. What a delightful thing it is to have a choir of such perfect voices—fresh and sweet and thoroughly well trained!"

"That ought to be a sufficiently common circumstance in England," Father Horbury answered. "There is plenty of material, plenty of taste, and plenty of money, and these are the three essentials of a good choir. Of these three, money is the hardest to get. Everything excellent must be paid for, and it is by the rarest accident that a voluntary choir is excellent or ever

passably good. Here of course the position of things is unique. The Squire's boys, helped by three lads of the town and a quasi professional tenor and bass, form the choir; but with a little pains and a trifling expenditure of money, every church in England might possess an equally good body of singers."

"Yes," said the millionaire thoughtfully, "people forget the old principle of 'nothing for nothing.' I suppose," he asked with interest, "you yourself have trained these boys!"

"I have done little enough in the matter. They began to sing—I am speaking of the Ridingdales, of course—almost as soon as they could speak. They all begin to act as choristers at the age of eight. Little Sweetie will be our next addition, and I fancy that, as his voice developes, he will surpass even Lance. Mrs. Ridingdale does more than anyone else in the matter of training."

"You have heard of my big scheme, I'm sure. I particularly asked the Squire to talk it over with your Reverence."

"Yes," said the priest, "I heard of it with great pleasure. You have both the power and the will to do great good in this connection."

"One part of my plan I'm sure you'll like," said Mr. Kittleshot as he shook hands. "In a few days I shall be able to give you details."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

THE LAND OF NOD.

AH, Mother, how pleasant it used to be
 In the years that have passed away,
 When the darkness came upon weary me
 At the close of the hours of day,
 When the prayers you taught me to say were said
 To God and the saints of God,
 And, soon as the candle was gone, I sped
 To the wonderful Land of Nod.

In that faëry land were girls and boys,
 And no older face but yours,
 And no one to frighten our laughing and noise
 Or to keep us unwilling indoors.
 No schools were there and no lessons to learn,
 And no fear of the dreadful rod ;
 But prizes we'd only to play to earn
 Were for all in the Land of Nod.

The birds were feathered in red and in gold,
 Or at times in blue and in white ;
 They stayed the whole year, for it never was cold,
 And somehow it never was night ;
 We found the tit's eggs wherever we spied,
 And the lark's wherever we trod,
 And the thrush, if we whistled, would fly to our side
 In the marvellous Land of Nod.

The flowers were every month in bloom,
 And all of them filled with scent ;
 The hills were yellow with furze and broom,
 And the hedges by which we went
 Were gaily decked with the trailing rose,
 And in meadow and field the sod
 Was covered with many a blossom that blows
 In the beautiful Land of Nod.

No poor were there, and no sick were there,
 No sorrow or grief was known .
 We never got old in that heavenly air,
 And none of us ever had grown ;
 Our dogs were well nigh as big as we,
 Our horses in silver were shod,
 And our sailing boats were a sight to see
 On the lakes of the Land of Nod.

Ah, Mother, those years have faded away,
And the gates of that land are fast,
Nor ever again my feet shall stray
Where they strayed at will in the past :
But I trust that some hour in the times unscanned,
When they lay me down under the clod,
I shall see your face in a lovelier land
Than that lovely Land of Nod.

J. W. A.

THE CLOUD : A REVERIE..

IT towered into the illimitable blue, a snow-crowned mountain of cloud, rising in pile on pile of luminous splendour. Near the horizon it melted away in silvery greys, while towards the zenith its exquisite outline of dazzling white showed, cameo-like, against the depths beyond,

It filled with its glory the vista of verdurous country lane through which I passed ; on either side hedgerows blossomed with the flowers of May ; at my feet was woven a carpet of tangled bloom ; the gleaming white of the star-like stitchwort mingled with the delicate blue of the speedwell, the gold of the buttercup, the pink of the wild geranium, and here and there a stray primrose or violet—lingering footsteps of Spring.

A pair of white butterflies pursued each other in airy flight, pausing now and then to sip nectar from the many-coloured flower-cups beneath. A robin carolled on the topmost branch of a hollytree, which swayed to and fro in the light breeze, as though keeping time to his song. Swallows darted hither and thither on dusky wings, their white breasts flashing in the sunlight. A thrush and blackbird warbled a duet hard by. Above them, rising ever higher on quivering wings, the skylark scattered broadcast a shower of golden notes.

It was a feast of colour and light, a rhapsody of sound. And,

over all, this splendid, radiant, sun-kissed cloud leaned out of heaven, like a phalanx of white-winged cherubim, beneficent, resplendent.

For a moment one longed for the brush of a Turner to perpetuate, it might be, in some faint degree, its transcendent beauty ; but, lo ! even as one gazed, it changed, its glory vanished, and the sky became a dull sea of featureless grey.

A chill breeze blew across the landscape and swept its sunny smile away, as the happy light fades from human features before the breath of sorrow or scorn. On the shivering foliage of thorn and holly pattered the first drops of the coming shower. The song of birds ceased, and the little flowers hung their heads dejectedly. The glory had departed. Shadows fell around me, shadows of things that were and of things to be.

“Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun ; but remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many.” “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.” So, I thought, does all loveliness vanish, as this cloud. The transient flush of youth is gone even as we gaze. Beauty and joy and pleasure are but a phantasmagoria. Love and friendship likewise are evanescent : they dissolve, like the clouds, and leave us desolate, “half sick of shadows.” We waste our affection, our delight, our appreciation on those who do not respond, who cannot even comprehend, who are blind, and deaf, and dumb to us, even as yonder labourer who wearily digs the soil, and never even glances at the glory of the summer clouds above his head. Truly, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

So murmurs the voice of despair. But is it indeed so ? whispers another voice ; a voice which is the lark’s song translated into human language, the breath of flowers, the essence of sunlight. It is the voice of Hope. And in swift revolt I make answer “No !” Though the material cloud has vanished, I see it still. Its image is forever impressed upon my heart. Oh, Heaven-born Hope, is it *not* imperishable ? For me, at least, its beauty shall ever exist. Its splendour did not dawn, and wane, for nothing in the skies. Its full significance of joy and hope and beauty is immortal. For evermore the whole wide world is richer for the glory that illuminated it, though it was but for one brief moment. It is only the fungus and the darkness and the discord that die. The flowers and the light and the melody survive.

"There shall never be one lost good"—and—

"There evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound"

And though I seem to squander my regard on you, my quondam friend; and though you, sweetheart, value not my love, yet shall my own life be fuller and richer, my sympathies broader, and you who scorn the gift I offer, you, too, despite yourselves, are gainers; even as the labourer is influenced unawares by the notes of the thrush or the perfume of the woodbine, though he may not pause to listen to the song or to pluck the flower. For nothing that is good in ourselves or in Nature, can ever be "cast as rubbish to the void." Out of our suffering and disappointment spring the divine attributes of tenderness and sympathy, and our pulses learn to beat with the great sorrowful heart of humanity.

There is no oblivion for the beautiful.

"Its loveliness increases, it will never
Fade into nothingness."

Even as that glorious cloud has left its reflex on the world for ever, so the benediction of a smile, the divinity that dwells in the depths of kind human eyes, or the sympathetic vibration of a tender voice leaves round about us a perpetual aureole, though it may be we do not discern it.

That rose you gave me one day, dear friend, withered soon, it is true, but the fragrance, which was the soul of it, passed into mine, and together, with the smile and the radiant glory of the cloud, shall never utterly fade away.

These things are ours, and neither Death nor Time can rob us of them, for they are part of that universal Beauty whose source is God.

LOUISA ADDEY.

THE CITY OF DESIRE.

MY heart and I on a quest go forth,
(Wind of the sea, be still !)
Ride east and west, and south and north,
(Wind of the sea, be still !)
We crave not pleasure, we need not fame,
Nor yet to a crown aspire,
But we seek the way which points through flame
To the City of Desire.

When you find the way and reach the gates,
(Wind of the sea, be still !)
What will you do with your loves and hates ?
(Wind of the sea, be still !)
Will you and your heart be more at peace
When lovers of old enthral ?
Will the wrinkle smooth and the throbbing cease,
When your foes before you fall ?

How little you know, O friend ! O man !
(Wind of the sea, be still !)
My heart and I have a better plan,
(Wind of the sea, be still !)
We are not riding with hand on hilt
At lover or foe to thrust,
But to raze the walls Desire hath built
And bury him in their dust.

ALICE MORGAN.

SIR JOHN T. GILBERT.*

AN AMERICAN OBITUARY.

MANY more brilliant men have died during the century, few more really useful to letters and history, than Sir John Thomas Gilbert, who recently passed away, at a sudden call, in Dublin. It is difficult, in this age of show and meretriciousness in the field of literature, to appraise the merits of such a worker as he. For him accuracy was everything. In the search of historical truth he never spared an effort, no matter how laborious. Were it necessary to verify a statement of importance, arising in the course of any large work upon which he was presently engaged, he would travel to the libraries of Copenhagen, or Upsala, or Cologne, to verify it by means of MSS. which he knew to be there. And in the exact placing of historical MSS. there was no scholar better versed. It was only necessary to mention the name of any authoritative historical work to him in order to learn where one should go to look for it.

There was more, perhaps, of the archæologist than the historian about this painstaking scholar. If what is styled the "historical temperament" signifies the steadfast resolution to get to the bottom of the truth in all great questions of public import, no man was more highly endowed than he. But if what is understood be the faculty of Macaulay, the power to present great and seemingly commonplace occurrences in glowing and impressive word-pastels, no writer was ever more inadequately equipped. His style was entirely destitute of the Celtic adornment; it was terseness and simplicity crystallized. And the most singular feature in connection with the fact was that the style was by no means the man in this case. The deceased gentleman was a Celt every inch—a man of wit and playful fancy, simple-hearted as a child, and fond of innocent, child-like gaiety. And it is perfectly true to

* In adding to the tribute which our Magazine has already paid to the memory of this illustrious Irishman the following admirable notice from the July Number of *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, we venture, without waiting to ask permission or make enquiries, to attribute it to the learned Sulpician, the Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, D.D., President of Boston Seminary. This, however, is merely a surmise, founded on what seems to us strong internal evidence—Ed. *T. M.*

say that no man ever loved learning for learning's sake more devotedly than he. He sacrificed his private means, his time, his health, in pursuit of the truth of history, and in especial in so far as it related to the sufferings of the Catholic Church and the Catholic people in Ireland; for no sincerer or less ostentatious upholder of the faith of St. Patrick ever breathed than this gifted scholar. Love of religion and love of country were his great characteristics. The name and fame of Ireland were as dear to him as to the most passionate patriot. It is well known that these proclivities of his were an immense obstacle in the way of his worldly success.

It was only very recently that the priceless labours of this eminent scholar found any recognition in those quarters whose approval is essential to real success in all monarchical countries. The Queen's jubilee at last brought the title which the historian's labours had long before richly merited. He was sixty-eight years old when the honour came, and had earned the thanks and gratitude of the whole English-speaking world of letters for his masterly contributions to exact history. Sir John Gilbert's principal published works are: "History of the City of Dublin," 3 vols., 8vo., 1854-59; "History of the Viceroy's of Ireland 1172-1509," 1865; "Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland, A.D. 1172-1320," 8vo., 1870; "National Manuscripts of Ireland," 5 vols., large folio; "History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641-52," 6 parts, 1879-81; "History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland, 1641-43," 2 vols., 1882; various Treatises on the History and Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, published by the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, London, 1870-83; "The Chartulary of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary, near Dublin," 1883; "the Chartulary of Dunbrody Abbey," 1884; "Register of the Abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin," 1889; "Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin," 1890; and "Documents Relating to Ireland, 1795-1804," 1893.

To the general reader the "Street History of Dublin" is the most interesting of all this series. It is a work almost unique. Not only are the various streets of the Irish metropolis treated of, but the individual houses of the streets, the famous personages who lived in them, the vicissitudes of each locality, and the famous events of which, in the course of centuries, they were the theatre. Without any pretence of style, we venture to declar

this remarkable civic chronicle to be as entertaining a piece of literature as ever was compiled. For this work he was awarded the Cunningham gold medal of the Royal Irish Academy in 1862. A work of a vastly different character was his republication of the ancient MSS. of the Dublin Corporation. These precious documents, which are contained in the muniment room of the Town Council, embrace many charters—the original one of Henry the Second, another of Elizabeth's, one of James the Second's, and another of William the Third's. They are immense sheets of parchment, and all splendidly illuminated. The text of the earlier ones is in Norman-French and mediæval Latin, and that of the latter in obsolete English. Mr. Gilbert's great forte was as a decipherer of these almost esoteric scripts. He was versed in every form of abbreviation and every forgotten grammatical term of mediæval days, and his renderings of those obsolete charters have proved of much substantial value to the Dublin municipality as well as of high interest to scholars and historians.

It may be added that Sir John Gilbert's "History of the Irish Confederation" has proved of immense service in the clearing up of the monstrous fables of the Cromwellian Chroniclers. The facts as to the pretended massacre are carefully inquired into, and the documentary evidence adduced dispels all doubts about the real character of that formidable political movement.

On the publication of all these works, we believe we are correct in asserting, as we have had his own assurance as to the principal ones, Sir John Gilbert was a heavy pecuniary loser. But he never got discouraged, so great was his zeal for the prosecution of the truth and the interests of the Church and people whom he so ardently loved. Besides this depressing circumstance, he sustained heavy losses by reason of the failure of the Munster Bank a few years ago, and for a time grave fears for his health were entertained by his friends on that account. Up to that period of his life he had been leading a bachelor's life, but it was at the time that his fortunes appeared to be darkest that one of those things happened which serve to remind us of the silver lining of life's clouds. It was announced that he had married the gifted Irish authoress, Miss Rosa Mulholland—a fact at which every one who knew him rejoiced. It is consoling to think that the later years of the patient scholar's life were lighted by such sympathetic companionship, and the thousands who have been captured by the

charming novelist's work will prize her all the more highly while they respectfully sympathise with her in her sudden bereavement.

Sir John Gilbert held the post of Librarian of the Royal Irish Academy (an honorary office) almost continuously from the year 1864 until his death. He was born in Dublin, where his father was Consul for Portugal in 1829. He was educated at Dublin and in England. In 1867 he was appointed Secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland, an office which he continued to hold until its abolition in 1875. He edited "Fac-similes of National Manuscripts of Ireland," by command of the Queen. He was a Governor of the National Gallery of Ireland, a Trustee, on behalf of the Crown, of the National Library of Ireland, Inspector of MSS. in Ireland for the Royal Commission on Historical MSS., Librarian and Member of the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, Trustee of the National Library of Ireland, Hon. Professor of Archæology in the Royal Academy of Arts, Dublin; editor of a series of publications entitled, "Historic Literature of Ireland," and also editor in the collection of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland." He received the Gold Medal of the Royal Irish Academy, and was thanked by the Corporation of Dublin for his antiquarian labours. He gave an impetus to Celtic studies by effecting the publication of some of the most important manuscripts in the Irish language, now lying on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy, and forming a collection probably unequalled of its kind. This is a fact which ought to have more recognition among Celtic scholars than it has hitherto been accorded. But indeed he was a man who sought very little of the world's recognition in anything to which he bent his unselfish mind. He sought for higher things than this world can give, and we sincerely pray that he has now found them.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 38.

"O," that is, the late Judge O'Hagan, is the author of the following very clever bit of playful verse:—

Thus he said, but said it *sotto*
Voce (for he feared mamma),
 "I have taken for my motto,
Glassez mais n'appuyez pas."
 Pleasant transitory fancies,
 Pic-nic, Croquet, Boat and Ball,
 Interchange of hands and glances,
 Lips, perhaps—but that is all.
 So his heart against the charmer
 Deemed itself securely steeled.
 Such resolves are feeble armour
 When our fate is in the field.
 Need I tell you how it ended?
 How the fish was brought aground;
 'Twas my first that he intended,
 'Twas my second that he found.

1. Shriek! I didn't; no one heard it,
 Though a rhyming Scot averred it.
2. Home from carnage on the water
 For a little private slaughter.
3. I've forgotten Wordsworth's poem,
 'Tis from Walter Scott I know him.
4. I suspect that Hebrews covet,
 And I know that Christians love it.
5. Water in a trifling hurry,
 Foam and Iris—Byron—Murray.
6. If he left her for another,
 Pray does that make me her mother?
7. Not a hunter nor a racer,
 What I want's a steady pacer.
8. On a two-fold board I flourish,
 Now I smooth, and now I nourish.

O.

Two words of eight letters each; evidently what was meant at first to be a mere bit of platonic *firting* ended at last in *marriage*. The first of eight "lights" begins of course with *f* and ends with

m. The brilliant Acrostician chose the word *Freedom* and thought of the couplet in Thomas Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* :—

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.

These lines were familiar as the commonest proverb to a school-boy of taste in my young days ; but I fear that the contemporary schoolboy has very little poetry of any kind off by heart. Campbell is not one of the supreme poets of the century, but some of his pieces are very good for storing up in a boy's memory to rhyme over in vacant moments as a substitute for whistling or worse. The second light is an allusion to another poem less familiar now than then—Lord Byron's *Lara*. Another literary allusion is to "Ivor"—familiar to the readers of Sir Walter Scott who was then read by everybody. The fourth light is less refined—a "rasher" and then *Terni* and *Ida* (an allusion to *Oenone* and Tennyson's "Dear mother *Ida*, hearken ere I die"). Finally *nag*, and *goose*, both the tailor's and the cook's.

A WRITER OF FICTION.

LORD, I have made my heart a market-place
Of venal thought to lure the crowd's desire ;
Yea, I have laughed and wept therein for hire,
For pence have joyed and sorrowed—O disgrace !

Compassionate, of old with angered face,
With knotted lash, and word of blazing ire,
Thou dravest trafficker and foolish buyer
From forth Thy Temple's consecrated space.

Take now in hand a scourge of triple cord—
Of Wisdom, Truth, and Reverence entwined ;
Drive the intruders from my heart, O Lord !

Unto its noisy vestibule, the mind ;
There while they strut an hour for brief reward,
Stay Thou within my inmost heart enshrined !

JOHN HANNON,

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

LX.

The contributor of many an ingenious and erudite page to past volumes of this Magazine—the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R.—has been so kind as to send us the following comment on a remark which occurs in our notice of Mr. Henry P. Russell's *Cyri! Westward* in our September Number. How characteristic is Cardinal Manning's inability to appreciate Newman's "Loss and Gain." Father Bridgett threw his observations into the form of a letter to the Editor.

* * *

At p. 506 of your September Number, after mentioning Father Newman's "Loss and Gain," you remark:—"By the way, is it not strange that this grand and austere genius should throw his thoughts and feelings into this peculiar form, at so solemn a crisis of his history?" I think I can throw some light on this matter. Newman was received into the Church in October, 1845. His Essay on Development immediately appeared. Men wondered what he would do as a Catholic, and were not a little surprised that his first English work, the preface of which is dated February 1848, should be a work of fiction, parts of which are in a light or sarcastic vein. What a falling off, they said. Is this the writer of the Parochial Sermons? And they were scandalised. I was once present at a conversation between Provost Manning, afterwards Cardinal, and Father Coffin, afterwards Bishop of Southwark. Father Coffin mentioned the delight with which he was accustomed to read over and over again "Loss and Gain." Father Manning replied that he had only once read it, and had been pained by it, and never could understand how Newman could have condescended to such a work. Father Coffin then said that Father Newman had undertaken it as a work of charity. When Mr. James Burns, who had a nice business as a publisher of tractarian books, became a Catholic, he lost his Anglican connection, and had of course much difficulty in starting as a Catholic publisher. Father Newman wrote "Loss and Gain" to give him a start; not so much by the profits of the book itself, as by the advertisement

of his publishing house, for it was an open secret that the book was by Newman, though his name was not on the titlepage. Father Coffin had every means of knowing the facts, since he was living with Father Newman in Rome, while the book was being written. I remember that this explanation changed Manning's opinion, which was a mere survival of Protestant prejudice. I do not know whether the circumstances of Mr. Burns had anything to do with the choice of the title. It was as applicable to him as to the hero, Charles Redding, or to other converts.

In return for this anecdote, can anyone explain why Newman called his famous poem 'The Dream of Gerontius.' Why was the dying man called Gerontius? Is Gerontius supposed to have died and been judged only in a dream? Or is it meant that the picture of Gerontius before and after death is Newman's dream of what must happen to a soul?"

* * *

The Edinburgh Review, July 1870, in its criticism of Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair*, speaks of the Catholic Church as "that great sacred Polity of which the fervid Puritan, Edward Irving, has written as 'the temple builded together by Satan out of the very materials of God and over which my mind wandered with great admiration'—which the free-thinking Lord Shaftesbury has described as 'that ancient Hierarchy which in respect of its first foundation, its policy, and the consistency of its whole frame and constitution cannot but appear in some respects august and venerable even in such as we do not usually esteem weak eyes'—that Church to whose dominion over the minds of men Lord Macaulay saw no end in any progress of human intelligence."

And Anthony Trollope in his *North America* (vol. I. page 75) says of Roman Catholics:—

"And yet I love their religion. There is something beautiful and almost divine in the faith and obedience of a true son of the Holy Mother. I sometimes fancy that I would fain be a Roman Catholic—if I could; as also I would often wish to be still a child—if that were possible."

Precisely (rejoins Mr. Trollope's Dublin Reviewer, I think in October 1872). Our Divine Lord has said: 'Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven.'"

* * *

It has been said that a gentleman meets with very few rude persons. Rudeness provokes rudeness, and true gentleness calls forth in others qualities resembling itself. The following example has a suspicious look of self-praise, but it was only intended to set down another and not to set up myself: I once told a lady of a somewhat morbid and unhappy temperament that she could contrive to meet a greater number of undesirable people in a fortnight than I would encounter in forty years—I who had in fact passed half a century on earth (let us stop at that for euphony's sake) without coming across many much worse than myself.

* * *

One might expect to see the following sonnet in *The Franciscan Annals* or some such religious periodical rather than in *The Athenæum* where it appeared about the time of the Feast of Portiuncula, 1898, with the signature "Blanche Lindsay." Probably Lady Lindsay's name helped to secure its admission into the pages of that dignified and very secular organ of criticism.

O little house within a house of prayer—
Thyself a sanctuary! We softly tread
Thy time-worn floor; we stand with bended head
Before thy walls where every stone's more rare
Than precious gems, for living pilgrims there
Have planed it smooth with kisses. Lies he dead,
Or lives he yet, Assisi's Saint who led
Christ's barefoot band the Master's toil to share?

Here oft spake Francis, and his voice yet rings
That called the swallows "little sisters dear."
Hard by, his cell with memories teems, and near
Is the grey cave that saw him weep and pray.
Where his soul wrestled, to the rose bush clings
A stain of blood, as though of yesterday.

* * *

In this Magazine, in two places,* will be found a collection of the tributes that many poets have paid to Sleep. A nameless old newspaper scrap in the following pigeonhole refers to two of the best known panegyrics of sleep, and joins two or three much less familiar testimonies.

* * *

Of all invocations of sleep, the most famous is probably that of the wakeful usurper in "Henry IV."

* Vol 25, page 455, and Vol. 26, page 231.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee ?

No poet, however, has observed the phenomena of a coy and hesitating sleep more closely than the old French writer, Pontus de Tyard. He appeals to sleep as the lord of all the army of phantasms that flit before the drowsy, but not yet unconscious brain, and appear to be dreams in the making.

Come, Sleep, and cast thy wings about my head,
And thine own temples shall be garlanded
With drowsy poppy leaves and labdanum.

The most pathetic lines on sleep are those of Scarron's self-made epitaph. The sick jester was sleepless for many nights before his death, and looked impatiently, as he says in the lines which we quote in an English version, for his dreamless repose :

Wayfarer, be thy footsteps light,
I pray you that ye make no sound ;
Here, this first night of many a night,
Poor Scarron sleeps—in holy ground.

In contrast with these stanzas, the Ancient Mariner's blessing on sleep seems to exhaust the subject :

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the blessed sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

There is something of the disconnected coherence of the visions of the night in Beddoe's " Dream Pedlary," which reads like a memory of a poem heard in sleep :

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy ?
Some cost a passing bell ;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the cries rang the bell,
What would you buy ?

But a sleepier and more soothing song than this is Sidney

Dobell's chief success in verse, a passage of drowsy and monotonous music that rings

On the margin grey
'Twixt the soul's night and day,
Sinking away, away
Into sleep.

A sharp contrast is supposed to exist between rhyme and reason, which are often pitted against one another. But rhyme is not without its use in bringing out our reasons more emphatically. For instance, the two bits of nonsense which follow. The first of them occurs in Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense."

There was an Old Man in a tree
Who was terribly bored by a bee.
When they said "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does !
"It's a regular brute of a bee."

Not much reason but good enough rhyme. But there is neither rhyme nor reason in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Nonsense Rhyme in Blank Verse:"

There was an Old Man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When they asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No it doesn't,
"But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet."

Very blank verse certainly.

I put aside some years ago, for the purpose to which I am now applying it, a fragment of the prospectus of St. Bede's College, Manchester. One division of the prospectus is headed "Formation of business habits." We omit the first and last paragraphs, and venture to guess that these wise counsels are given by the learned President of the College, the Rev. Dr. Casartelli.

It has been said that "the path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense;" and that "men succeed in life as much by their temper as their talents." Now the Gospel as well as common sense teaches that self-control, work, determination, perseverance and cheerfulness are among the ordinary moral conditions of success.

It is evident that if a youth, entering business in these days of severe competition, desires to outstrip his competitors, he must have acquired, besides various branches of knowledge and skill, business habits. Among such habits two or three may be enumerated.

He must have acquired the habit of *Punctuality*, so as to be thoroughly reliable not only in his appointments but also in the husbanding and use of his own and his master's time.

He must have formed habits of *Exactness*, that is of method, of precision and tidiness in his work, in his manner, and in his person. *Exactness* again implies thrift and economy, without which it is impossible to become a provident and careful man of business, or out of the common opportunities which fall in the way of most men, to provide for the household and to establish an honourable independence.

Closely allied to the habits of punctuality and exactness is the habit of *Diligence*. If the objects set before a youth in taking to a life of business be such as these—speedily to secure for himself a competency, to make an ample provision for his family, to rise several steps upon the social ladder, to serve his country, to gather together considerable resources whereby he may be enabled to perform great works of mercy and charity, to the honour of God and the salvation of souls—if such as these be the objects in view, it cannot be too steadily borne in mind that common sense and Religion point to *Diligence* as a necessary qualification for success. Our homely English proverbs say—"Diligence is the mother of good luck;" "No pains, no gains;" "No sweat, no sweet." And the scripture impresses on us the same truth in these plain and simple words—"If he will not work, neither shall he eat." (II. *Thess.* iii. 10.)

* * *

Vacant moments! How can there be such a thing as a vacant moment for a Christian—for a man with faith and a heart? Is not God to be loved at every moment? And to say with a true heart, "My God, I love Thee," is good occupation for any moment. A Christian soul ought to find its comfort in prayer; it is far pleasanter than frivolous wandering thoughts. God help the people that find time hanging heavy on their hands. "Pastime" is a foolish word, and "killing time" is a foolish phrase. The Church, in the Mass of St. Stanislaus Kostka, S.J., bids us copy

that seraphic young Saint by redeeming our time, working earnestly, and so hastening to enter into our everlasting rest. Work while it is day: we have eternity to rest in. But the rest of eternity will not be oblivion or torpor, but a blessed and blissful activity, of which in our mortal state we can only have dim conceptions. We can trust in God. *Voca me cum benedictis.*

* * *

St. John Chrysostom, Mother Mary Catherine Macaulay, and Thomas Hood would not seem likely names to figure together in the same pigeonhole paragraph. The connecting link between these three names is nothing less than the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmanseg. In one of the pensive passages with which the pathetic humourist who sang the "Song of the Shirt" relieves the drollery of that incomparable burlesque, these lines occur:—

" And oh! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quenched by the providential night,
To render our slumbers more certain—
Pity, pity, the wretches who weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When God himself draws the curtain."

Poor Hood beyond all doubt never read St. John Chrysostom's treatise on Compunction, yet here he keeps very close to the very words of the following passage towards the beginning of the second book in which the same idea occurs:—

" When mothers wish to put their little ones to sleep, they take and rock them gently in their arms, then hide them away under curtain and leave them quiet. So Providence spreads darkness as an immense curtain over the world to hush nature to silence and invite men to rest from their labours."

It is highly improbable, as I might show from an examination of dates and circumstances, that Mother Mary Catherine Macaulay, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, ever saw either in Hood or Chrysostom this idea which she herself in turn uses as an illustration when recommending to her nuns a certain graceful quietness of tone and manner. " See (she says) how silently and brilliantly the lamp of the sanctuary burns before the most Holy Sacrament when the oil is pure and good: it is only when the oil is bad, that it crackles and makes a noise. See, too, how quietly the great God does all His mighty works. Darkness is spread over us, and light returns again, and there is no noise of drawing curtains or closing shutters."

NOTE ON PAGE 523.

Additional Sonnets on the Sonnet.

IN the account that we have elsewhere given of the criticisms passed on that somewhat notorious book, "Sonnets on the Sonnet," we supplied, under the name of "Aftermath," certain samples of that peculiar species of composition which had reached us too late to be included in the volume. Even this supplement did not exhaust all our resources; and we think it well to return to the subject in this same Number, so as to have done with it for ever. For instance, among the sonnets which were expressly inspired by our volume, we did not appropriate from "The Stonyhurst Magazine"* this sonnet on "Shakespeare's Sonnets" which H. G. M. says he composed "After reading 'Sonnets on the Sonnet' by the Rev. M. Russell, S.J." I give with some misgiving the Stonyhurst punctuation of the tercets.

Are Shakespeare's "sonnets" sonnets? Who shall say?
 While some deny, some white with heat affirm.
 'Twixt him and Petrarch here behold the germ
 Of deep dispute, protracted many a day.
 The answer might be had without delay—
 As quickly as to "Is this snake a worm?"
 Would they define the essence of the term;
 But such, alas, is not a poet's way.

"Three quatrains, six alternate rhymes in pairs,
 With epigrammic couplet to conclude."
 "Two quatrains, tercets two, and rhymes but four."
 As either form with views accepted squares,
 Cease, shades of Petrarch, Shakespeare, cease your feud!
 The essence is just "Fourteen Lines"—no more.

Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, who was well represented in our volume, offered the following as an an epilogue or L'Envoi:—

* In the book under the notice a dainty triolet is attributed to this Magazine, because we did not then know that its author was the Rev. J. W. Atkinson, S.J. From this Magazine also we took in our August paper "All about the Robin" some graceful and tender verses which we are now glad to assign to the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J.

Well, we have seen of divers men the thought,
 Of women too, anent the Sonnet's laws
 And of its grace and power the subtle cause,
 How it was born, how to perfection brought.
 Now I behold a silent glen unsought,
 A rock-bound pool, that from earth's centre draws
 Its ever-springing freshness without pause,
 All things around to one sweet picture wrought.

Even so the Sonnet: see it where it springs,
 Strong with the passionate pulse of Shakespeare's heart,
 And garlanded with all the loveliest things.
 Even so the Sonnet: Milton sweeps the strings,
 Draws heaven's light down through his own Heaven-born art
 O'er the dark waters touched by angels' wings.

Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor dates the following address to the Sonnet from San Francisco, August 4th, 1898.

Bound in the fetters of thy narrow frame,
 What souls have conquered song! Here Dante's woe,
 As Petrarch's, swells to joy; here Angele
 Heightens the glory of his mighty name.
 'Tis here that Shakespeare bears his breast to blame,
 And Milton here his solemn strains doth blow;
 Here Wordsworth's notes with rapturous music blow;
 While Keats divinely glows with quenchless flame.
 Yea, all the rhymesters of our petty day
 Crowd round thy shrine and beg thee to enring
 Their brows with leaves of thy immortal bay.
 Such crown is not for me, but prithee fling
 Thy spell upon me so at least I may
 Yet dream of beauties I can never sing.

A certain dignitary, whose name would add interest and value to his playful work, condescended to return in kind the *hommage de l'auteur*, the votive copy laid reverently at his feet. Mocking genially an arrangement which occurs frequently in the book, he set down first the "Original" of his "First Type-written Sonnet," paying sundry dainty compliments to

"Those wondrous rhymes
 That fall like harmony from village chimes
 O'er flowery fields and violet-scented banks."

But next came "The Same Translated," in which the compliments were turned awry in very mordant fashion which does not lend itself to quotation.

Some of the reviewers of "Sonnets on the Sonnet" have committed a fault not very common among their craft: they have taken the collection quite too seriously and judged it by too lofty a standard and yet very kindly. Confining our choice to sonnets with such a peculiar limitation of subject, at first it seemed necessary not to be very squeamish about literary merit; and it has really been a surprise to those most familiar with the subject to discover such a number of these egotistic sonnets, examples of the Sonnet *de Seipso*, very many of them displaying great technical skill and (within such narrow bounds of form and theme) great variety of thought and fancy. The collection, which has in divers ways obtruded itself too often on the readers of this Magazine and must now be dismissed finally with a parting blessing, is at all events a perfectly unique compliment to the Sonnet. Nothing of the sort has ever before been attempted in any language, or probably ever will be.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We are glad to see that the Benzigers are not to have a monopoly of the publication of Catholic books in America. A firm of Catholic publishers whose name we have never noticed before—Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont Street, Boston—announce an important work by the Very Rev. John B. Hogan, the learned Sulpician, President of Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary. The remark however that we have begun with was suggested by the arrival of a parcel of six new books issued by Mr. B. Herder of Freiburg, Vienna, Munich and Strassburg in the Old World; and in the New World, St. Louis, Missouri. Every one of the half dozen has a special worth and interest of its own, and has evidently not been printed merely because the writer was rich enough to pay the printer. We shall put first the latest of Mr. Maurice Francis Egan's books which are now so numerous as to form a dainty little library by themselves. The Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington seems to have been sojourning in Normandy, and it is there that he has laid the scene of his thirteen "Sketches of French and American Life" which he calls "From the Land of St. Laurence." The doings and sayings of Mr. George Morse and other Americans,

during their intercourse with their French friends, have a quaint effect ; and some of the little stories are very interesting. Several of the Americans are all the better for having Irish connections—like Mr. Egan himself.

2. Another of Mr. Herder's publications is "A Guide for Girls in the Journey of Life." We are puzzled by the statement on the title page *From the German of F. X. Weizel*; for the little book reads extremely unlike a translation. The first chapter begins with a quotation from an old poet who would hardly be familiar to a German, and it contains allusions to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the poor women of Dunfermline, etc., which must be interpolations by the translator if the book be a translation. All this implies that the book is written in a natural and pleasant style. It gives excellent advice about a great many useful subjects and would be a good present for a girl.

3. A much more important work of a somewhat similar nature is "Girlhood's Handbook of Woman," issued by the same publishers. It gives the views on the work, sphere, influence, and responsibilities of women, held by Miss Starr, Miss Donnelly, Miss Onahan, Miss Sadlier, Miss Katherine Conway, Mrs. Hawthorne Lathrop, Miss Helen Smith, and four other ladies whose social title we are unable to define, besides F. M. Edselas, which we believe is an anagram of the religious name Mary de Sales. The whole has been revised and edited by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, who herself contributes two excellent papers, "Woman in Literature" and "Wife and Mother." Miss Eliza Allen Starr takes the subject of "Woman in Art," on which she can speak with authority. Our conjecture about F. M. Edselas would be confirmed by her subject, "Women in the Religious Orders," but to her signature is appended in full "Sister M. F. de Sales Chase." In the opening essay Miss Donnelly fills a page with interesting names. "While England points with pride to her Adelaide Proctor, Lady G. Fullerton, Lady Herbert, Mary Howitt, Alice Meynell, Emily Bowles, and Mother Theodosia Drane; Ireland, to her Rosa Mulholland, Julia Kavanagh, Kathleen O'Meara, Cecilia Caddell, Ellen Downing, Katharine Tynan, and Mrs. Cashel Hoey; France, to Eugénie de Guérin and Mrs. Craven; Germany, to Countess Hahn-Hahn; Spain, to Cecilia Böhl de Faber; and Italy, to Maria Brunamonti,—America enshrines in her heart of hearts, the names of Anna Hanson Dorsey, Eliza Allen Starr, Margaret Sullivan, Christian Reid, Louise Guiney, Katherine Conway, Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, Sara Trainer Smith, Agnes Repplier, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Harriet Skidmore, Ella Dorsey, the gifted Sadliers, (mother and daughter), Mary Josephine Onahan, Helen Grace Smith, the cloistered singers, *recedes* and Mother Austin Carroll, Jane Campbell, Miss Cronyn and

a host of others who blend their sweet voices in the grand cantata of Columbian Catholic literature." Any other writer would have included the name of Eleanor Donnelly.

4. The fourth of these new books is a new translation of the Father Quadrupani's "Instructions for Devout Souls to dispel their doubts and allay their fears." The shorter title "Light and Peace" is here adopted for convenience sake. This well known treatise is just one hundred years old; and in the original Italian, it had gone through thirty-two editions before 1818. Mr. Herder has produced it in a very readable form, in which it is sure of a very wide circulation.

5. To the same publisher we owe a very neat and pleasant book by L. W. Reilly, "What the fight was about and Other Stories." The author describes it on the title page as "a book about real live American boys that was written for other bright boys of the same kind." The stories are very bright and wholesome; seven of the ten appeared first in *The Ave Maria*—from which fact the judicious reader will draw certain conclusions.

6. The last of Mr. Herder's new books is "Beyond the Grave," translated by Miss Anna Sadlier, from the French of Father E. Hamon, S.J. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the work; and Miss Sadlier's name is a guarantee for the excellence of the translation. Thirty-three short chapters discuss a very great number of questions about the Resurrection and Heaven, and the state of the Blessed. There is a great deal of freshness and originality, and, at the same time, of solidity, in this new spiritual book.

7. The Rev. Michael Watson, S.J., has compiled a very interesting memorial of "The Consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne." The beautiful introduction by Dr. Gallagher, Coadjutor Bishop of Goulburn; the editor's historical sketch, and account of the consecration, and then the accurate reports of the sermons of Cardinal Moran, of Dr. Redwood, Archbishop of Wellington, New Zealand, of Dr. Higgins, Auxiliary Bishop of Sydney, of Dr. Dwyer, Coadjutor Bishop of Maitland (the first Australian-born Bishop), and of Father O'Farrell, C.S.S.R.: these items make a very solid piece of ecclesiastical literature, while the book is made almost a work of art by the admirable pictures of St. Patrick's Cathedral, of its High Altar and Sanctuary, and its Archbishop, Dr. Carr. There are other illustrations also, one grouping together some forty of the Bishops and Clergy, each portrait evidently life-like, and another very impressive picture of the scene presented in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral at Solemn Vespers of All Saints' Day, 1897, during the Triduum of the Conse-

eration. This thin octavo seems to us the most effective memorial of the kind that we have met, though we have met several much more costly and more pretentious. We may tack on to this notice of an Australian book a cordial tribute to the merit of an Australian magazine. *The Austral Light* is fulfilling its mission well. The August Number seems to us to reach a high level: fiction, poetry, criticism, theology, and local politics (if the politics of a continent can be called merely local) are competently represented in these brightly written and finely printed pages.

8. *Meditations on Christian Dogma.* By the Rev. James Bellord. (London: Catholic Truth Society).

These two volumes, particularly well printed and well bound, of meditations on the doctrines of Christianity, are founded upon "La Théologie Affective" of Louis Bail: but very large omissions have been necessary to reduce the work to a third of its bulk. Father Bellord also in his introduction acknowledges his obligation for certain passages not only to such writers as Auguste Nicolas and Lacordaire, but even to such rank outsiders as Max Nordau, Benjamin Kidd, and Herbert Spencer. These citations have no doubt been very slight and ought hardly to have been mentioned. Many will find these volumes a useful change from the ordinary books of meditation. A glance at Cardinal Vaughan's brief but earnest letter of recommendation, and then a glance at the well-arranged table of contents will probably lead the reader to add this work to his ascetic library. Of the sixteen treatises, each of which (except two or three short ones) contains from twenty to fifty meditations, the following are the general subjects: God, the Blessed Trinity, Creation, the Angels, the World and Man, the Incarnation, the Blessed Virgin, Beatitude, Human Acts, Laws, Grace, Virtue in general, the Theological Virtues, the Cardinal Virtues, the State of Perfection, the Sacraments, and the last things—Death, Judgment, Hell, Heaven, Eternity.

9. *Kathleen's Motto.* By S. D. B. (Barnet: St. Andrew's Press):

This is a rather long story of twenty-one chapters and two hundred and thirty pages. We mention this as a recommendation, for there cannot be a real, interesting plot, or a subtle evolution of character in one of your single-chapter stories. There is a real plot in the present case cleverly developed. The literary merit of the story and its high tone may be guessed from the circumstance (which we reveal as a guarantee of its worth) that the author was an accomplice of her illustrious Mother Superior, the late Augusta Theodosia Drane, in some of her literary enterprises.

10. *Madge Hardlaun's Money.* By Mary Cross. (Barnet: St. Andrew's Press).

Mrs. Cross is a practised story-teller, and her new story is readable; but the incidents are decidedly common-place. Sidney Sefton is a very conventional scapegrace, and his conversion is startlingly rapid and complete: but these things might be said also of many of the novels most in vogue. Although, however, we are accustomed to more originality and freshness in the books issued under Father Bampffield's auspices, "Madge Hardlaun's Money" is a wholesome and edifying tale, and many will find the plot interesting and even mildly exciting.

11. A new and enlarged edition of "The Science of Spiritual Life according to the Spiritual Exercises" by Father James Clare, S.J., has been issued by the Art and Book Company of London and Leamington. It gives the fullest and most systematic treatment that can perhaps be found in English of St. Ignatius's epoch-making little book. Besides an unusual variety of meditations worked out from the text of the *Exercitia Spiritualia*, there are three appendixes of Considerations, first, for Christians in general, secondly, for Priests, and thirdly for Religious. The additional matter makes it now a portly volume of nearly seven hundred pages. Considering the public to whom it is addressed, two years is a short enough period for such a book to reach a second edition; and six shillings is not too high a price for seven hundred such pages.

12. We think it our duty from time to time to express our admiration for the largest and most important of our faithful exchanges, *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which is published at Philadelphia under the direction of the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, D.D., with the Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., and Mr. John J. O'Shea as associate editors. It has maintained its high standard of merit for more than twenty years, and the most learned Catholic writers on both sides of the Atlantic contribute articles which, happily, are always signed. "The Scientific Chronicle" is always extremely interesting and valuable. In the July number, the first place is fitly given to the Rev. Hugh T. Henry's able and elaborate criticism of certain historical publications issued by the Department of History in the University of Pennsylvania. Even the unlearned reader can perceive the profound erudition of the article on Ecclesiastes by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J. Few better appreciations of Gladstone have been given than Mr. John J. O'Shea's "England's Second Great Commoner"; which is followed by an admirable obituary of Sir John T. Gilbert.

13. The fullest and best account that we have seen of the wonderful centuries of miracles at St. Winfred's Well, in North Wales, is going on at present week by week in *The Lamp*, the oldest of our Catholic periodicals, which has been doing good in its modest way for some

seventy years through many changes and vicissitudes. It ought to write its autobiography. Father Lockhart, Madame Belloc, John Francis O'Donnell, and many other interesting names would figure in the story.

14. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." Some of our best Irish literary talent is at present employed in American magazines. *The Ave Maria* has begun a serial historical novel, or a story of Ireland in the olden times, "Katherine of Desmond" by Rosa Mulholland-Gilbert; and a grave and learned periodical for priests, *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, is delighting its readers with a strictly professional serial called "My New Ourate," which we can safely attribute to a distinguished Cloyne priest. We have heard before of a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen; but this is almost the first instance of a novel written by a priest for priests.

15 Messrs. Gill and Son of Dublin, our own publishers, have just brought out a new book, "St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary," of which the editor of this Magazine is author, and therefore cannot be critic. But it is allowable to describe it as a prose companion to "St. Joseph's Anthology" published last year. The form is somewhat original, as it is not made up of short meditations but rather long essays about the great Foster-father's prerogatives and various aspects of his character. An appendix contains an "aftermath" of poems that ought to have found a place in the previous volume.

16. The latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society are two admirable penny tracts by the Rev. George Bampfield—"Why in Latin?" (namely, the Church's Liturgy) and Part II. of "The Mother and the Son," in which many questions about the Blessed Virgin, and other matters also, are discussed very cleverly between a certain Father O'Flanagan and a certain carpenter whom he is instructing for conditional baptism—with a certain Winifride looming in the distance, and very probably Matrimony serving as a second sacrament of Confirmation. But by far the most marvellous of the C. T. S. pennyworths is "A Simple Dictionary for Catholics containing the words in common use relating to faith and practice," edited by Charles Henry Bowden of the Oratory. The type, though clear, is certainly very small. Printed in the ordinary way, it would be a shilling book at least; and we are almost sorry that that form was not adopted for so useful a work.

17. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have brought out the first part of the Introduction to Dr. Geoffrey Keating's History of Ireland, edited by Mr. David Comyn, one of the most zealous and most competent of the many devoted Irish scholars who are working with such energy and perseverance for the revival and preservation of the old Celtic tongue. Part I. contains the text with a translation and notes, and costs one shilling.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

THE IRISH POEMS OF MR. AUBREY DE VERE.

IT has often been said that no Irish poet has done for the history and scenery of Ireland what Scott has done for the history and scenery of Scotland. I endeavoured to show you when I last addressed you what a vast volume of fine poetry had gathered round Irish scenery and its legendary historical and literary associations.* I hope to show you this evening that in the Irish poems of Mr. de Vere every period of Irish history from the twilight of its fable to the brightness of the present day has been dealt with more fully, more consecutively, and with a truer insight into its meaning than was ever done by any other poet for any other land.

One has no need in reading Mr. de Vere's poems and especially his Irish ones to guess at their meaning or the objects the poet had in view in writing them. In the 17th chapter of his charming volume of "Recollections" recently published and in a letter written to myself after I had told him I had undertaken this lecture, he states what he had before him when he wrote the poems. "I have endeavoured," he wrote to me "to illustrate four periods of Ireland's records. 1st her heroic age, 2ndly her saintly age, 3rdly her mediæval age, including its continuation down to the repeal of the Penal Laws, and lastly some incidents of this latter age." Curiously enough the poems relating to the first three of these periods appeared exactly in their inverse order. I propose, however, to deal with them in the order of their historical chronology.

The poems illustrating the first period are to be found in a

* See "The Associations of Scenery," *Irish Monthly*, vol. XXIII., pp 193, 225. The present paper was read to the Students of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

volume published in 1882, entitled "The Foray of Queen Meave and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age." "The Voyage of Queen Meave" is founded on and in substance represents the far-famed Tain-bo-Cuailgne or "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," in the County of Louth. It is regarded by many Irish scholars as the great Irish epic of ancient times, while others treat it as a part of some larger epic of which only the fragments remain. It bears the same relation to old Irish history as the Argonautic Expedition and the "Seven against Thebes" bear to the history of Greece. The late Professor O'Curry states that in the sixth century it was believed that the famous King of Ulster, Fergus MacRoy, was the original writer of the Tain. On this supposition it must have existed in a rudimental form a little before the Christian era. It was lost for several centuries, and two legends exist as to its recovery. According to the Book of Leinster Senchan, the chief bard of Erin, called a meeting of the bards together, and, finding that none remembered more than fragments, asked if any one of them would go in quest of the Tain. Murgan, one of the bards, and Senchan's son, volunteered for the purpose, and having set out on their journey the first place they came to was the tomb of Fergus. Murgan seated himself on the grave and composed a lay to the gravestone of Fergus as if it had been Fergus himself he was addressing. "Suddenly," as the story runs, "there came a great mist which enveloped him so that he could not be discovered for three days, and during that time Fergus appeared to him in a beautiful form, for he is described as adorned with brown hair, clad in a green cloak, a collared gold-ribbed shirt, a gold-hilted sword and sandals of bronze, and it is said that this apparition related to Murgan the whole tale of the Tain from beginning to end." This legend is the subject of a fine poem by Sir Samuel Ferguson "The Tain Quest." According to another legend it was at a meeting of the Bards and some of the Saints of Erin called by the chief Bard to meet at the grave of Fergus that the Tain was recovered.

Five Saints obeyed,

And o'er that venerable spot three days,
Fasting, made prayer, while knelt the bards around.
Then on the third day, as the sun uprose,
Behold a purple mist engirt the grave
And from it fair as rainbow backed by cloud
Shone out a kingly phantom robed in green.

They who saw the shape
Well knew him, Fergus Roy, the exiled king.
Gracious as in the old days the king rehearsed
The tale so long desired.

Straight with help

It may be of the Bards St. Kieran wrote
The Heroic song on parchment fine, the skin
Of one he loved, his "little heifer grey"
That gave the book its name.

The Book is known as the "Lowr na Heera" or "The book of the dark Grey Cow," and is still extant in the Royal Irish Academy. Fergus MacRoy is one of the noblest figures in Ireland's Heroic Age. Royal-hearted in all his ways, brave, magnanimous, truthful and just, and yet so patriotically indifferent to power that he abandoned his throne when he discovered that his subjects preferred his step-son, Conor, a man it is true more sagacious, but perfidious and implacable. Disgusted and incensed at the treacherous murder by command of Conor of the sons of Usnach, whose safe conduct Fergus had guaranteed, he had retired from the Court of the Ulster King, and at the date of the events of the Tain was a resident at the Court of Meave, Queen of Connaught. There were at the same time a large body of Ulstermen in Meave's service who had for the same reason abandoned Conor. The cause and motive of the events of the Tain were rather prosaic. It would appear that the rights of married women to hold and deal with property separately from their husbands, although not introduced into English law until the close of the 18th century, and not fully established until 1882, were known and recognised in these early times. Meave and her husband, Ailill, had a dispute one day, each claiming to be wealthier than the other. Their lords decided that the king and queen are great and happy alike in all things save one, that Ailill possessed the far-famed white Bull "White-horned." Meave hearing that Conor boasts a black bull mightier yet, and having failed in her efforts to purchase it determines to invade Ulster for the purpose of getting it into her possession. This invasion of Ulster is the subject of the Tain. The expedition is led by Meave herself and is accompanied by Fergus MacRoy and the exiled Ulstermen. Fergus takes much the place of the Agamemnon of the expedition. But the main interest centres round Cuchullain,

the foster son of Conal Carnach and immeasurably the greatest of all Ireland's legendary warriors. "Cuchullain has been called "the Achilles of early Erin, yet with the swiftness, the fierce impulse, and indomitable might that belongs to the Greek he blends in perfect harmony qualities that remind us more of Hector. Like him he is the defender of the city more inspired by patriotic zeal than even by the love of glory, like him he is generous, modest, forbearing to the weak. It is to the strong only that he is unpitying and even in his dealings with them there is no ferocity. They have to die, and he slays them. His devotion to Ferdia is tenderer than that of Achilles to Patroclus, but on him there has fallen a sterner duty. He has not to avenge that friend but to encounter and lay him low as the invader of Uladh." * Faythleen the witch warns Meave.

Beware that youth.

Pity he knows for none.

Mr. de Vere states that he used the prose translation of Professor O'Looney, and so the course of the poem follows closely the course of the Tain. I can only go through it very rapidly. It consists of five parts or fragments. The first part deals with the cause of the war and the previous feats of Cuchullain's childhood and youth, including the memorable encounter with the Hound of the Smith, from which he derived his name, and which I brought before you when I last addressed you. The second part deals with the "Deeds of Cuchullain." He had been hanging on the edge of the invading force "harassing and killing."

Viewless by day, by night a fleeting fire
Dragged down their mightiest.

Fergus tries with gifts to induce him to leave the service of Conor. This he will not do, but consents to forbear Meave's host if his demand be granted, that in accordance with the laws of Irish chivalry the warfare shall be restricted to a combat between himself and a single champion sent against him day by day until he is conquered. The demand is granted, and for ninety days a succession of single combats ensues, in all of which Cuchullain is

* Introduction to "The Foray of Queen Meave and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age."

victorious. In the meanwhile, through the spells of Faythleen, a madness fell over Ulster.

A mist hung o'er it heavy, and on her sons
Imbecile spirit and a heartless mind
And base soul-sickness.

The spell is broken by the dread *Mor Rega*, goddess of war. The part ends with a fine description of the breaking of the spell, and how *Cuchullain's* charioteer yokes to the war chariot the white and black magic steeds of his master, and how when men heard "the hurricane of wheels,"

On stony plain in hamlet and in vale
They muttered in their sleep, "deliverance comes."

The finest part of the poem is the third Fragment called "The Combat at the Ford." *Ferdia*, although a *Firbolg* and not a *Gael*, was an old and sworn friend of *Cuchullain*.

Far away in *Scatha's* isle
A great troth bound us and a vow eterne
Never to raise war-weapon each on each.

Queen *Meave* sends her herald to *Ferdia*, requiring him to engage with *Cuchullain* in single combat. He refuses to fight against his ancient friend, but later on he attends a royal banquet given in his honour, and there yielding to the witcheries of the Princess *Finobar*, he consents to the fight. For two days the two friends contend against each other with reluctance and remorse, but in very real and terrible earnest. The place of the combat was near *Ardee*, which name it derives from *Ferdia*. On the third day the fight becomes fiercer.

Sharper that day their speech,
For in the intenser present years gone by
Hung but like pallid, thin horizon clouds
O'er memory's loneliest limit.

On the fourth day :

From heaven
Came down upon *Cuchullain* like the night
The madness rage.

Then ensues a fight told with Homeric vigour. The end is thus described :

Cuchullain's shield splintered upon his arm
 Served him no more ; and through his fenceless side
 Ferdia drave the sword. Then first the Gael
 Hurl'd forth this : " the taunt Firbolg bribed by Meave
 Has sold his ancient friend ! " Ferdia next :
 " No Firbolg he the man in Scatha's isle
 Who won a maid then left her." Backward stepped
 Cuchullain paces three, he reached the bank,
 He uttered low " the Gae bulg." Instant Leigh
 Within his hand had lodged it. Bending low
 He launched it on Ferdia's breast. The shield,
 The iron plate beneath, the stone within it,
 Like shallow ice-films 'neath a warrior's hoof,
 Burst. All was o'er. To earth the warrior sank.
 Dying he spake : " not thine this deed O, friend,
 'Twas Meave that winged that bolt into my heart.

The death of his friend drives away the madness-rage, and Cuchullain, filled with grief and remorse, lovingly lays the body upon the bank on the northern side, and standing over him sings his dirge. I regret space will not allow me to give more of this beautiful dirge than its concluding lines. You will observe the reproduction of the iterated or burthen lines which appear in the original poem.

Each battle was a game, a jest, a sport,
 Till came fore-doomed Ferdia to the ford.
 I loved the warrior though I pierced his heart.
 Each battle was a game, a jest, a sport,
 Till stood self-doomed Ferdia by the Ford,
 Huge lion of the forestry of war.
 Fair central pillar of the House of Fame
 But yesterday he towered above the world,
 This day he lies along the earth a shade.

Cuchullain lies long in the forest nigh to death from his wounds, and yet more through grief for Ferdia. Meave crosses the Ford into Ulster, the invasion of which forms the fourth Fragment. She captures the black Bull. But Ulster raises itself daily out of its trance of imbecility. " A piercing sadness " falls on Meave from the failure of her daughter Finobar to win one of the noblest chiefs of Conor, and her subsequent death. Her buried son, Orlof, appears to her and warns her back to her native realm and

Southward next morn
 She turned and crossed the ford.

The fifth and last Fragment deals with the retreat of Meave. Conal Carnach and the Red Branch Knights advance against the retreating host. The supreme command is transferred to Fergus, who prepares for the attack. A battle ensues which is gloriously won by Fergus. That night Cuchullain, weak from his wounds, arrives in the Ulster camp. From midnight to near sunset he lay in a trance from which it was Geisa to wake him. These Geisa, often as trivial in character as they were rigidly enforced, have a large place in the Irish legends of pre Christian times. They were certain sacred injunctions; sometimes personal, sometimes general, the violation of which was attended with temporal punishment. They were analagous to the "Taboo" of the south sea islanders, and of the Maoris of New Zealand, of which you may read a graphic and amusing account in Mark Twain's "More Tramps Abroad." In this trance there came to him visions of some mystic future glory to Ireland which he was unable to understand. Amid the shock and din of a second battle

A change
Flashed o'er Cuchullain's face.

He rises

Full armed for fight, a champion, spear in hand,
Work of some God. Swift from his tent he strode,
Without the hand of man there stood his car
And those immortal steeds pawing the air.

"With wonted battle cry" he rushes into the thick of the fight "mantled in sunset."

On and on
And ever through that foe thick packed he clave
A lane of doom and death.

He saves the life of Meave, but drives her and her army in utter overthrow beyond the Shannon. The Bull, the cause of the war, had been sent on before the second battle. He fights with Ailill's white Bull and kills him, and then in the dimness of the next morning mistaking a rock for

A second Bull, collecting all his might
Thereon he hurled his giant bulk and died.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of this remarkable poem. I wish I could have given you some better idea of the force and vigour of its descriptive scenes, the stateliness of its versification,

and the beauty and affluence of its numerous illustrations. There is preserved in it too what is a distinguishing mark of this and all the old Irish legends, a strong sense of honour in the midst of the most lawless enterprises and a high reverence for woman, for the Druid, and the Bard. The same volume contains "The Children of Lir" and "The Sons of Usnach." The first of these poems is a very beautiful version of the legend which Moore has dealt with in the melody "Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water." "The Sons of Usnach" tells of their treacherous murder by command of Conor, to which I have already referred, and how Deirdre, the wife of one of them, died of grief on the body of her slaughtered husband. Critics who regard the Tain as a single fragment of an Irish epic include this among the remaining fragments. The idea of fate enters into it as strongly as into any Greek play. Deirdre is the child of destiny, but of all those who have a part in the tale is the one least subdued by the destiny which she strives in vain to avert. When she sings over their graves the dirge of the three famous brothers, she wails for them only and not for herself, though, when the dirge is over, she falls dead at their feet. I regret I cannot tarry over and examine for you in detail either of these fine poems.

I come now to the poems dealing with the "Saintly Age" of Ireland. They are to be found mainly in the volume entitled "Legends of St. Patrick," published in 1872. The legends dealt with by the poems of this volume are of two classes. The earlier legends respecting St. Patrick are at once the more authentic and the nobler. These higher legends are for the most part the subject of the blank verse poems in the book. Mr. de Vere tells us they do not profess to keep close to the original sources except as regards their spirit and the manners of the time described, which are to be found chiefly in some very excellent lives of St. Patrick, the most valuable of which is the "Tripartite life." There is a later class of legends found in the poems respecting St. Patrick and the old Irish warrior poet Oisín, better known to us under the name of Ossian. They consist chiefly of poetic contentions between him and St. Patrick, in which the blind Bard, represented in his friendless old age as the guest of St. Patrick, responds to the Saint's preaching by singing the praises of his father Fionn, of his son Oscar, and the friends of his youth. In this there is a serious anachronism, for Ossian had died two centuries before

St. Patrick's mission, yet these dialogues which are referred by O'Curry to the 9th and 10th century, do not the less visibly illustrate the relations partly friendly, partly hostile between the new religion and the old world of bards and kings to which I will refer later on. To this class belong most of the poems in lyrical metres contained in this volume. I will endeavour to give you briefly a sketch of the principal poems. The first of them is "The Disbelief of Milcho," King of North Dalaraida, Patrick's old and cruel master and the one failure of his mission. The poem begins with a description of the Saint's second arrival in Ireland, and of the opening of his first mission, and of his first converts.

Upon that shore
Full many knelt and gave themselves to Christ.
Strong men and men at midmost of their hopes
By sickness felled, old chiefs at life's dim close,
That oft had asked "Beyond the grave what hope?"
Worn sailors weary of the toilsome seas
And craving rest, they too that sex which wears
The blended crowns of chastity and love.
Wondering they hailed the maiden-motherhood,
And listening children praised the Babe divine
And passed Him each to each.

Patrick is then joined by the youth Benignus who was to succeed him in Armagh, and after further travels and more conversions he sets out on his undertaking to convert Milcho, who has already heard of his arrival and of his marvellous teachings. At the news

Straightway Milcho's face
Grew blacker than the crab-tree stem forlorn
'That hid him, wanner than sea-sand when wet
Whitens around the feet down-pressed.

I cannot linger over the splendid passages describing the self-communings of Milcho as

Sin-walled he stood
God's angel could not pierce that cincture dread
Nor he look through it.

or his final resolve "I will to disbelieve."

He heaps within his castle his stored up wealth, "yea all things that were his," and when he sees Patrick and his companions

descending a spur of Sleemish he flings a lighted brand into the pile and

Dashed himself into the raging flame
And perished as a leaf.

They saw the smoke, and the roaring of the flames reached them.

All heard that sound, all felt it.
One only knew its import. Patrick turned.
"The deed is done, the man I would have saved
Is dead because he willed to disbelieve."

The greatest of the legends and I think the finest of the poems is "The Striving of St. Patrick on Mount Cruachan," now Croagh Patrick. On the fourth day of his second Lent he greeted his disciples at the mountain foot—

"Bide ye here
Till I return," and straightway set his face
Alone to that great hill of eagles named
Huge Cruachan, that o'er the western deep
Hung through sea mist with shadowing crag on crag,
High ridged and dateless forest long since dead.

His great work had been completed, but, foreknowing that great trials were in store for Ireland, he came to pray one great prayer that Ireland might remain steadfast and true to the faith as long as the world lasted. The Angel of the Lord appears to him and bids him not to demand the gifts his soul demanded, for they were over great for granting, to which he replies—

This mountain Cruachan I will not leave
Alive till all be granted to the last.
Then knelt he on the clouded mountain base
And was in prayer, and, wrestling with the Lord,
Demanded wondrous things immeasurable,
Not easy to be granted for the land.

In the midst of cold and storm, drenched by fierce rains and bursting torrents, and assailed on all sides by angry demons, he continues his prayers. He hears a voice say

Too fierce that race to bend to faith.

Another :

Although the people should believe
Yet conquerors' heel one day their faith shall quell.

And yet another :

Grown soft, that race their Faith shall shame.

On Holy Saturday the storm ceases, and sunshine and calm come back. Then his guardian angel Victor appears to him and bids him depart, for that God has given him wondrous gifts. Patrick declares he will not go until the last boon he asks for has been granted. Three times the angel tells him the gifts God has given him, but Patrick declares they are not enough.

Then spake once more that courteous angel kind,
"What boon demand'st thou?" And the Saint: "No less
Than this. Though every nation ere that day
Recreant from creed and Christ, old troth forsworn:
Should flee the sacred scandal of the Cross
In pride of life—as once the Apostles fled in fear;
This nation of my love, a priestly house.
Beside that Cross shall stand, fate-firm, like him
That stood beside Christ's mother."

The angel returns to Heaven, and Patrick continued in prayer until the evening, when the angel Victor again stands by his side and tells him that the Lord has heard his prayer.

That thou sought'st
Shall lack not consummation. Many a race
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years
Shall cease, from faith and shamed though shameless sink
Back to its native clay, but over thine
God shall the shadow of His Hand extend,
And through the night of centuries teach to her
In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
Shall sound their glad deliverance; nor alone
This nation from the blind dividual dust
Of instincts brute, thoughts driftless, warring wills
By thee evoked and shapen by thy hands
To God's fair image, which confers alone
Manhood on nations, shall to God stand true:
But nations far in undiscovered seas,
Her stately progeny, while ages fleet,
Shall wear the kingly ermine of her Faith
For ever.

Then Patrick knelt and blessed the land, and said,
"Praise be to God who hears a sinner's prayer."

Another fine poem is "St. Patrick and the Founding of Armagh Cathedral." It is, I believe, now admitted, that the site chosen by St. Patrick is the hill on which the Protestant Cathedral of Armagh now stands. Desiring to build a great

church before he died, he is directed by an angel to Macha, now Armagh. He takes with him

Workers of might in iron and in stone
God-taught to build the churches of the faith
With wisdom and with heart-delighting craft.

The journey is made in Spring which is thus described.

Spring-touched the blackbird sang ; green grassy lawns
The cowslips changed to golden, and grey rock
And river's marge with primroses were starred.
Here shook the windflower ; there the blue-bells glamed
As though a patch of sky had fallen on earth.

After a time and not without trouble and hesitation King Daire grants the hill to St. Patrick and bids him build thereon

Strong mother church for all thy great clan Christ.

The site is selected on the crown of the hill beside a milk-white thorn beneath whose shade a white fawn was sleeping, whose dam had been startled from its side. Daire scornfully asks why Patrick should turn forester, and he refers the king to Benignus, who gives the reason

" Great mystery, King, is love.

For this cause he our sire

Revered the anguish of that mother doe,
And inly vowed that where her offspring couched
His chiefest church should stand from age to age.
Confession plain 'mid raging of the clans
That God is love.

The church is then built, but

The saint who built it found not there his grave,

and a very learned controversy exists as to whether Downpatrick or Dundalk can claim the honour of his burial place. But the angel Victor carries to him the promise of the Lord

So long as sea
Girdeth this isle so long thy name shall hang
In splendour o'er it like the stars of God.

From the " Confession of St. Patrick " I can only quote these lines

Happy isle,
God with a wondrous ring hath welded thee,
God on a throne divine had 'stablished thee,
Light of a darkling world, Lamp of the North.

I have not space to bring before you the remainder of these poems. "The Children of Fochlut Wood" commemorates the cry of the children by night which dragged the Saint back from a free land to Ireland. "St. Patrick at Cashel" illustrates the passionate loyalty of the ancient Irish to chiefs who were no less loyal to their people. Of the others I must be content to name "The Baptism of Ængus" in Cashel, during which the crozier of St. Patrick pierced the foot of the King, who says with uncomplaining humility

I thought that, called to follow Him whose feet
Were pierced with nails, haply the blessed rite
Some little pain included.

I am also obliged to omit all reference to the numerous illustrations from nature after the Homeric fashion which stud these poems as well as the poems dealing with the Heroic age. I cannot however conclude this part of my lecture without giving one specimen of the Ossianic poems in the volume. They are all interesting and beautiful. I select a few stanzas from the one which I think is the most characteristic. It is called "The Contention."

Not seldom crossed by bodings sad,
In words though kind yet hard,
Spake Patrick to his guest Oiseen,
For Patrick loved the bard.

In whose broad bosom swathed with beard,
Like cliffs with ivy trailed,
A Christian strove with a Pagan soul,
And neither quite prevailed.

Oiseen laments the chiefs of his young days, and tells Patrick that if they were living they would take his book and break his bell, and wreck his convent, and lash his tribe from the land. Patrick rebukes him and bids him

Forget thy chiefs
And thy deeds gone by forego.

One question, O Patrick, I ask of thee,
Thou king of the saved and shriven?
My sire and his chiefs have they their place
In thy city star-built of heaven?

Oiseen, old chief of the harp and sword,
That questionest of the soul,
That city they tread not who loved but war,
Their realm is a realm of dole.

By this head thou liest, thou son of Calphurn
 In heaven I would scorn to bide
 If my father and Oscar were exiled men
 And no friend at my side.

Then man with the chaunt and then man with the creed,
 This thing I demand of thee,
 My dog may he pass through the gates of heaven?
 May my wolf-hound enter free?

Old man, not the buzzing gnat may pass
 Nor sunbeam look in unbidden,
 The king there sceptred knows all, sees all—
 From him there is nothing hidden.

Then Oiseen uplifted his old white head
 Like lightning from hoary skies,
 A flash went forth 'neath the shaggy roofs
 Low bent o'er his sightless eyes.

Though my life sinks down and I sit in the dust,
 Blind warrior and gray-haired man,
 Mine were they of old, thou priest over-bold,
 Those chiefs of Baoigne's clan.

And he cried while a spasm his huge frame shook :
 " Dim shadows like men before me,
 My father was Fionn and Oscar my son,
 Though to-day ye stand vaunting it o'er me."

Thus raged Oiseen 'mid the fold of Christ
 Still roaming old deserts wide,
 In the storm of thought like a lion old,
 Though lamblke at last he died.

The poems which deal with the mediæval period of Irish history were first published in 1868, under the title of "Inisfail," and are included under the same title in the 5th Volume of Mr. de Vere's poems now being published by Macmillan. He calls the collection a "Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland" and to use his own words "it is an attempt to represent as in a picture the most stormy but the most poetic period of Irish history." The period included lies between the latter part of the 12th century and the latter part of the 18th. These six momentous centuries divide themselves into three periods, and the poems which illustrate them are divided into three corresponding parts. The first period lasted for 350 years. Its prominent characteristic was outlawry, and the first part of the poems are collected under the title. The Brehon law

was set aside by the Norman conqueror, but the protection of English law was not extended to the conquered although frequently applied for by them to the English Kings. It is told in Plowden's History of Ireland that on one occasion the Irish offered 8000 marks to Edward I., "provided he would grant the free enjoyment of the laws of England to the whole body of the Irish natives indiscriminately." Edward was disposed to accept the offer, but his politic and benevolent intentions were thwarted by his nobles to forward their own rapacious views of extortion and oppression. The second period is characterised by the wars of Religion which give the name to the second part of the poems. The period illustrated begins in the reign of Elizabeth and ends with the dethronement of James II. These wars completed the estrangement between England and Ireland, but they also completed the union in Ireland of the Gaelic and Norman races. The third period is that of the Penal Laws which are the subject of the third part of the poems. These three periods are thus described in the prologue :

For ages three without Laws ye shall flee as beasts in the forest,

For an age and a half age Faith shall bring not peace but a sword.

Then laws shall rend you like eagles sharp fang'd, of your scourges the sorest :

When these three woes are past look up for your Hope is restored.

Mr. de Vere writes in the "Recollections:" "No other poem of mine was written more intensely, I may say more painfully, from my heart than *Inisfail*." He intended, he tells us, that it should represent in the main the songs of the old Irish Bards (if only they could have been preserved) as the best exponent of the Emotion and Imagination of the Race during the period of affliction, but at the same time to bring into prominence the counsels of the Irish priests respecting the forgiveness of injuries, obedience to the Divine will, penitence, and a Hope that nothing could subdue. The chief national sin of the early Irish was vindictiveness. The paganism, which taught the wild justice of revenge died hard and long, pervaded the bardic poetry. With the Bards for a long time the old and new creeds flowed on without intermingling. As at Geneva, where the Rhone rushing out of the lake, a clear blue river is joined a little below the city by the turbid and muddy waters of the Arve, which flow alongside it quite distinctly for several miles; even so the old stream of paganism can be traced for a long time in the poetry of the bards

flowing alongside and in strange contrast to the clear waters of Christian truth—the truth which taught men to look for forgiveness of their own trespasses as they forgave those who trespassed against them. In the poems written in bardic fashion in the first part of Inisfail this running together without intermingling is kept in view and is shown with great skill and clearness. “The contention” of St. Patrick and Oiseen already referred to, is a very good example of it. Let me give you another out of many taken from a poem called the “The Bard Ethell” supposed to be written in the 13th century.

I forgive old Cathbar who sank my boat,
 Must I pardon Feargal who slew my son,
 Or the pirate, Strongbow, who burned Granote?—
 They tell me in it nine priests, a nun
 And—worst—St. Finian's old crosier staff.
 At forgiveness like that I spit and laugh.
 My chief in his wine cups forgave twelve men,
 And of these a dozen rebelled again.

Inisfail was called a lyrical chronicle of Ireland. But the poems in all the three parts are not confined to lyrics. In addition to these and to the imitations of bardic poems, the principal events of Irish history during the period are dealt with in many a stirring ballad, many a noble ode and many a wailing dirge. Thus in the poems of the days of outlawry there is a fine poem on the Statute of Kilkenny, passed in 1362, which enacted that intermarriages with the natives or any connection with them as fosterers, or in the way of gossipred, should be punished as high treason, that the use of their names, language, apparel or customs, should be punished with the forfeiture of lands, and that to submit to be governed by the Brehon laws was treason.

A cry comes up from wood and wold,
 A wail from fen and marish,
 “Grant us our lands and take our gold,
 Like beasts dog-chased we perish.”
 The hunters of their kind reply,
 “Our sports we scorn to barter;
 We rule! the Irish enemy
 Partakes not England's charter.

Of the poems dealing with the Wars of Religion I would especially name a splendid ode called “The War Song of O'Riennell's Bard at the Battle of Blackwater.” The ode

celebrates the utter route of Elizabeth's army, led by Marshal Bagenal, by Red Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, and Red Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, on the 14th August, 1598.

Blest is that spot and holy,
There ages past St. Berkan stood and cried
This spot shall quell one day the invader's pride.

The victory of Mountjoy later on over these two great northern chiefs at Kinsale, after their marvellous winter march to relieve their Spanish allies, is the subject of two poems "The March to Kinsale," and "Kinsale." "The Suppression of the Faith in Ulster," after the compulsory flight of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, and "The Plantation of Ulster," are other odes in the Bardic fashion. So too is the ode describing the Battle of Benburb, and the beautiful dirge over Owen Roe O'Neill which follows it. This dirge is in my opinion a finer poem and conceived in a truer Bardic spirit than the better known Lament by Davis. Here are two stanzas :

So 'tis over. Lift the dead.
Bear him to his place of rest,
Broken heart and blighted head,
Lay the Cross upon his breast.

Lords and priests, ye talked and talked
In Kilkenny's Council Hall,
But this man whose game ye baulked
Was the one man 'mong ye all.

The third part of *Inisfail* is entitled "The Penal Laws," and "The Victory of Endurance." Some of the most beautiful poems in the collection are to be found in this part. Sometimes it is a ballad of some historic incident, again it is an ode in memory of some great saintly or historic incident. Sometimes they take the form of imaginative allegory, and sometimes they are modelled, and beautifully modelled, on the Lamentations of the Hebrew prophets. But in whatever shape they are presented they illustrate every phase and important incident of those dark days when

In the halls of their fathers an alien held feast,
'Their Church was a cave and an outlaw their priest,
'The birds have their nests and the foxes their holes;
What had these? Like a sunrise God shone in their souls.

As a good specimen in the ballad form I would mention "The Ballad of the Lady turned Beggar." The Irish who fought for Charles I., and whose estates were in consequence confiscated looked in vain, with very few exceptions, for their restoration on the accession of his worthless son. The Ballad gives a pathetic description of the widow of Lord Roche, one of these Royalists who used to be seen begging through the streets of Cork. There are also songs and ballads of the Brigade consisting, as you know, of the soldiers of James who took service with more than one European sovereign and made the name of Ireland famous.

Bless the bold Brigade,
May God go with them horse and blade
For Faith's defence and Ireland's aid.

There is a ballad of Sarsfield or the "bursting of the guns" when

Sarsfield rode out the Dutch to rout
And to take or break their cannon,
A century after Sarsfield's laughter
Was echoed from Dungannon.

The ballad of "Athlone," which gives a picture of how the Irish under Sarsfield broke down the bridge of Athlone in the face of the enemy, is worthy to take its place beside the well-known ballad in which Macaulay tells how the bridge over the Tiber was hewn down behind the dauntless three who held it "in the brave days of old." For poems dealing with great saintly or historic names, I would single out the poems on the martyred Oliver Plunkett, and the fine lines to Grattan. Perhaps the best instance of imaginative allegory is the poem called "A Hundred Years." It represents Ireland constituting in its poverty and privations, as it were, a new religious Order

Of rule and life more strict
Than that which Basil reared in Galilee,
In Egypt Paul, in Umbria Benedict.

Where are its cloisters? Where the felon sleeps.
Where its novitiate? Where the last wolf died.
From sea to sea its vigil long it keeps
Stern Foundress is its rule not mortified.

Of the poems modelled on the Lamentations I must content

myself with mentioning those entitled "Quomodo sedet sola," "Sederunt in terra," and "Adhaesit lingua lactantis."

In these three works which I have thus endeavoured to bring under your notice there is to be found a complete history in verse of all that is best and greatest in the history of Ireland. It may be objected that it is a history in fragments. But after all the history of Ireland is nowhere to be found except in fragments. There is, however, one golden cord which, through all the years of that history, binds these fragments together, and thank God continues still to bind them, the golden cord of the Faith. "Religion," says Mr. de Vere, "was Ireland's unity." In all his Irish poems he always keeps in view, and ever brings prominently forward, Ireland's faithful adhesion to the Faith and her special and glorious mission of evangelizing the nations. In them we find the explanation of those visions of some mystic greatness for Ireland which came to Cuchullain in his trance, but of an order which he was unable to understand. In them too is shown the fulfilment of the promise wrung by the prayers of St. Patrick on the lonely mountain side. To use again Mr. de Vere's own words: "Alone among the northern nations Ireland remained faithful. "But had her earlier calamities nothing to do with that later fidelity? Much every way. When a new Faith was backed "by Penal Laws, by whom were those Penal Laws to be obeyed? "Not by Norman Barons, whose law had ever been their own will. "Not by Gaelic serfs from whom their law had been taken. One "of the lessons taught us by Irish history is this, that to the "different nations different vocations are assigned by Providence; "to one an imperial vocation, to another a commercial one, to "Greece an artistic one, to Ireland as to Israel a spiritual one." *

In his poetry, too, we are made to see that it was to Rome that Catholic Ireland in every age of her affliction turned for help and consolation.

But far o'er the sea there is one loves me
'Neath the southern star ;
The fisherman's ring my help shall bring
And heal my scar.

We are told in it over and over again to look to that Apostolic mission of our race and the graces which are to be won by it as the surest fountain of all its glory and happiness.

A SONG.

SEE the fairy spring-time
 Kiss the fairy mead ;
 Hear his merry ring-rhyme,
 Whispered ere he speed,
 Luring on to full prime
 Every budding bead ;—
 Dear my heart, whate'er thou art,
 I'm with thee at thy need.

Track the crystal moon-beam,
 Arrow silver-bright ;
 Watch the laughing trout-stream
 Ripple left and right,
 Dancing in a day-dream,
 Flashing back the light ;—
 Dear my heart, where'er thou art,
 'Tis not for ever night.

Wander where the wood-bine
 Clings around the thorn,
 Where the golden sunshine
 Gilds the growing corn ;
 Listen where the pitch-pine
 Soothes the sighing morn ;—
 Dear my heart, so near thou art,
 Thou ne'er shalt live forlorn.

A. G.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. KITTLESHOT'S PROPOSALS.

Behold if they be not unfortunate,
 When oft the father dares not trust the son !
 O wealth, with thee is won
 A worm to gnaw forever on his soul
 Whose abject life is laid in thy control !

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

WE have already seen that once Mr. Kittleshot had made up his mind to do a thing he was always eager to get it in hand without the smallest delay. More than this, however, in important matters he always anticipated possible difficulties, and the surprise of his friends was great when they discovered that, a month or two before he mentioned his designs, he had acquired the freehold of nearly a hundred acres of land in the neighbourhood of the little Catholic church. The site was an admirable one for building purposes, and the wiseacres who were not in his confidence expected soon to see it covered with villa residences.

Very soon, however, the excitement in Ridingle Dale became great. The morning conference at Colpington's the chemist was larger than ever, and the afternoon discussions at Miss Rippell's more heated.

Mr. Kittleshot was going to build an institution—a hospital—a blue coat school—a monastery—a home for the aged poor—an industrial palace—a people's hall—an orphanage—a home for decayed gentle-folk—a reformatory on a new principle—a university—a singing school—a college of music.

Each of these things had at different times been mentioned both at Colpington's and Rippell's, by somebody who knew of it as a fact.

Billy Lethers interrogated by many, shook his head, and looked wise. He had no information on the point that he could trust, and the Ridingle Dale boys only knew that Mr. K. was going to build *something*—immediately.

Miss Rippell herself listened to everything, disbelieved much, and thought one of the things mentioned "quite possible." If only Mr. Kittleshot himself would come into her shop some day—well—she felt sure that he might let fall something worth the hearing. But Mr. Kittleshot was away from home, and not expected back for a week or more.

The first thing he did upon his return was to seek out the Squire, Father Horbury, Dr. Byrse, and the Colonel, and make them promise to dine with him on the following night. He said that he had business of the greatest importance to discuss with them.

It was a dinner they never forgot. He told them that his mind was full of a big scheme, but that it would take a long time to mature it. However, he wanted to put a small part of it into immediate execution, and he would therefore make two proposals:—

1. That he should enlarge their little church in any way they cared to suggest.

2. That in connection with the church he should build a higher grade school, where special attention might be given to ecclesiastical music.

He made his idea very clear. He did not want a choir-school, he said, though if they pressed him on the point and thought such an establishment would be better than what he proposed, he would give way. He wanted to put education in the first place, and he wanted that education to be of the soundest possible character. He would endow the place with a sum hereafter to be fixed. He proposed to make present provision for a hundred boys, but now the site was secured—and he found that there was no difficulty in buying more land on either side of the church—care would be taken to leave large spaces for possible extension. He wanted his friends to discuss many points on future occasions, for when the school was completed he wished Father Horbury, Mr. Ridingdale, Dr. Byrse, and Colonel Ruggerson to take the entire management of the thing into their own hands.

As for the pupils, who might be either boarders or day-boys, he wished the preference to be given to the sons of poor gentlemen or professional men, and to boys who had some capacity for music. Though the place was not to be regarded as an orphanage, the fatherless or motherless were always to be considered first.

Mr. Kittleshot's guests were speechless through sheer bewilderment.

"Have I made myself clear that this establishment is to be an exclusively Catholic one?"—the millionaire asked after a pause. "I want you to understand that, and also that as soon as the place is started I withdraw from the board of management altogether. The choosing of masters will be entirely in your hands, but it would please me if you selected university men as far as possible. I shall take care that the salaries are above the average. Except by one of those accidents that rarely occur, you cannot get a good thing without paying for it."

The Colonel was the first to speak, and there was this merit about the old soldier's style that, though he was fruitful in objections, he was not wordy. But on this occasion he had no objection to offer.

"A very noble scheme, eh Ridingdale?" was all he said.

"I'm sure, Mr. Kittleshot," began the Squire very slowly, "I'm sure you have counted the cost; but it seems to me that you are working on much too generous a scale, particularly as you have other and bigger schemes in view. You will not misunderstand me, I know."

Mr. Kittleshot smiled. "Some men make money in order to leave it to others; some to spend it as they please. I belong to the latter class. I have only one son, and he is already rich. In ten years time he will be richer still. He wants nothing from me; at any rate, he needs nothing. I have spent comparatively little during the last twenty years; on the other hand, I have accumulated much. Surely I may enjoy the luxury of doing what I will with my own?"

There was nothing for the guests to do but to offer their thanks and congratulations, and then, until Father Horbury discovered that it was past midnight, they proceeded to go fully into the details of their host's intended benefaction.

"They'll say I've turned Catholic, of course," said Mr. Kittleshot as he shook hands with the priest; "but you know better than that—don't you?"

"Unhappily—yes," said Father Horbury with a rather sad smile.

"Now what did he mean by that?" Mr. Kittleshot asked himself as the carriage drove away. "What on earth can it matter

to him if I *pay up* well ! Rum chaps these Papists ! ”

The winter promised to be a mild one, and it was conceivable the building might proceed without a break. At any rate, three days after the dinner, workmen had begun to dig out the foundations.

After the first excitement consequent upon hearing the true facts, the town became peaceful and happy. For Mr. Kittleshot himself had looked into Colpington's and Rippell's both, and had said before a number of people :—

“ Hope the frost will keep off ! I'm just starting to build a school—for the Catholics, you know. Boarding and day-school. O no, not elementary. You call it higher grade, or some such nonsense—don't you ? For my part I like the good old English title of Grammar School. Yes, it's to be quite free. Sons and orphans of poor gentlemen, you know.”

He said nothing about the enlargement of the Catholic chapel, not because he wished to make a secret of it, but merely that in his own mind it held a secondary place and did not seem to him a matter worth mentioning. The whole thing could be done for about four thousand pounds—Father Horbury thought much less.

But when this item of news did come out, though the tradesmen of the town were dissenters to a man, and though the bulk of the Ridingdale people had not the smallest sympathy with Catholicism, there was very general rejoicing. Already trade, and work generally, had not been so good within the memory of any dweller in the Dale, and it was quite evident that a further improvement was imminent. A score or two of men were already at work, and more were expected daily. For Mr. Kittleshot was impatient, and as he was able to pay for his impatience the builders humoured him as much as possible. He was particularly anxious that a portion of the school building should be opened early in the following summer.

“ There is no reason why the day-school should not be started in May or June—perhaps earlier,” he said to the Squire. “ Already Father Horbury has given me a list of lads living in the Dale who might take advantage of it. Some of them are miles away, of course ; but in these days of bicycles that is nothing. Then, too, the train service is not bad.”

Mrs. Ridingdale looked at her husband.

"Yes, dear, I know what you are thinking," he said when Mr. Kittleshot had left. "Shall you object to our boys forming the nucleus?"

"Most certainly not. How can you ask such a question?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STORY OF WILLIE MURRINGTON.

"The spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it."—*As You Like It*.

"How would you like to be an old man's secretary?" was the question Mr. Kittleshot asked of the amazed Willie Murrington. "I don't mean at once, but in a year or two's time."

"I should like it very much, sir," said the boy. But the millionaire thought he looked frightened and troubled.

"Oh, it wouldn't be very hard, you know, and you'd have a good deal of time to yourself. I must talk to the Squire about it. How old are you, Willie?"

"Not quite fourteen, sir."

"Dear me! I thought you were older than that."

The boy certainly looked older. He had come to Ridingle a pale, puny-faced boy underthirteen, and during the sixteen months he had grown rapidly. But it seemed as though no amount of wholesome food, and fresh air, and cheerful society could make him stout and rosy. He was happy enough, it is true, and though quieter than his companions there was nothing melancholy about him. Only sometimes when his features were in repose and he was quite alone, a troubled look would steal over his white face, and he would talk to himself in a low tone and in broken fashion as he walked. Occasionally the boys would tease him about this—accounting for such little eccentricities by reminding one another that Willie was a poet, and must therefore 'act as sich.'

But after a time they found that, although he pleaded guilty to the writing of verses and would produce them if he had reason to think they really wished to hear them, to call him "poet" hurt him more than any amount of ordinary chaff. To his foster-

father he showed everything he wrote, and the Squire encouraged him with warm and judicious praise, and helped him with kindly criticism.

Mr. Kittleshot often noticed Willie, and was as friendly towards him as to any other member of the family; but on the day the millionaire spoke of the secretaryship the boy wandered out into the park alone, talking to himself more than usual.

"If he only knew . . . if he only knew . . . But then he does'n't. Some day, perhaps, I shall have to tell him."

It has already been said that Willie's history was a sad one; but it was a history known to no one in the neighbourhood saving his foster-father and mother. To the boy himself it seemed, whenever he recalled it, like a bad night-mare, or a painful dream of the far past.

Willie Murrington was the step-son of a large farmer and land-owner who lived in a remote village in the East Riding, many miles from Riddingdale, and not far from the Yorkshire seat of the Dalesworth's. There were times when the Squire had to pay little business visits to his uncle, the present Lord Dalesworth.

Seated at luncheon one day, he overheard a stray guest, a magistrate of the district, telling the story of a case that had come before him that morning at the Petty Sessions. A boy had been brought up charged with being upon some farm premises with the intention of committing a felony. The affair had been a little complicated in the beginning, owing to the fact that two other persons, a vagrant and a big fellow belonging to the village, had also been found upon the same premises though at a later hour. After hearing the evidence, however, it became clear that the boy had no knowledge of the other two prisoners and that his character was altogether above suspicion, except that now and then he was in the habit of running away from home. The policeman of the village said that the boy's mother was dead and that the farmer was his step-father. It came out a little later that this same step-father frequently gave way to drink and that in his cups he was a man of great violence.

The chairman lectured the boy upon the impropriety of sleeping out, and in the end fined him ten shillings and costs or fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour.

"Of course," said the magistrate, "we all thought that the fine would immediately be paid although we knew that the step-

father, who lives some distance off, was not present in court. As it was, the lad had to go back to the cells, but I took care that a telegram was immediately sent off to his home. Here is the reply I received just as I was leaving the court: 'Fine will not be paid; let him go to gaol.'"

"And what is going to be done?" asked Ridingdale.

"Well," said the magistrate, "I would pay the fine myself if I could do it *sub rosa*."

"You think it is not too late?"

"Oh, no. The prisoners will have to wait for the three o'clock train. Not much of a service here, you know."

"No time to lose," said Ridingdale looking at his watch.

"Well, if *you* as a stranger would act in the matter——"

"I will go at once," the Squire decided, and making apologies to his host.

He was only just in time. The prisoners had been taken out of their cells and were standing in a line in a sort of outer court. Two of them were already handcuffed together, and the constable was in the act of wrapping a piece of linen round the boy's wrist in order to make his manacle fit. The man was a kindly sort of fellow and did not seem to like the business he was engaged in.

"There now," he said as the handcuff snapped with a click, "that's nice and comfortable—isn't it? Won't hurt you like that, my lad, *nor it won't slip off*. Nay, don't you cry. A fortnight's soon over, you know."

The boy had kept up well until now. He had known from the first that his step-father would not pay the fine, and the prospect of going to prison had not greatly alarmed him. He would not be beaten there, at any rate. But now that he found himself fettered to two forbidding-looking men, and realised that he had to walk to the station and take a rather long railway journey under such ignominious circumstances, he broke down altogether. He was so small compared with the big burly fellow he was chained to that his thin hand hung suspended from the other's, the white bandage making it all the more conspicuous.

The Squire had found the sergeant who was in charge of the little police office, and while the small item of business was being transacted they could see what was going on in the yard beyond.

"Surely," he said to the sergeant, "it is not necessary to handcuff a small boy like that!"

"Well, sir," the sergeant replied, "what else can you do? That officer there was going to take the three of 'em a matter o' forty mile; how else could he do it?"

"I see," said the Squire. "That's quite right."

"And then, y' know, sir, lads is more slippery than men if it comes to that."

"Yes, no doubt. But now, I suppose, the little chap can have his irons taken off?"

It was clear that the constable who had fettered the boy was delighted to release him, and in another second Willie Murrington was raising a tear-stained face to his unknown benefactor.

The Squire hurried him away from the police-station in the direction of Dalesworth Park, and then little by little he learnt something of the boy's story.

His own father, a country gentleman of fair means, had died when he, Willie, was a little baby, and when he was three his mother had married the rich farmer. She had survived her second marriage scarcely three years, and since that time the step-father, always given to drink, had treated the boy with alternate cruelty and neglect. He had frequently slept out, he said, because over and over again the farmer had threatened to murder him. The farm servants had been kind to him or he would long ago have run away. Willie described how the house-keeper tried to find hiding places for him when his stepfather was drunk, and how frequently he had made a hole for himself among the straw in the barn.

The Squire looked at the lad with compassion.

"And what are you going to do now, my child?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. I daren't go home. I shall try to go to sea, I think, or into the army. Do you think they would take me as a drummer boy, sir?"

The Squire did not hear the last question. He was thinking deeply. He must verify the boy's story of course, and he must see this brutal step-father. In the meantime the lad must be cared for. He was fairly well-dressed, but looked wretchedly ill and harassed.

"Let us go up to the house," said the Squire. "I'm sure you're hungry."

Willie began to tell his unknown friend how kind the police had been to him at the lock-up. The boy had been several days

in the cells waiting for the petty sessions, and during that time the sergeant had given him food from his own table.

A little later the housekeeper of Dalesworth Hall received Willie with open arms, and that same afternoon the Squire drove over to the distant farm to see the step-father. The man was asleep, the servant said, and Ridingdale proceeded to question her and the other servants as to the true position of things. The case was much worse than the boy had ventured to make it.

"I know there'll be murder done if Willie comes home again," the housekeeper said. "He's as good a lad as ever put foot in shoe-leather, and why his father hates him so much I can't make out. Of course he's a bit obstinate about his religion. You see, sir, his mother was a papist, and Willie thinks he ought to take after her. Master, he always wants him to go to the Protestant church, but ever since he begun to be a big lad he's always gone off to the Catholics by himself. Not that Master ever goes to church, not he. O' Sundays he's always in bed till dinner time, and I don't think he's set foot in any place o' worship since he was married."

"What education has the boy received?" asked the Squire.

"He's been going regularly to the Grammar School at Thelveston," said the housekeeper, mentioning a market town two or three miles off. "Often and often have I begged Master to let him board there, for I knew the lad would be all right away from home, but Master wouldn't hear of it. Said it would cost too much."

The Squire listened patiently while the woman rattled on, telling him all he wanted to know and a great deal more.

"May I write a letter here?" Ridingdale asked when at length the housekeeper paused. "I suppose it is very uncertain when your master will be awake?"

The housekeeper assured him, as she began to collect the writing materials, that it was most uncertain. "And when he wakes up," she added, "he won't be in a fit state to see you or anybody else."

So the Squire sat down and wrote a carefully worded letter.

"Your father will not take you back, Willie," said the Squire the next day when he had received an answer from the drunken farmer. Ridingdale tore the brutally-worded letter into small pieces and threw it in the fire.

"I could not go back to him, sir, even if he would have me."

"Then come with me, my boy," the Squire exclaimed laying his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"O sir," Willie sobbed, "you cannot mean it. You are related to Lord Dalesworth, aren't you? I should disgrace you too much. This time yesterday I had handcuffs on, and if it had not been for you I should be in prison now."

The Squire took him by the hand and led into the park.

"What does all that matter, my poor child! You had done nothing to deserve such punishment. You shall have father and mother, brothers and sisters, if you will, and—listen, Willie—they are all of your own poor mother's religion."

Then Willie wept afresh, but there was no bitterness in his tears.

No wonder then that Willie Murrington loved his foster father and mother so tenderly. He had shown himself the most dutiful and obedient of sons, and it was only now and then when the memory of his past life, and particularly of the day he first saw the Squire of Ridingle, came back to him that he fully realised its horror or the exceeding happiness of the present.

Mr. Kittleshot's offer, though to be sure it belonged to the remote future, made Willie thoughtful, as we have said, and he lost no time in speaking to the Squire.

"Father, ought I to tell Mr. Kittleshot about—about—"

"About what, Willie?"

"Well, father, about myself. I mean——"

"No, dear. Some day, if there is any necessity, I will tell him; though as a matter of fact there is nothing to tell—except that you were a very badly-used boy. For the present your little secret, such as it is, is quite safe with mother and father—isn't it, old man?"

Willie's only reply was an affectionate hug; but he looked greatly relieved.

Less than a fortnight after this, the Squire was paying one of his usual short visits to Lord Dalesworth.

"By the way," his lordship remarked during dinner, "I don't know whether you heard of the death of your foster-son's step-father?"

The Squire had not heard of it.

"O, yes. Not many days ago he was found dead in his bed

after a drunken bout of more than ordinary length. And now that he's gone, people's tongues are loosened with a vengeance I fancy, you know, he must have bribed his servants right and left to hush up things. A perfect marvel how he escaped prosecution for his fiendish cruelty to that lad. I'd have taken the thing up myself if I'd known how bad a case it was. Didn't the boy tell you all about it?"

"He told me a little the day I met him here, and the house-keeper told me more. But it's a subject I've never questioned Willie about since."

"Naturally. Well, I met the parson of this scoundrel's parish yesterday and found him boiling over with indignation. He'd been talking to some of the farm men, and they told him that over and over again, on bitterly cold winter nights, they had found the lad chained by the neck and lying in an empty dog kennel. Sometimes they had succeeded in undoing the padlock of the dog-collar that was round his throat, and carried him off to their own cottage; but as far as I can make out he must occasionally have been left in that condition all night."

"This can't be true!" the Squire exclaimed.

"Unhappily, there is no sort of doubt about it. Besides, it is only one of many equally cruel things. Two or three times the head waggoner had found the boy hung up by the wrists to a staple in the wall of the barn; and on one of these occasions he had come upon the farmer in the very act of thrashing the lad with a cart whip as he hung in that position. The man himself says that he threatened to report his master to the police; but the parson feels quite sure the fellow was bribed not to say anything about it."

"Surely," exclaimed the Squire, indignantly, "such things are not possible in a country like this!"

"Oh," said Lord Dalesworth, "I haven't told you the worst by any means. And I'm not going to do so. One thing, however, may interest you:—Willie's step-father was a prominent and very enthusiastic member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to—Animals."

"That I can quite believe."

"Yes," said his lordship, with great irony, "when the history of the latter half of the nineteenth century comes to be written it will have to be put on record that in such and such a year this

society—a most useful one I grant, and I am myself a supporter of it, *Ridingdale* ”—

“ And so am I,” put in the Squire.

“ I know you are. Well, as I was saying : in such a year this society was founded, and then—I am afraid to say how many years afterwards, and apparently as an after-thought, it occurred to somebody that perhaps a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to *Children* might be started. Really, I think the English mind is the oddest jumble of the idiotically sentimental and the brutally practical that one could find in the whole world. There’s not a man in the country more devoted to beasts than I am, unless, perhaps, it’s yourself ; but, hang it all ! I still retain some little sense of the relative value of human and animal life ! ”

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(*To be continued*).

SWALLOWS OF ALLAH.*

SWALLOWS of Allah, unfurl your white wings !
Come to us, strangers, o’er the friendless sea,
Welcomed by Islam and its chivalry,
For bene of all your hallowed minist’rings,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, hither wing your flight
Over the barren and mysterious sea ;
Where have ye nested ? Whither did ye flee ?
Leaving grey shadows, and the winter’s night,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, whilst ye dwelt afar,
Behind the billows of the broken sea,
Your names made songs for Moslem minstrelsy
Over the long chibouque and samovar,
Swallows of Allah !

* The name given by the Turkish soldiers to the French Sisters of Charity.

Swallows of Allah, the dusk of Arab eyes
Deepened, when strained across the steel-rimmed sea
For one white feather 'gainst its ebony,—
The pennant of response to prayers and sighs,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, bearded men have wept,
Waiting your advent from the silent sea,
Maidens have pierced the minaret's mystery,
To watch the realms of the Frankish sept,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, now the royal sun
Crests the high cliffs that overhang the sea ;
The snows are melted, and the shadows flee,
The white flowers star the meadows, one by one,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, bulbuls sing at night,—
We hear your voices from the syren sea ;
The crescent shines above the silvered lea,
And all is music in the pale moonlight,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, from the high mosque's tower,
Waking the dreams of the too slumb'rous sea,
Peals the muezzin's voice of victory—
The advent of your mercy and your power,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, keep your faithful tryst,
Here by the shallows of the tideless sea ;
The Moslem shall not fail in courtesy :
We have our Prophet ; keep your gentle Christ,
Swallows of Allah !

Swallows of Allah, beat with buoyant wings
The slumbers of the too reluctant sea ;
Come to us ! Come to us ! lo ! we cry for ye !
The largess of your woman's minist'rings,
Swallows of Allah !

PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

No. 14.—CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

SOME men of genius, who pretended to throw off the yoke of Christ, have been unable to free themselves from the spell of Christ's last Apostle. Victor Hugo ranks St. Paul among the twelve greatest men of all the ages. For us who believe all that St. Paul believed, there is a thrill in some of his magical phrases which have become watchwords of the Christian Church. One of these occurs in the fourth chapter of his epistle to the Galatians, where he tells us that "that Jerusalem which is above is free, which is our mother," and that "we are not the children of the bondwoman but of the free, by the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free."

"The freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free." What is that freedom? Do we yet possess it? And, if not, how are we to secure for ourselves the fulness of that Christian freedom?

God is the author of nature as well as of grace, and it is part of the nature He has given to us to wish to be free, to yearn for liberty, to abhor slavery. Freedom is one of the watchwords of humanity, though, like many another word of power, it has been too often degraded and misapplied. Every ideal of liberty is false which is not founded on this truth, that man is the creature of God, placed on this earth for objects which do not end with this earth. For in this yearning after freedom and in every other yearning of man's heart it is foolish, besides being impious, to think only of the rights of man and to ignore the rights of God, to limit our view to the brief hour of this present life without considering its bearing on the eternity which is to follow. We are creatures, mortal yet immortal, and by the very fact of creaturehood we depend on our Creator, who is our Creator by virtue of an act which is not past and gone, but which goes on working for ever, co-operating with us in all our operations, preserving and sustaining us in life and action, and so renewing, as it were, God's right of ownership over us at every breath we draw. And moreover, as if we were not His already, we 'have been bought at a great price' (I. Cor. vi. 20).

God forbid, then, that we should pretend to be free in the sense of not being responsible for every deed and word and thought and feeling to God our Maker and our Redeemer. God alone is independent, self-sufficing. For feeble creatures like us, absolute independence, if conceivable, would not be freedom, but desolation and abandonment. Our best freedom consists in dependence, trustful and loving dependence, on Him who can never fail us either in the strength of His arm or in the love of His Heart.

But not alone to the infinite and invisible God; our freedom implies subjection to our fellow-creatures around us. The same Apostle who preached this grand gospel of freedom was he who said at a time when temporal authority was in the hands of rulers as unsatisfactory perhaps as any nowadays: "Be ye subject to the higher powers, for he that resisteth the powers resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." For even in the Apostolic ages heretics arose—Gnostics, Nicolaites, and others—who misinterpreted that Christian liberty which we are considering and used it (our Apostle tells us elsewhere) "as a cloak for malice," that is, as an excuse for disobedience to lawful authority, and even for the loosening of the moral law.

And again not only to the higher powers but to all who have under divers claims, and for divers purposes, a right to our obedience. All these various degrees of subordination do not conflict with true human liberty, but are helps rather to secure to each one his proper share thereof. For liberty is not licentiousness or lawlessness or chaos, but order; and this in our fallen world involves obedience, mutual dependence, self-restraint, subjection.

So indeed it is in ranks of creation higher and lower than our own. It has been truly said that it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature, and which betters the lower. "From the ministering of an archangel to the labour of an insect, from the poisoning of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of sand, the power and the glory of all creatures consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty, the dead leaf much; the dust of which we are composed has now no liberty, its liberty comes to it with its corruption." *

* I cannot give the name of the writer from whom these words are taken.

But to go back to our subject from illustrations which do not make it clearer : whatever may be the case with material things, it is true of our spiritual nature that in this mortal life the full and free development of our faculties needs restraint, and, above all, self-restraint ; and this enters into the essence of all true and rational liberty, that is worthy of the dignity and solemn responsibilities of our human nature.

This holds good of civil and social liberty, which however is not the liberty of which St. Paul speaks, although in that sense also it might be urged that "Christ has made us free." For it was Christianity which abolished the pagan institution of slavery ; which, beginning with the workshop of Joseph the Carpenter, exalted and consecrated rude manual labour ; and which introduced and fostered true modern civilization, as our present Pope has eloquently proved in a pastoral addressed to his flock when that was only the diocese of Perugia and not, as it is now, the entire Christian world. Yes, of this social slavery, too, and of all temporal wrongs and injustice the Church of Christ has always been the implacable enemy ; and when the avarice and cruel passions of unworthy Christians renewed the horrors of slavery, she through her devoted sons, such as Bartholomew de las Casas and St. Peter Claver, took the part of the wretched slave and mitigated the evils which she could not prevent. And wherever at any time or in any form over the face of the earth slavery has crouched and tyranny has been rampant, it has been so in spite of Christianity and generally in direct opposition to the Church of Christ.

The freedom, however, wherewith "Christ has made us free," regards, above all, the soul in its relations to God and eternity. Christ is the liberator of souls ; He is the conqueror of sin and hell. In order to comprehend this work of liberation which He has wrought for us, we ought to try to realize what the world of which we are part would have been if it had been never redeemed ; and for this purpose it is not enough to consider the state of the pagan world before the coming of Christ. Terribly as mankind had fallen away actually from their primitive state, utterly as all flesh had corrupted its ways, hideous as were the enormities of paganism—any description of those evils, such as meditations and discourses on the benefits of the Incarnation are wont to begin with, furnishes a proof indeed of the necessity of the Redemption,

but not the full proof of all the overwhelming urgency of the liberation wrought by Him who has made us free. For in a certain true sense the world was already redeemed. The price, no doubt, had not been paid, but it had been offered and accepted. The Son of God had said: "Behold I come." The Lamb of God was slain from the beginning of the world. But what would the fallen world have become if after the fall no promise had been given, but sin and despair had reigned with undisputed sway—if there had been no faith, no hope, no charity, but only the fearful tradition of evil, and if into the night of heathen darkness had penetrated not one ray either from the departing twilight of primeval revelation or from the coming dawn of the Redemption? No, it is impossible for us to fathom the depths of that abyss from which Jesus drew us up, draining out for our ransom the last drop of His Heart's blood upon the Cross.

But Christ died for all. Are all free? Alas! though of the blood which He shed in a red torrent one drop had efficacy to cleanse a thousand polluted worlds, each individual soul has the tremendous power to stay that torrent, to set at nought that "plenteous redemption," and, as far as regards *one* soul, to frustrate the designs of God's mercy. "We would have cured Babylon, and she is not healed" (Jerem. LI., 9). While our earthly probation lasts, each of us possesses the wretched prerogative—wretched if it were not, when rightly used, the source of our glory and happiness—the sad prerogative of spurning this divine gift of freedom, and, even after accepting it, of going back to the captivity we had left—going back to our prison, not with the heroism of a Regulus, but with the brutal craving of the swine that returns to its wallowing in the mire.

How, then, do we actually stand with relation to this freedom with which, as far as *He* is concerned, Christ has made us free? Are we free indeed? Can we cry out with the Psalmist, "Our soul has been delivered like a bird from the net of the fowler, the snare is broken, and we are free?" (Psalm CXXIII., 7). Are the chains of sin broken for us, and are we free? For sin is the only real slavery to be dreaded. Mortal Sin, and above all, the habit of mortal sin, a life of sin—this is that worst slavery from which Christ came to free us. The sinner is a slave. Let a man be in appearance perfectly free and independent, let him parade himself before men with any amount he pleases of arrogant strut and

stupid bravado—let him be ever so uncontrolled in his power—let his merest whim be the law to millions of his fellow creatures—let him be the sovereign ruler of an empire, or of a hundred empires: if with all that he be at the mercy of his disorderly appetites and desires, if he keep not his passions under control, if he be a willing and besotted sinner, he is a slave, and he is dooming himself to be eternally a slave—the slave of wicked demons and (worse) of his own wicked passions raging still in hell, and still unsatisfied there for ever.

Let us beseech of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to free us more and more securely and completely from this horrible bondage of sin. Let us shun the first beginnings of sin and all the occasions of sin, and on the other hand let us strive to form such solid habits of Christian virtue and upright religious conduct, as may become for us a second nature, anticipating, as far as may be in this life of trial and temptation, the sinless freedom of Heaven, the blessed and blissful necessity of loving and possessing our God for ever, which is in itself the heaven of heavens. This is that true freedom which Jesus purchased for us by making Himself a slave. This is that true life which Jesus purchased for us by his death. Not till we have begun to live that true and endless life, not till we have reached “that Jerusalem which is above,” not till we nestle at the feet of Her who is indeed our Mother, not till our Heavenly Father has clasped us to His Heart, not till we are safe in Heaven, shall we be entirely and unchangeably free with that freedom wherewith Christ our Lord has made us free,

M. R.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO " DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 39.

WE have received sundry remonstrances against our recently introduced arrangement of giving acrostic and solution in the same month. J. C. confesses that he is unable, when sorely puzzled by a light, to refrain from glancing at the subsequent revelations. To preserve him from temptation, we revert to our former plan of giving the answer in the following month. We may throw here into the bargain an acrostic which recent military events suggested to an ingenious correspondent, C. T. W.

A title strange, the mouths of men I fill ;
Cut me in two, you find a title still.

1. Faster than a train.
2. Born of the brain.
3. A cutter of grain.

This is an up-to-date acrostic ; but, going back to the chief classic in acrostic literature, the little quarto of " Dublin Acrostics," here is the 39th of them, by the clever young barrister, John Kirby, who, if he had lived, would now be a venerable judge.

I.

I rang along the serried line
When rode to war the Geraldine.

II.

A well-known proverb prays that I
May rest in lone tranquillity.

III.

I rank with kings—though plain my state,
Than I what monarch e'er more great?

1. The poet sings my heavenly leap,
2. In dear old nursery me.
3. I doze my days in ivied keep.
4. Not made, though brewed should be.

K.

The intelligent reader does not need to be reminded that the third of these couplets describes the *whole*, made up here (as the number of "lights" shows us) of two words of four letters each.
— Give another hint, we may remark that the description of the

historical personage whose name is here cut in two shows that Mr. Kirby was a disciple of Thomas Carlyle.

No. 39, therefore, is left in its "legitimate obscurity" till next month; but we may deal summarily with C. T. W. as a first offender. *Sirdar* is the title so frequently given of late to Sir Herbert Kitchener, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. The word that begins with S and ends with D is "sound," "idea" is born of the brain; and, if "cutter of grain" is not "razor," I give it up. (Twenty-four hours later, I think of "*reaper*," and add it to the proofsheets.)

IN MEMORY OF MARY FURLONG.

LONG before her time, as her loving friends are tempted to say rashly, Mary Furlong has been taken from this strange world of human life. Those who have been familiar with her name in these pages, as the writer of many sweet and graceful poems, will like to know something about her, now that her name will appear no more, now that she is only an amiable memory, like Attie O'Brien and Frances Wynne and Rose Kavanagh and many another.

Though she was young and only beginning the sterner work of life, Mary Furlong was the eldest of four sisters who had no brother. It was she probably who wrote the inscription on the tombstone beneath which she is now buried in the beautiful old churchyard of Tallaght, County Dublin, holy with memories of St. Maelruan and many another in ancient times, and in our own day the beloved home of the brilliant Dominican, Father Thomas Burke. "In loving memory of James Walter Furlong, of Old Bawn, Tallaght, who died June 3rd, 1897, aged 52 years, and of Mary, his wife, who died August 24th, 1897, aged 48 years. Also their daughter Katie, who died July 27th, 1894, aged 22 years."

It will be noticed that Mrs. Furlong stayed less than three months after her husband; and only four years have separated the youngest and the eldest of their children. The three orphan sisters tore themselves away from their beloved Old Bawn as quickly as possible after their second bereavement. Mary had already qualified herself as a professional nurse in Madame

Steevens' Hospital, where she had won deep respect and affection, as she did everywhere. After her apprenticeship had been completed with great success, she continued on the nursing staff of her Alma Mater, under the firm and wise direction of the Lady Superintendent, her true and constant friend, whose name I will not suppress in transcribing portions of a letter received from Miss Furlong on the last day of March, this year. There is no kinship, I believe, with another kind friend of the same name—which name also I do not deem it necessary to represent by a dash. The letter was dated from the home of a patient, the aged father of one of the physicians of the Hospital:—

“I wonder will you be surprised at the above address, or have you seen my sisters lately? If you have, they probably told you of my determination to leave the Hospital. I dare say you will be surprised, as I have not seen you lately; but I have not done this without much deliberation and at the express desire of the sisters and Mr. Kelly, who, since our poor father died, has tried to act for us like the brother we never had. The fact was that Hospital had grown too hard for me, even long before Papa died; but, as long as I had Tallaght and them, I could not bear to think of changing and perhaps losing my fortnightly visit home. Moreover my father had a wonderful liking for Miss Kelly, and he used to please himself with the thought of my getting on so quickly and remaining senior nurse: and the old place was near to Kingsbridge, so that in the rare five minutes' wait for a train in he could run in and see me. How often since he died have I pictured him, in one of those unexpected visits that used to make me happy for the whole day after, standing at the kitchen door of my ward (he used rarely to come in except to see a little cripple boy, a pet of mine) or perhaps turning the corner of the piazza when I used to run down to meet him—always looking so strong and young and handsome, with his race-glass over his shoulder and his big coat on his arm, the very opposite of me who always looked worn and old and worried, until I saw him, when I would get so bright and delighted that he would tell me I looked splendid. And to think it was there he died!”

She goes on to explain the motives of her resolution, the chief being her friends' anxiety about her health; whereas the step she took was, in God's loving providence, the occasion of her premature but most edifying and happy death.

In this same letter, which I hope gives some impression of her amiable, affectionate nature, Mary Furlong went on to promise that her present octogenarian patient would be the last case in which she would take more than a professional interest. “A nurse's life (she says) is a very lonely and sad one. She must identify herself with the sorrows of so many others, and I know it reminds her doubly of her own.” But in spite of this stoical resolve she continued to take the keenest personal interest in every

patient entrusted to her care, down to the last case in which she saved many lives and lost her own.

She died, indeed, a martyr to duty. During an outbreak of typhus fever at Roscommon the services of a Dublin nurse were required. Miss Furlong, though she chanced to have had no particular experience of that insidious malady, felt bound to accept the post of danger when it was offered to her. Her exertions were most successful; I think that she herself was the only victim. To the surprise and grief of the friends who had watched anxiously the course of the disease, Mary Furlong died on the 22nd of September, 1898. Her life to the very last was marked by rare unselfishness and the most winning innocence and piety.

The good people of the town, for whom she had more than risked her life, wished her remains to lie amongst them, and promised to erect a worthy memorial; but it was deemed right that she should rest among her own. May she and they rest in peace.

NOTE TO PAGE 548.

List of Works by Sir John T. Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

[More impressive than the long account of Sir John Gilbert's career in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. XX., page 393, or the obituaries at pp. 375 and 548 of the present volume, is this catalogue of his published writings, which does not include much learned and laborious work in *The Irish Quarterly Review*, *The Athenaeum* and the various publications of the Royal Irish Academy, etc.]

1. Historic Literature of Ireland, 8vo.	1851
2. Celtic Records of Ireland, 8vo.	1852
3. History of the City of Dublin, 3 vol., 8vo. ..	1854-1859
4. Public Records of Ireland. Letters by an Irish Archivist, 8vo.	1863-1864
5. Ancient Historical Irish Manuscripts, 8vo. ..	1861
6. History of the Viceroy's of Ireland, 8vo. ..	1865
7. History of the Irish Confederation and War in Ireland 1641-1649. 7 vol., 4to	1882-1891
8. Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641- 1652. 4 vol., 4to.	1879-1880
9. Jacobite Narrative of War in Ireland. 1 vol., 4to.	1892
10. Documents Relating to Ireland, 1795-1804. 1 vol 4to.	1893

11. Narrative of Maria Clementina Stuart, 1719-1735
1 vol., 4to. 1894
- 12, "Crede Mihi": the most Ancient Register of the
Archbishops of Dublin before the Reformation,
A.D. 1275. 1 vol., 4to. .. 1897
13. An Account of Parliament House, Dublin. 1 vol. 4to. 1896

[*N.B.—The above thirteen works were published at the Author's expense.*]

14. Calendar of the Ancient Records of Dublin, in possession
of the Municipal Corporation of that City, A.D. 1171
to 1730. 7 vol, 8vo., Maps and Illustrations .. 1889-1898
15. Leabhar Na H-Uidhre. Royal Irish Academy.
Facsimiles Manuscripts. 1 vol., fol. .. 1870
16. Leabhar Breac. Royal Irish Academy. Facsimiles.
Irish Manuscripts. 1 vol., fol. .. 1876
17. Historic and Municipal Documents of Ireland.
Master of the Rolls Series. 1 vol., 8vo. .. 1870
18. Chartularies of St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. Master
of the Rolls Series. 2 vol., 8vo. .. 1884
19. Register of the Abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin.
Master of the Rolls Series. 1 vol., 8vo. .. 1889
20. Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Ireland.
Published by command of Her Majesty Queen
Victoria. 5 vol., fol. .. 1874-1884
21. Account of Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of
Ireland. Published by Command of Her Majesty
Queen Victoria. 1 vol., 8vo. .. 1884
22. Historical Manuscripts Commission. Reports .. 1870-1898
- Viz.: 1. Irish Corporations. 2. Marquess of Ormonde.
3. Trinity College, Dublin. 4. Lord Emly.
5. O'Connor Don, M.P. 6. Duke of Leinster.
7. Marquis of Drogheda. 8. Earl of Fingall.
9. Marchioness of Waterford. 10. Dr. Lyons, M.P.
11. B. T. Balfour, Esq. 12. Earl of Charlemont.
13. Charles Halliday, Esq. 14. Earl of Rosse.
15. Earl of Leicester. Rinuccini Manuscripts at Holkham,
Norfolk.
16. Irish Franciscan Manuscripts, Louvain and Rome.
17. Earl of Granard. 18. Lord Talbot de Malahide.
19. Richard Caulfield, LL.D. 20. Viscount Gormanstown.
21. Manuscripts of the Irish Jesuit Fathers.
22. General Dunne. 23. Sees of Dublin and Ossory.
24. Sir R. O'Donnell, Bart.

THE JEW'S TEST.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

WE were down in the Ghetto of the old river-side town—I and the humble Jew-glazier, Nathan Abrahamson. I always thought of the Apostles when I looked at Nathan's gentle Semitic face, with its long curling beard, its clear olive tints, and its great, dark soft eyes, full of an indescribable pathos—the "sufferance" that was "the badge of all his race." He was a *rara avis* among his fellows—a truthful, simple-hearted, ungrasping Hebrew. Like his Apostolic namesake—"an Israelite without guile."

I knew him to be very poor, because of his avoidance of crooked methods; and I often threw odd jobs in his way. To-day, it was repairing some broken lights in a tenement house of mine, just across from the Italian church of San Genarro. The quarter abounded not only with the swarthy Jews of Russia, but the equally dark-skinned Genoese, Neapolitans, and Sicilians.

One of the townsmen of Columbus passed by on the other side as we talked.

Everyone about there knew him to be a prosperous manufacturer of macaroni. He was stout, oily, pompous; a diamond glittered on his fat finger; a thick gold chain hung across the front of his flowered satin waistcoat.

He rolled past the church, thrusting his hands in his pockets—his hat set rakishly on one side.

The Israelite regarded him steadily, with a curious expression of contempt.

"I would not trust that man with a dollar," he said with his queer accent.

"Why not?" asked I.

"Because he doesn't lift his hat as he passes his church," was the astounding reply.

"What do you know about such things, Nathan?" I inquired, naturally enough.

"A good deal. I come from a part of the old country where there are plenty of Roman Catholics," said the Jew. "I know plenty about their beliefs and their ways. And it is in my blood

never to trust a Catholic who does not uncover to his church, or salute the Cross as he passes it."

"*Salute the Cross!*" Was there ever Hebrew like to this?

The glazier saw my astonishment, and proceeded to explain. I give his story in plain English.

"My grandfather," said he, "was a rich merchant in the Tyrol. Jew as he was, his dearest friend was a Roman Catholic neighbour. With him he often had business dealings, and he loved and honoured him for a just man. They were seldom apart—my grandfather and his friend. The neighbours called them David and Jonathan.

"One day grandfather had to go on a long journey. There was an investment to be made in a large estate, many miles away, and, in his old-fashioned, thrifty way, he must go himself to attend to it.

"He had noticed for some weeks past, that his Catholic friend seemed ill and low-spirited. A little change and exercise (thought he) might do him good. So he told him about the investment, and asked him to travel with him to the distant town. They had often gone on walking tours together before; and now, for a number of miles, the road led through a wild and thickly-wooded part of the country.

"My grandfather carried a large amount of gold in a belt round his waist, under his clothing. He had told his friend of this as they were starting on their journey about five o'clock in the morning. A dangerous bit of mountain which must be crossed by noon, made an early start necessary. It was a mild winter-day, but still dark.

"Before day-light they had reached the first wayside cross that marked their two miles from home.

"As they passed before it, it seemed to my grandfather that his companion paid no attention to the sacred image. But in the gray mists of the backward dawn, he could not be certain of this. He was sure the Catholic had muttered no prayer, nor crossed himself, as he knew was customary.

"However, they pushed on in silence. The sun came up after a while in all its glory, and the hoar-frost on the ever-greens glittered in the forest, like a veil of white gauze besprinkled with diamonds.

"Just on the outskirts of the wood, they came upon another

wayside cross.

"It was broad daylight now.

"My grandfather looked sharply at his companion. He was deadly pale. His chin was sunk upon his breast. He trudged past the great Crucifix without looking at it, without crossing himself, without lifting his hat from his head.

"One hand was hidden in the folds of his cloak, the other hung at his side, its pale fingers twitching horribly.

"My grandfather stopped short in the road, and exclaimed :

'I am not going any further, to-day. I must return to my home.'

"'What is the matter?' muttered his companion in a strange, choked voice.

"'Everything is the matter,' said my grandfather. 'Bad luck is on this journey. When we passed the first wayside cross, a while ago, my friend, you did not uncover to it. I thought then, that maybe the darkness had deceived me. Now, we have passed the second. You have made no sign, and I am sure something is wrong. I must turn back, and start another day.'

"The face of his friend blazed from white to red—faded from red to white again. Tears gushed from his eyes, and a great sob shook him from head to foot.

"'I am discovered!' he groaned: 'Take the knife!' and he drew a sharp-edged steel from his bosom, and flung it at my grandfather's feet. 'I had lost my money in speculation. I had need of more. I meant to have murdered you for your gold before we reached the town. With this thought in my heart, how could I look on the Cross, or salute my crucified Redeemer? Farewell! you will never see me more.'

"With one mad cry, he turned, and plunged back into the darkest recesses of the forest, the echoes of his crazy shriek trailing after him like demon voices, till they died away in the distance.

"And that night, beside the fire in our great old-fashioned kitchen, my grandfather gave us all this solemn warning:—
'Never trust a Roman Catholic who does not salute the Cross, or lift his hat when passing before his church.' "

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary. Friedieu Papers in his Praise.* By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).

We give this new book the advantage of the first place among our notices for this month, as in these pages it cannot be criticised, and it is still too new for criticisms that might be quoted from other quarters. It is a prose companion to "St. Joseph's Anthology" of last year, but it differs from it in being mainly original, not a compilation. A Cork priest wrote to us lately concerning hymns, "especially about St. Joseph to whom our people have a great devotion." We hope they will prove their devotion by favouring this newest book in his honour. May history repeat itself in a parallel case for the two straw hats commemorated in the Preface. Prose is much more popular than verse; and this book is prose.

2. *The Duenna of a Genius.* By M. E. Francis. (London and New York: Harper Brothers).

The paper wrapper, which protects the pleasant binding of this most readably printed novel, lets us know that "M. E. Francis" is in reality Mrs. Mary Blundell—which explains the initials "M. B." appended to the Dedication to Paderewski. This dedication is appropriate to a musical story which names every one of its nineteen chapters from a musical term. "The Duenna of a Genius" is perhaps the very brightest of Mrs. Blundell's bright stories which already form a long series. Beside a vast number of uncollected short stories, she has given us "In a North Country Village," (which *The Pall Mall Gazette* calls "a book for laughter and for tears, a book worthy to stand side by side with 'Cranford'")—"A Daughter of the Soil," "Whither?" "Frieze and Fustian," "Among the Untrodden Ways," "Maime o' the Corner," "The Story of Dan," and no doubt some others. All these, besides their literary charm and vivacity, their genial humour and their self-restrained pathos, are perfectly innocent and can leave nothing but wholesome impressions in the mind. This new book is a love-story pure and simple (in two senses of that phrase) worked out most ingeniously and gracefully through an entertaining concatenation of difficulties to a happy ending for both the Duenna and the Genius. It is thoroughly delightful.

3. *Clerical Studies.* By the Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D. (Boston: Marlier, Callanan and Co.)

We hope that this work will have a very extensive circulation amongst the priests of Ireland. The author, Dr. Hogan, is the Sulpician Father so well known for many years in Paris. For some

years he has been President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts. The present work, which is a fine octavo of some five hundred pages, has already received very wide and warm appreciation while running through the admirably conducted *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Separate chapters discuss in a calm and lucid style the methods and objects of a priest's study of the natural sciences, philosophy, apologetics, dogmatic and moral theology, church history, the Bible, and the Fathers of the Church. This extended survey required in Dr. Hogan practical familiarity with many distinct lines of professional study and a thorough acquaintance with many branches of ecclesiastical literature. The learned Sulpician, whom France and America owe to Ireland, has fulfilled his great plan with conspicuous success. The serious and practical study of his book will help, please God, to dignify many a young priestly life.

4. *Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects*. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. (London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.)

This dainty volume opens with this dedication: "To Blessed Thomas More, Poet, Epigrammatist, and Devout Contemplative, as well as Martyr, this little book is offered by a loving client." A loving client of Sir Thomas More Father Bridgett has indeed proved himself; and he seems to have caught from his patron a certain cheerful quaintness and *bonhomie* which find suitable expression in sacred epigram. But there are here many poems which go beyond the length and the scope of sonnet or epigram; for instance the last two, the "Golden Word" from Brother Giles, and "Thoughts in a Crowd," which appeared long ago in our own pages. No thoughtful reader can fail to set a very high value on this modest volume both as literature and as the aliment of piety. Many a striking meditation is condensed into a few lines. Very many will derive great intellectual and spiritual profit from the study of these "sonnets and epigrams."

5. *Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch*. By the Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P. (Boston: Marlier, Callanan and Co.)

May 28rd, 1898, was the fourth centenary of the death of the famous Italian Dominican, Savonarola. This date has been the occasion of large additions to the vast literature which treats of the character and career of this extraordinary man. Elaborate discussions are still going on in *The Tablet* and several foreign journals which are sure to be summarised in more than one new book on the subject. An American member of his illustrious order has issued an extremely interesting volume of two hundred and thirty pages which makes excellent use of all the old and new materials. There are several beautifully executed illustrations. The minute bibliography which

fills the last pages gives a careful estimate of some fifty works concerning Father O'Neill's hero. The Irish American Father has fulfilled very successfully his task of fraternal piety. This new Boston firm of Catholic publishers to whom we have before alluded have brought out the work with a good deal of quiet and solid elegance.

6. Messrs. Burns and Oates have published in a shilling pamphlet a second series of "Oxford Conferences" which Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., gave during the Lent Term of 1898. Each of these eight conferences is very short, but very suggestive, and aimed directly at the difficulties that may occur to an educated Catholic in modern surroundings. The name of John Henry Newman is still a sort of consecration for Oxford, and these "Oxford Conferences" refer frequently to his principles, especially as enforced in the magnificent series of lectures which he delivered in the Rotunda, Dublin. Some portions of that course represent the consummate flower of that marvellous mind—for which only the narrowest prejudice could look back to his "Parochial Sermons."

7. *St. Vincent de Paul*. By Emmanuel de Broglie. (London: Duckworth and Co., 3 Henrietta Street.)

Prince de Broglie's extremely fresh and interesting Life of St. Vincent, the Founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity, is the third of a series of Saints' lives which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing. They are translated from the French, are very unconventional in their tone and diction, and are each introduced in an able and suggestive preface by Father George Tyrrell, S.J. His preface to the Life of St. Vincent describes him as almost the originator of the modern organization of charitable works, and discusses his position with regard to the very difficult problems of public and private charity. The translation of this new biography has been made very skilfully by Mrs. Partridge. The reader passes on through its pleasant pages without ever being reminded that it is a translation. It will make many readers acquainted with the details of the glorious work done by one of the greatest of modern saints, dear to so many inside and outside the church of which he was a holy priest.

The fourth volume of this series is the Life of St. Clotilda, which Mrs. Virginia Crawford has translated from the French of M. Kurth, Professor at the University at Liège. This biography belongs to quite a different class of work from the preceding. Professor Godefroi Kurth is a specialist in that period of French history, being the author of *Histoire Poétique des Mérovingiens*, and his work differs from the ordinary accounts of the Saint in more important particulars than the form of her name. The dramatic episodes which are excluded as legendary additions to the real story are discussed in an

appendix. The preacher who may be called upon to advocate the claims of St. Monica's Home, Belvidere Place, Dublin, can cite the authority of this excellent French writer. "Christianity is the only religion that has glorified the widow and has raised her state almost to the height of a dignity in the communion of the faithful. Apart from the exaltation of virginity, nothing in the Church has tended more to the elevation of the female sex than the honour paid to widowhood, which has become, so to speak, a new school of Christian perfection and almost a religious order. Count, if you can, the vast number of chaste and touching faces which Christian widowhood has led to the gates of heaven—faces lit up by the resigned melancholy of a smile too tender to be mournful, and which, if it still retains the memory of this world's bitterness, reflects only the beauty of things eternal."

8. The "Fate of the Children of Uisneach" has been published by M. H. Gill and Son, for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, which had already published the "Fate of the Children of Lir," and the "Fate of the Children of Tuireann." Of these three "Sorrows of Story-telling" the favourite one is contained in the present volume. The Irish text occupies forty-five pages, and is followed by an English translation, and notes on the text and names of places and persons. A minute and careful glossary fills forty pages. No editor's name is given, but this very complete edition of this old Celtic classic is the result of the combined efforts of several members of the Council of the Society. It is admirably produced in every respect.

9. *Two Little Girls in Green, a Story of the Irish Land League.* By J. J. Moran, author of "Irish Stew," etc.

The title-page of this book is probably the first title-page to suppress altogether the publisher's name, but we learn elsewhere it is published by Moran and Co., of Aberdeen. It is pleasantly brought out, but as books go nowadays, it seems rather dear at six shillings. It is an interesting story written from the extreme popular point of view and gives a very vivid idea of the feelings of the people during the hottest years of the Land Agitation. There is at least one amiable Englishman who sees justice done to the tenants with whom he is concerned; and who at the end of the story would no doubt quote with earnestness Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee's song:

"I would not give my Irish wife
For all the gold of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand."

Mr. Moran has a clear and pleasant style, and this seems to be the most careful piece of work that we have had from him yet.

10. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have just issued a fifth edition of 'Directorium Sacerdotale, a Guide for Priests in their public and

private life," by Father Benedict Valuy, S.J., with an Appendix for the use of Seminarists. This edition has been thoroughly revised by the translator, who died before it was issued from the press; and it has also been carefully examined by a learned Irish priest. It is one of the fruits of the very painstaking zeal of the late Rev. William H. Eyre, S.J., who suppressed his name in all the successive editions. Indeed the work as it stands is more his than Father Valuy's. The Appendix which he has added is more than half the book, and probably the most useful, certainly the most interesting half. There is one portion of it on which Father Eyre expended immense care and labour—the list of books suitable for a priest's library, relating to theology, the devout life, church history, secular history, science, art, and literature. There are few books that a young priest will find more useful and entertaining than this compact volume of 500 pages, the net price of which is 4s. 6d.

11. *The Ladies of Llangollen*. By Charles Penruddocke. (Llangollen: Hugh Jones.)

This curious brochure is printed and illustrated with a neatness and finish that reflect great credit on the press of a small Welsh town. The "Ladies" are Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, who lived together some fifty years ago at Plas Newydd in the Vale of Llangollen, under circumstances which attracted much notice in the early part of this century. Mr. Penruddocke weaves together a good many interesting details, chiefly genealogy and gossip. Mr. W. T. Stead in a recent number of the "Review of Reviews" gave an account of the Irish Rebellion, which Mr. Penruddocke would do well to study, for he is childishly ignorant of history, and his dates are all awry. He ought also to mend the slipshod and ungrammatical sentences which occur pretty frequently. Is it not absurd to say that "the great novelist Charles Lever, in writing of the attachment of Irish servants, founded the character of Mickey Free and Corney Delany on that of the faithful Mary Carroll?"—Mary Carroll, an old woman, who died when Lever was three years old and had no points of resemblance to Mickey Free. I hope she died in the faith in which she was born.

12. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have brought out with special care a very beautiful memorial of "The Gartan Festival," a record of the Celebration held at Gartan, on the 9th June, 1897, the thirteenth centennial of St. Columba. The Very Rev. Edward Maguire, D.D., has compiled this memorial with admirable skill. The introductory portion reminds the reader of the most interesting features of Saint Columba's character and career, and this, and indeed almost every page of the book, is illustrated in a really exquisite manner, such as, lately, could only be found in the best American Magazines—

pictures of the most striking scenes of Donegal, and portraits of the dignitaries who took part in these celebrations. Addresses and poems in English and Irish follow alternately. The Celtic type is particularly beautiful. Irish readers everywhere, and especially in Donegal, should prize this delightful memorial of the Thirteenth Centenary of Saint Columbkille.

13. We think it our duty to express again our admiration for the work done by the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. The September number of the "Records" which it publishes quarterly is most valuable and interesting even to readers thousands of miles away; but to American Catholics, and especially to those who may have occasion to study the history of the Church in the United States, these "Records" are of priceless value. The first paper is an admirable sketch of a great Catholic Scientist and Scholar, Dr. Samuel Haldeman, to which is prefixed a striking and evidently life-like portrait. This is followed by Dr. Lambing on the history of Catholicity in Pittsburg, and by further extracts from the diary of the Rev. Patrick Kenny. A selection is given from the "correspondence of Matthew Carey, writer, printer and publisher," who was born in Dublin in 1760, edited the *Freeman's Journal* in 1783, and went in the following year to America, where he served the Catholic cause strenuously by writing and publishing. There are excellent portraits of him and many others including six bishops, one of them being Dr. Michael O'Connor who resigned the See of Pittsburg and spent the last twelve years of his life as a Jesuit.

14. *New Testament Studies. The Principal Events in the Life of Our Lord.* By Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University, Washington. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers).

Archbishop Keane's successor in the Rectorship of the Catholic University of the United States dedicates this volume "to the children of the New Testament classes, who were the pride and joy of his parochial life during his later years as pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Worcester, Massachusetts." The biblical instructions which he thus gave to the lambs of his flock were afterwards published in the form of leaflets which were received with much favour by priests and by teachers; and they are now issued in the form of a complete manual, consisting of 214 lessons. The book is particularly well printed, has many good illustrations and three very useful maps. The Bible Dictionary at the end gives a one-line account of all the places and persons mentioned in the volume. But more important than "New Testament Studies" is the New Testament itself. It can be had now in several cheap,

large-type editions, and there ought to be a well-used copy in every household. The abuses of Bible-reading, the absurd heresy of the self-interpreting all-sufficiency of the Bible—all the more absurd when we remember how the Bible was written and how it has come down to us, and specially absurd when we think of the state of things that prevailed before the discovery of printing—the extravagances of Heresy have been taken as an excuse for neglecting the study of the sacred volume on which Catholic commentators and theologians have expended so much labour, which the Church has preserved and expounded with such loving care, and of which she binds her priests under pain of grievous sin to read so large a portion day after day through all their priestly lives.

15 *The Green Cockade. A Tale of Ulster in '98.* By Mrs. M. T. Pender. (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker. London: Downey and Co.)

Mrs. Pender is an experienced story-teller, and her plots have plenty of striking incidents in them. Her style is clear and animated, if a little commonplace. Her new six shilling volume is an addition to the literature of the first centenary of the Irish Rebellion; and it consists of three hundred and eighty large and compact pages, which, printed in the usual style, would fill the old orthodox three volumes. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Joy McCracken, Putnam McCabe, and other real persons figure in the story, which, however, is almost wholly fictitious. We cannot tell what degree of fidelity to fact Mrs. Pender has aimed at in the details of her story. She certainly makes no attempt at impartiality, and she might with advantage have softened the dark shades in some parts of her picture—might have mitigated the ruffianism of some persons who were on the wrong side. In spite of its historical setting, Mrs. Pender contrives to make her story end happily.

16. *Striving after Perfection. A Treatise addressed especially to Religious.* Originally written in Latin by the Rev. Joseph Banna, S.J. (New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Bros.)

Gross carelessness has been displayed by some one in passing this work through the press. On the title-page and on the back of the volume the author is called Banna; whereas his name is Bayma. Has this translation been issued under the auspices of the society to which the author belonged? Surely, any one who knew him could not have reprinted his work without prefixing some brief account of so gifted a man. About the middle of the century a little spiritual treatise in Latin was published with the title *De Studio Perfectionis excitando, augendo, conservando: Libri Tres*. In the German reprint which we first saw, it was attributed to the venerable General of the Society, Father Roothaan, whereas it was written by a very young Jesuit not yet a priest. The disturbances on the Continent drove Father Bayma to England, where he taught Philosophy with great

distinction at Stonyhurst. After some years he was sent to California and taught in the College of Santa Clara. He was a man of great brilliancy and versatility, equally at home in Philosophy, Mathematics, and Music. He died in San Francisco a few years ago. The late Father Thomas Murphy, S.J., who laboured chiefly in Liverpool, published some thirty years ago, through James Duffy of Dublin, a translation of Father Bayma's spiritual treatise. This translation has long been out of print. Has it now been reproduced in America and attributed to a supposititious Father Banna? We have not the original or the first translation at hand. We are inclined to think that this is a new translation and a good one. The present edition is very finely printed and forms a handsome volume, quite a contrast to the original duodecimo. All this makes us regret the more the unfortunate blunder about the Author's name, which must not be perpetuated in Benzigers' catalogues. Indeed a slip ought to be inserted in every copy, making amends for the mistake.

17. *Life of St. Juliana Falconieri, Foundress of the Mantellate or Religious of the Third Order of Servites*. Edited by the Rev. F. Soulier. (London: Burns and Oates).

The Sisters of the Third Order of Servites in London have compiled this complete and beautiful biography of their sainted foundress, along with very edifying notices of several of the early Sisters. The Oratory Life of St. Juliana was not considered satisfactory, and, besides, it is now out of print. The present volume extends to 300 pages. It contains portraits of the Saint and of the Foundress of the English branch of her Order. Some will consider the design on the cover too glaring.

18. *The Structure of Life*. By Mrs. W. A. Burke. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

This is a companion volume to "The Value of Life" by the same Author, to which we gave very emphatic praise at the time of its appearance last year. It resembles it in its form and substance; consisting of eleven chapters of pithy reflections on home life, daily surroundings, physical, mental, and moral growth, preparation of character, trials, illness, pain, sorrow, reading, etc. Very striking thoughts from men of all times are strung together very deftly, somewhat after the manner of Kenelm Digby; but the author's own reflections are quite worthy of this good company. The writers quoted are very various: St. Augustine (we take them as they occur in consecutive pages) Montaigne, Father Joseph Farrell ("Lectures of a Certain Professor"), Archbishop Ullathorne, Tennyson, Faber, Newman, Marcus Aurelius, Emerson, Smiles, Rochefoucauld, Farrar, Blackie, Addison, Adelaide Proctor, Sir John Lubbock, Garfield and Cardinal Manning—to stop at page 40 out of 240 pages. This

pleasant book is full of stimulating thought. It is introduced by the Rev. William Barry, D.D., in a long preface which seems to us a particularly brilliant sample of his vivid, incisive style.

19. "Our Lady and the Eucharist" is an exquisite booklet compiled from Father Faber's writings by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., to whom we owe "Father Faber's May Book" and his own very beautiful "Virgo Prædicanda." It is daintily produced by Washbourne of 18 Paternoster Row—a firm which appears for the first time in the slightly altered form of "R. and T. Washbourne" on the title-page of the second edition of the "Life of St. Anthony of Padua" along with the names of three Capuchin Fathers. It is the most popular account of this most popular saint. Another book that comes under our notice for the second time is of a very different kind but singularly excellent of its kind—"Bundoran and its Neighbourhood: a Guide and Descriptive Handbook" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). "T. C. C.—who ought to give his name in full—has shown wonderful diligence and very wide and accurate knowledge. While it seems merely a richly illustrated guide-book, it is crammed with historical and antiquarian lore.

20. "Our Lady of the Rosary" by Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. (Dublin: James Duffy,) was intended to be in time for the Rosary Month of October, but, as often happens in such cases, it was just in time to be late. But the Rosary is in season all the year round. Father Lescher's little book will help the intelligent use of this favourite devotion.

Ending these book-notes on the feast of St. John Cantius, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the very skilful version of his three Breviary hymns contributed to the October Number of *The American Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry of Overbrook Seminary. The Editor's correspondence shows incidentally how much the brilliant serial, "My New Curate," has caught the fancy of his readers. Of course we shall soon have it as a separate volume.

On our own side of the Atlantic two novels of exceptional worth and interest are hastening through the press; but it might only cause useless trouble to booksellers and others if we named the authors now.



DECEMBER, 1898.

A CHRISTMAS ELOPEMENT.

“WE may expect you, then?”

“Certainly, certainly; yes, yes. Thanks.” There was a touch of impatience in the Rector of Pidswell’s brother-in-law’s voice.

“On the Eve, then? You will let us know your train? Katherine will be *very* pleased.” The Rector of Pidswell was buttoning himself into his overcoat as he spoke.

“Certainly, certainly. Yes, yes.”

“Goodbye, then. God bless you, my dear Granton.” Mr. Herrick held out a worsted-gloved hand.

“Goodbye.” Colonel Granton gave his footstool a kick that sent it flying under the table, as he got up from his chair.

“Oh, by the way,” the Rector turned at the door. “I had nearly forgotten.” He pulled out a small memorandum book. “Katherine thought that, perhaps, you would not mind bringing down the fish? Groves, Bond Street, the old place, you know.”

“Certainly, certainly. Yes, yes, of course.” There was irritation now in Colonel Granton’s tones.

“Well, goodbye, again.”

Colonel Granton’s answer was a grunt.

“Oh, Granton, I forgot,” the Rector, who had been half-way down stairs, popped his head in at the door again. “Ethelwyn will be with us. Katherine—hem—Katherine thought you might like to know.”

“Very kind of Katherine, I am sure,” the Colonel said drily;

then, seeing that something more in the way of an answer was expected, "Grown-up, I suppose? The New Woman, and all that."

"I am happy to say," the Rector spoke with slow precision, "that my wife's niece is, in every respect, a pleasing and modest young woman."

"One for the New Woman," the Colonel said with a dry chuckle. "Well, give Katherine my love, and my best respects to Miss Ethelwyn, if she is good enough to remember me."

"Ethelwyn remembers all her old friends. Ethelwyn is, I repeat it, without prejudice, a most pleasing young person." Mr. Herrick waited for a moment, perhaps for an answer but it did not come, and he went on: "Ethelwyn, my dear, Granton reminds me of what her aunt was at her age."

"Yes?"

"She bears also," Mr. Herrick cleared his throat, "a great, I may say, a very great resemblance to—" the Rector hesitated—"poor Emilia."

"To her mother? Naturally, I should say." Colonel Granton's face had flushed, and he walked to the window.

"Naturally, as you observe," the Rector said, he had taken off a glove, and was fitting on the clumsy fingers again with care.

"You hear of her?" Colonel Granton stared steadily out of the window as he asked the question.

"From time to time—yes, since you ask it, my dear Granton, we do hear of her from time to time—poor thing." The "poor thing" seemed to come as an after-thought and due to the situation.

"Perhaps not so very poor," the Colonel returned with satire.

"My dear Granton," Mr. Herrick spoke in his most clerical tones, and emphasized each word with a long forefinger, "in my experience, and, I may say as a pastor, it is a wide one, sin bears its own fruit."

"If you call it a sin." Colonel Granton shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Granton, the *deception*! The ——."

"Well, well," the Colonel interrupted sharply, "what does it matter now-a-days?"

"My dear Granton," the Rector began again, but at that moment his eye fell on the clock, "bless me, bless me, twelve o'clock! Twelve o'clock. I shall miss my train, and we have a vestry meeting to-night; and Katherine—Katherine will be anxious. Good-bye, Granton, good-bye."

"Good-bye," Colonel Granton said grimly. He listened till he heard the street door shut, and then, with a sigh of relief, seated himself again in his arm-chair. Presently, bending towards his writing-table, he unlocked a drawer, took out a cheque-book, and went with deliberation through its entries. "£150," he said, at last, "£150 in three months. *Poor* Emilia has not done so badly after all!" Then he drew from his pocket a letter received that morning, and read it over for the second time—

"Dear, kind friend, once again, and in great distress, I venture to appeal to your generosity. My dear husband has sprained his wrist, and I need not tell you what that means *for us*, no salary, a substitute at St. Mark's (*entre nous*, our Vicar is *very* mean), *starvation* in short! In this extremity I have thought of the friend who—little as we deserve his generous aid—has never failed us in our hour of need. Ten pounds *at once*, dear friend, would *save us*.

"Your ever grateful,

"E. WILTSHIRE."

"Well, as a wife, she would have been more expensive," the Colonel said to himself after consideration, and regretted there was no one but himself to appreciate the satire. But it was Christmas-tide, or nearly so; he could afford to be generous, and he owed the organist a debt of gratitude. He filled in a cheque for twenty pounds, crossed it, wrote "with Colonel Granton's compliments" on a sheet of paper, enclosed both in an envelope, and addressed it to

MRS. EDWARD WILTSHIRE,

3 Hart Place,

Camberwell,

and rang for his man to take it to the post.

In theory, Colonel Granton detested woman, her ways and wiles; as a matter of fact he worshipped at her feet, and was as wax in her hands.

At thirty he had married the Rector of Pidswell's sister for no other reason than that he had seen tears in her eyes at the moment of making his adieux after a stay at the Rectory.

At thirty-five—a twelvemonth after his wife's death—he had

engaged himself to Mrs. Herrick's sister, because, in a sudden burst of confidence that lady had bewailed her widowhood, and the poverty of herself and her small daughter.

When, on the eve of the marriage, Mrs. Percival eloped with the Pidswell organist (leaving a note—orthodox fashion—on her dressing-table, explaining that from the moment she had seen Edwin [the organist] she felt he was her fate, and imploring her sister to be good to her child) Colonel Granton had contented himself—not with pursuing the runaway couple, but with quoting a line or two from Byron to the Rector—giving that gentleman occasion to explain that their author was a poet whose works he never read—and presenting Mrs. Herrick with a cheque for £500 to be used for the benefit of the runaways, and had then betaken himself back to town and contented bachelor life.

Since the June morning—the morning that should have prefaced his wedding day—when, the friend who was to have been best man seated in solemn silence by his side, he had driven away from the Rectory, Colonel Granton had not seen Pidswell again; and turning to the fire, after he had despatched his cheque, he wished, with all his heart, that he had had presence of mind to give a decided “No” to his brother-in-law's invitation.

Christmas at the Rectory long ago had been part of the natural course of events. He counted distant kinship with both husband and wife, and the Herricks were as clanny as any Scotch folk. But, even in the distant days, before his marriage with Miss Herrick, the Colonel had rebelled—in secret—against the Rector's wife's commissions—the fish, with its slimy oozy smell, the brown-paper parcels from the stores, the etceteras that, as the 24th drew near, poured in, labelled “with care,” or in letters half-inch long, “do not crush.”

And all this was to begin again! Why had he not gone off to the Riviera? Why had he not accepted an old brother officer's invitation to run down to his place in Wales? Why—— had he escaped the influenza? But, desperate as he was, he never thought of breaking his word. To Pidswell he had promised to go, and, if alive, to Pidswell he would go.

Time ran on, and Christmas Eve found the Colonel at the Paddington Station, with his man in attendance to hand over the objectionable basket of fish to the guard, and arrange the different parcels on the rack.

The Rector's wife had regretted, in one of her many notes, that she could not receive Simms. "Town servants put absurd ideas into their country brethren's heads, and made them discontented." At least that was her experience; and James—James was the Rector's coachman, gardener, and factotum—was quite handy and made an excellent valet as dear Frederick—the Colonel's name was Frederick—would find.

Colonel Granton was not at all dependent on his valet, but Mrs. Herrick's long-winded note had put him in a state of irritation. Be valeted by the Rectory man who smelt of the stable—never!

At the market town where the journey came to an end, the station-master recognised the Colonel at once. "It's a long time since we have seen you down here, sir," he said, as he touched his hat, condescending to take the Colonel's packages himself; then, remembering the circumstances of the Colonel's last departure, he grew red in the face, and mumbled what might have been meant as an apology, as he led the way to the Pidswell Rectory pony carriage.

James Twiss, the Rector's man of all work (and the Colonel's future valet), had his word of greeting too, "glad to see you back, sir, after all these years," then he, too pulled himself up short, and pretended to find something wrong with the harness.

The Colonel, who had always had a fine contempt for James Twiss, as a slovenly fellow, and had detected at once a pair of soiled garden trousers under the long badly-fitting drab coat, returned a dry nod.

"Beg pardon, sir, but we have to pick up a few odds and ends for the mistress in the town," the man said, presently, as the old mare trotted along the all but empty high street of the little town, and he pulled up at a butcher's shop.

Portmanteau, gun-case, parcels, basket of fish, had already left but little room for the Colonel's legs, and as a murderous-looking white-sheeted bundle was handed in, he was about (with an expression of disgust) to announce his intention of walking the remainder of the way, when the Rector's factotum spoke again.

"Beg pardon, sir, but we have to stop for Miss Ethelwyn at the Library."

A sense of amusement, as well as wonder, as to where, and how, Miss Ethelwyn was to be stored among the packages made

the Colonel resume his seat, and the old mare went lumbering on.

At the Stationer's a girl was standing at the door. No occasion to ask if she was Mrs. Wiltshire's (once Mrs. Percival's) daughter. There was the same fair complexion, flaxen hair, the droop at the corners of the mouth, but the voice had the prim precision of the Rector's, and Colonel Granton could scarcely restrain a smile as she greeted him, flushing with shyness as she did so; she hoped the journey had not fatigued him.

"Three hours? I am not quite such an old man as that, Miss Percival."

If the girl's face had been pink before, it grew red now. "I—I beg your pardon," she looked ready to cry.

Twiss, who had scrambled down from his seat, now handed his young mistress the reins, and proceeded to hoist himself up on a small seat, the Colonel had not before noticed at the back of the phaeton, and with a touch of the whip, the mare again started.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick are well, I hope?" the Colonel asked.

"Quite well." A blush.

"And old Mrs. Herrick? I am afraid I must so distinguish her."

"Grannie? Grannie is quite well, thank you, that is——" a pause and another blush.

"Of course, at her age, one cannot expect great things," the Colonel went on gallantly, "she is—how old?"

"Eighty," with a gasp.

"Not so very old now-a-days," the Colonel said. "My brother's mother-in-law is eighty-seven, and gets her frocks from Paris. What do you think of that, Miss Ethelwyn?"

"I think she is very foolish," Miss Ethelwyn replied, this time with decision.

"Ah, well, I am not so sure of that," the Colonel said, and—in Miss Ethelwyn's surprise at his reply—for the first time her eyes met his.

"You think me a very frivolous person?" The Colonel smiled.

Miss Percival blushed again, but no answer came.

"I had always a great regard for Mrs. Herrick," the Colonel continued, "one of the most fascinating women I ever knew."

A sudden and unexpected answer came. "I cannot talk

about Mrs. Herrick." Colonel Granton saw a big tear fall on the girl's cloak.

What had happened? Had old Mrs. Herrick's mind given way? This was the only possibility that suggested itself to the Colonel's mind, and if so, it was not—at her age—to be wondered at. However, the Colonel changed the subject.

"You were a very small person when I was last here, Miss Ethelwyn—fifteen years ago."

"Yes."

"Fifteen years makes a difference in us all."

"Yes."

It was up-hill work, but the Colonel persevered.

"James Twiss, at any rate, does not show much change." He turned to look at the figure behind.

"We all think James has aged since his rheumatic attack," Miss Ethelwyn responded primly.

"Ah, rheumatism plays the diokens with us all."

If the Colonel had sworn, Miss Percival could not have looked more horrified; and half provoked, half amused, the Colonel relapsed into silence.

The air was keen, fresh, exhilarating, the beeches still shewed brown, the brackens, as yet untouched by frost, stood upright, miniature trees; and Colonel Granton found himself counting their various shades. No painter, it seemed to him, had ever painted the bracken as it could and should be painted.

They had now reached the brow of the hill, and looked down on Pidswell in the distance, and Colonel Granton's thoughts went back to his last visit at the Rectory, and all that had happened since.

Once he had walked as far as Camberwell, and down the street from which Mrs. Wiltshire dated her appealing letters, and had even caught a glimpse of the lady herself, untidy, frowzy-headed, trafficking with an itinerant green-grocer at her door. He had been sorry for Mr. Wiltshire, who he remembered as not a bad fellow, and full of gratitude for himself. Instinctively he looked at the girl by his side, demure, "neat as a pin," and wondered what Mrs. Wiltshire had been like in Percival's days—*behind the scenes*. He had made an escape, that was certain.

The mare began to quicken her steps, and James Twiss admonished his mistress to "mind her at the turn." They were

opposite the church now ; the doors were open, the hum of voices came from inside, Christmas decorations were going on. Another turn, and the rectory was in sight ; another, and they had turned in at the green-painted gate, and the next moment the mare had stopped at the door, where Mrs. Herrick was waiting to receive her guest.

"Frederick, this *is* kind." The Colonel was embraced warmly by Mrs. Herrick.

Colonel Granton, looking round the hall he had once known so well, began to be glad he had come.

"John?" John was the Rector, and the Colonel had looked round for him in vain.

"John is superintending the young people at the church, he will be back before long. Ethelwyn, your uncle will expect you."

Ethelwyn, looking longingly at the early cup of tea prepared for Colonel Granton, with lingering steps disappeared.

"Frederick," Mrs. Herrick said, when they found themselves alone, "Frederick, you find us in great distress. My mother-in-law——" Mrs. Herrick paused.

"Miss Ethelwyn told me Mrs. Herrick was well," the Colonel said.

"My mother-in-law——" Mrs. Herrick began again, and again paused.

"*She* cannot have eloped", the Colonel said to himself, grimly enough. Why couldn't Mrs. Herrick speak out?

"If it is her mind, Katherine, at her age——" the Colonel began sympathizingly.

"I wish it was her mind, Frederick," Mrs. Herrick returned with solemnity, "it is much worse," ("By Jove, I believe she *has* eloped" Colonel Granton whispered to himself). "How shall I break it to you, Frederick? Mrs. Herrick has announced her intention of becoming a Catholic."

"Well done, Grannie," the Colonel cried. He was so amused he clapped his hands.

"Frederick!"

"Granny had always plenty of pluck ; but to brave the lion in his den at eighty-seven."

"Frederick, that is not a way to speak of your brother-in-law."

"See here, Katherine," the Colonel turned and faced Mrs.

Herrick. "Tell me one thing: why shouldn't she?"

"*Why shouldn't she?*"

"Yes, why shouldn't she? We are all our own masters and mistresses, I suppose?"

"Frederick, do you believe that, at eighty, on such a subject, Mrs. Herrick knows her own mind, is capable of judging for herself?"

"I know what Mrs. Herrick *was*," Colonel Granton said. He enjoyed the fray.

This response Mrs. Herrick ignored. "The scandal, too, *the Rector's mother*."

"The Rector's grandmother," the Colonel returned profanely. "Come, Katherine," leave your mother-in-law to judge for herself."

"If she is capable."

"Capable! And as for the scandal, there are worse."

Mrs. Herrick's face flushed, "I know poor Emilia," she began, and Colonel Granton stopped her.

"I was not thinking of Mrs. Wiltshire," he said. "What I meant to say was"—he paused, then went on—"Katherine, you are a sensible woman, you cannot mean to interfere with your mother-in-law? If Mrs. Herrick, with one foot in the grave and the other on the edge of it, likes to take this step, who is to prevent her? Not John. I will stake my word on that."

"I have done my best." Mrs. Herrick, who was the antipodes of Mrs. Wiltshire, was nearer tears than Colonel Granton had ever seen her.

"I am sure you have," he said soothingly, "but at Grannie's age—come, Katherine, do as you would be done by."

"If I were desirous to take the step Mrs. Herrick contemplates, I should be certain that the day would come when I should be thankful that any friend had been *kind* enough to restrain me."

"The sentence is a little involved, but I understand." Colonel Granton laid a hand on his sister-in-law's arm persuasively. "If Mrs. Herrick is not very much changed, she knows what she is about, better than most of us. Take my advice and leave the old lady to her own devices."

"I looked on you as a man of the world, and the one of the connections that might have some influence." Mrs. Herrick wiped her eyes. "Frederick, Grannie always liked you."

Colonel Granton was glad to hear the "Grannie."

"You will do what you can?"

"I cannot promise to interfere," the Colonel said, "but, of course, if Mrs. Herrick speaks to me——"

"She will; she is sure to speak to you," Mrs. Herrick interrupted eagerly. "Oh, Frederick, the Rector's *mother*!"

"Look here," the Colonel said, "don't worry, there's a good soul. If the parishioners sit at Grannie's feet as they used to do, they will probably vote the old lady right."

"That is just it. Oh, Frederick, the *example*!"

"Please, madam, would you speak a moment?" A neatly dressed girl stood in the doorway.

"What is it, Jane? Oh, the cook, yes, yes, I am coming." Mrs. Herrick caught up a bunch of keys, and the Colonel was left alone.

But not for very long. He was pouring himself out a cup of tea, when the door opened again, and the girl he had seen before came in.

"If you please, sir, would you speak to Mrs. Herrick? She is in her sitting-room."

To Grannie! The Colonel gulped down his tea and followed the messenger.

As the maid opened the door of the sitting-room, Colonel Granton's eye turned to the armchair generally filled by Mrs. Herrick. It was empty.

"Frederick," cried an eager voice; and, in travelling dress, the old lady herself came across the room to meet him. The Colonel had always liked Mrs. Herrick, and it was with real emotion he stooped to kiss the hand held out to greet him.

"Frederick, Katherine has told you? That is right. My dear, when you are as old as I am, you will find that things are very *real*, that there is no time for putting off—and—I cannot stand a fuss—Frederick, I want you to run away with me."

At the sight of the eager delicate old face, the Colonel took both the trembling hands in his.

"Mrs. Herrick, Grannie, I will do *anything* I can for you."

"John knows, John approves."—Grannie gave a sigh followed by a little chuckle—"and *you* are going to take me away."

"Of course, I am," the Colonel said gallantly, "but not to-night, surely?" He looked at the long travelling cloak—made

how many years ago?—at the soft hood.

“To-night, this very minute. John, poor John, cannot well let the priest come here, and—I am *old*, Frederick, *old*.”

“Yes, yes,” the Colonel said.

“You have a good heart, Frederick,” the old lady nodded, “I have known it ever since that Wiltshire affair, never mind how I know it. I have given them a trifle sometimes myself. You have a good heart, and I said to John, when Frederick comes I shall make him take me away.”

“But not to-night,” the Colonel again remonstrated.

“Yes, to-night, to Bath. You will do as I ask you, Frederick? The carriage is ordered, and John, poor John, knows.”

“And Katherine, Mrs. Herrick?” the Colonel asked.

“That is just it. I don’t want a fuss. I can’t stand a fuss at my age, my dear, so I am going to be a coward and run away,” then, sinking her voice, while a smile so innocently mischievous played on her lips that the Colonel, troubled as he was, could not help laughing, too. “Katherine has been sent for to the kitchen; so let us *go*.”

As the carriage, with the runaways, took the turn by the church, it suddenly pulled up. It was dark now, but out of the darkness a hand was put into the carriage, “God bless you, mother, God bless you. God bless you, Granton,” the Colonel’s hand, too, was pressed; the Rector vanished as he came, and the carriage went on.

“He’ll come to me,” the old lady said—by the lamps Colonel Granton saw she was wiping her eyes—“he will come to me. John is a clever and a good man; he will come to me, sooner or later.”

“And what convinced you, Grannie?” the Colonel asked a little later. He was holding her hand, as if he had been indeed her grandson.

“The Rector,” the old lady said with a chuckle. “John himself. When he talked over his old mother without knowing it, he won’t be long himself. John is logical; all the Herricks—I was one myself—are.”

“I know you are a wonderful family,” Colonel Granton said.

“Katherine is a good wife,” the old lady said after a pause.

"She may, in one sense, be the grey mare, but whatever John does is *right*. I don't like a fuss, and so I have run away. But I don't despair of Katherine, my dear."

It was with some amusement that Colonel Granton found himself spending his Christmas in a Bath hotel instead of eating his turbot at Pidswell Rectory.

"Grannie" was in the highest of spirits when they met at luncheon, and held out two telegrams for his inspection; one contained the Rector's characteristic "God bless you," the other a loving word or two from Mrs. Herrick.

"We need not have eloped," the Colonel said.

Grannie shook her head. "Katherine is a good woman, but at my age, one cannot bear a fuss," she said.

"Katherine is fussy," the Colonel admitted. "You are happy, then, Grannie?"

The delicate lips quivered, then a smile came. "My dear, I know now what *Christ's Mass* means. But what will people say when they hear you and I have eloped, my dear?"

"That I was a lucky man," the Colonel replied with gallantry.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

HE LAUGHS WHO WINS.

LOVE against Time ; and Love hath won the race,
Fly on, fly, Time ! and pass the trysting place.

Full many a tryst kept we in years ago,
First by a rose-bush, last at a grave-stone.

Fly on, fly, Time ! and bleach and rend the rose,
That by the crumbling grave-stone buds and blows.

We have been here to meet thee, sorrowing,
Yet now are fled beyond thy swiftest wing.

Fly faster, Time ! we laugh at thy delays,
Thou cheat of hearts that fear thy measured days !

We are beyond thy sickle and thy shears ;
We have moaned all our pains, shed all our tears.

Thou tyrant art no more ; now Love is free
And laughs at Time, safe in Eternity.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

“HELBECK OF BANNISDALE” AND ITS CRITICS.

IT must often strike the reader that one point in which the criticism of a great life, or of a work of high talent, frequently falls short of its aim, is in its failure to preserve a sense of just proportion between the merits and defects of its subject. The reviewer, who is nothing if not critical, is often apt, in displaying his acuteness, to give the blemishes an undue prominence, while the excellence is generally so apparent, that much of it is passed over as taken for granted. In this respect Mrs. Humphry Ward's last work can scarcely be said to have suffered at the hands of her critics. Her brilliant powers as a writer of fiction have met with full recognition from even the most hostile of them.

Yet, perhaps, they have paid no higher tribute to her great skill in delineating character than that unconsciously rendered by them in the marked divergence of judgment shown in their estimate of the personalities of the hero and heroine. This, we feel at once, is not the result of bad drawing, but of a perfect craft that has given to her creations that light and shade and fulness of character, that make them men and women we meet in life who interest us most, so often the subject of the most varied opinions. Alan Helbeck, who gives his name to the book, has been described by one reviewer as “a singularly noble, but necessarily rare type of English Catholic;” by another, as a being “selfish, proud, ill-tempered, self-willed, hypocritical and priggish;” while a third has declared him “a perfect gentleman, thoughtful, extremely conscientious, tender and true.” Laura Fountain, the heroine, has been dealt with by her critics with a like diversity of opinion. To one she is “a most attractive and loveable girl” with “a maidenly reserve,” “a love of purity,” and “a hatred of all that is mean and base.” To another she is “an ill-bred, ill-behaved, ill-ordered little wretch with little in her but prettiness that is womanly.” Strangely conflicting utterances coming from qualified critics!—the more strange in the present instance, as being the conclusions of Catholic reviewers—yet affording convincing proof of Mrs. Ward's high talent in depicting life-like characters so many-sided as to admit of scrutiny from such opposite stand-points.

From among these reviewers two can be taken who may be said to present the opposite extremes of criticism on the value of Mrs. Ward's book as a representation of Catholic life, and of the influence of the Church's teaching on the character of its members, and the aspect it presents generally towards the Society of our day. To the September number of *The Nineteenth Century* review, Father Clark

S J., contributed an article entitled, "A Catholic's View of Helbeck of Bannisdale." This was followed in the October number by "Another Catholic's View of Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Professor St. George Mivart. There is much in both that would, I fancy, be allowed by any fair-minded Catholic reader to be just criticism, yet they are as far as the poles asunder in their ultimate judgment on the book as a fulfilment of the end that a philosophical novel of the kind should have in view. Father Clarke's conclusion is, that "Mrs. Ward's book is from beginning to end a libel on all things Catholic." Mr. Mivart, while admitting that the writer "naturally tries to propagate more or less anti-Catholic ideas," expresses his astonishment "at the carefulness and fidelity with which Mrs. Ward has represented things Catholic," and throughout his article he shows an apparently complete satisfaction with what he considers her spirit of fairness in dealing with Catholic life and sentiment. Perhaps the decision of most Catholics will be that the truth lies somewhere between the two.

It is not likely, I think, that many will consider Father Clarke justified in the wholesale condemnation of the book to which he has committed himself. What appears to me to be an entire misapprehension of the mental stand-point of the authoress and of the spirit in which the book was conceived, has led Father Clarke into injustices towards Mrs. Ward, and even the imputation of a rather sinister motive of which most of her readers, I fancy, will be ready to acquit her. This is nowhere more apparent than in the strange view he has taken of the character of Helbeck. The unfavourable judgment of him first quoted above is from Father Clarke's pen. But Helbeck, in Father Clarke's eyes, is not merely selfish, ill-tempered and hypocritical. He is "a bigoted Catholic," possessed of "an unhealthy and morbid spirit of asceticism and self-renunciation," who "speaks and acts as a well-instructed Catholic could not possibly speak and act if he were in his right senses," and "whose whole view of life was at variance with the principles of Christian Ethics."

How Father Clarke could have received such an impression of a figure so well-defined as Helbeck's, fills one with surprise. Surely the portraiture of Helbeck has been drawn by a sympathetic hand. The moment he is introduced to us we feel that we are in the presence of a nature, whatever its depths may conceal, elevated far above the commonplace. His appearance even has been made strikingly attractive, and all through the book, we come upon slight, skilful touches by which our sympathy is enlisted for him, as much as by the broader lines in which his character, as evinced by his actions, is stated. There is scarcely room for doubt as to the light in which

the authoress meant her hero to be seen. Even if his untiring gentleness with Laura in her outbursts of petulance is to be somewhat discounted as a lover's forbearance, his tenderness with the orphan children, the moderation with which he speaks of his bitter enemies, the Masons, and his generous oblivion of the injury they had done him, contrasted with their enduring hatred of himself, are surely the traits of a noble character. And the other characters in the book are made to bear witness in his favour. Laura's vindication of him, on hearing of his breach with Williams can scarcely be considered partial testimony on the aspect of her lover's character here dealt with. Dr. Friedland, no friendly witness, describes him as a type of "Catholicism at its best," and, after the catastrophe, attests his high qualities. "I have observed his bearing under this intolerable blow, and always I have felt myself in the presence of a good and noble man."

Much of Father Clarke's disapproval of Helbeck may be accounted for by his having apparently missed the key to the Squire's actions of self-abnegation furnished by Mrs. Ward. Helbeck, she tells us, resided in a district in England which had once been a centre of Catholic society, of which he was almost the sole survivor. The duties which had theretofore been shared by other members of his Creed, were thrown entirely on him, and to the faithful discharge of these he had devoted his life and his property. To an exceptional nature of lofty asceticism like his, this seemed only a natural service, and the painful struggle between his love and the claims of his religion, as he deemed them, is told by the authoress with an impressive effect :—

"Upon his fidelity now and here, not only his own eternal fate, but Laura's, might depend. . . . He felt his own life offered for hers; so that the more he loved her, the more set, the more rigid, became all the habits and purposes of religion. Again and again he was tempted to soften them—to spend time with her that he had been accustomed to give to Catholic practice—to slacken or modify the harshness of that life of self-renouncement, solitude, and unpopularity to which he had vowed himself for years—to conceal from her the more startling and difficult of his convictions. But he crushed the temptation, guided, inflamed by that profound idea of a substituted life and a vicarious obedience which has been among the root-forces of Christianity."

Yet in this Father Clarke sees only "a piece of unhealthy, unnatural, and un-Christian selfishness."

It cannot be denied, I think, that Mr. Mivart, however one may differ from him in some of his criticisms on other points in the book, has shown a juster appreciation than Father Clarke of the character

of Helbeck, and, in so far, of the general view which Mrs. Ward meant to present of Catholic sentiment and practice, and that his observations on the tragedy in which Laura's troubles culminate, are only a fair defence of the heroine against Father Clarke's rather exaggerated censures. On Laura's character in other respects the two critics seem to be more in agreement. She is shown to us as one with a generous nature, alternately attracted and repelled by the spirit of Catholicism, the repulsion, however, being the dominating tendency. In drawing her character, one cannot help feeling, Mrs. Ward has sacrificed artistic completeness to truth. Had Laura felt nothing but repugnance for Helbeck's religion—had she experienced no sense even of the æsthetic beauty of the Church, the motive for suicide, which fails somehow to impress one as being adequate for one of her nature, would have been more powerful, and the act of self-destruction less unnatural. Doubtless, then, Mrs. Ward's observation or insight had disclosed to her that these secret cravings for faith were the natural outcome of the influences that surrounded Laura. These half-revealed promptings are so real—so like what one has often read of in histories of conversions to the Faith—that a Catholic cannot but see in them the first stray rays of a Divine light penetrating the fog of doubt and prejudice in which the young girl's mind had been growing to its maturity; and one must, therefore, experience a sense of bitter disappointment that these beginnings have no ultimate significance, but are cut short in the destruction of the young life.

Though most readers may agree that Father Clarke has gone much too far in pronouncing the book "a gross burlesque" of everything Catholic, they will not, on the other hand, I fancy, acquiesce in Mr. Mivart's too favourable judgment of it. It is, of course, as he says, unreasonable to expect Mrs. Ward to write as a friend of Catholicism would write. "It is enough," he says, "if she does not represent the Catholic body as being different from what it really is, and if she does not assign to individuals opinions and acts which are absurd and impossible." Assuredly. But Mrs. Ward has not, I think, fulfilled these conditions. Had her work been merely a study of character, no one could complain of her creations. But it is something more. It is an attempt to deal in a philosophical spirit with the *ethos* of Catholicism. Having this intention, she should have borne in mind that the Catholics she introduces to her readers would be taken by them as in a certain degree typical of their Church. In this regard there is no fault to find with Helbeck, exceptional as his character is. But for the rest, surely the Catholic body as represented in her pages appears in an invidious light—contemptible and ridicu-

lous by turns—so as to fall little short of the travesty Father Clarke declares it. Mrs. Fountain, the only Catholic laywoman, discrediting piety by her weakness and puerility; Father Bowles and his imbecilities; the nuns "with their unintelligible virtues and their very obvious bigotries and littlenesses." These "chattering, cooing sisters," who pay "their homage to Mrs. Fountain," "Ugh! what manners! Must one always, if one was a Catholic, make that cloying and hypocritical impression?" "The many priests and religious," with their "various superstitions and peculiarities." Father Ledham even, with his "priestly claims," and the priest who comes on the scene for a moment to give the relic to the dying lady with his "astonishing flow of soft pietistic talk," do not escape a sneer.

Much, no doubt, of this is presented as the sentiment of Laura, but it is given with a persistency, and there is enough besides, to show that it is the impression the authoress means to convey of Catholic life and spirit. Would a mind uninfluenced by prepossessions regard it as a fair one? How much, after all, of the colouring in his picture has its birth in the artist's brain! How modifying is the light in which one looks at things! If Mrs. Ward understood these men and women who have devoted their lives to religion just a little better, how different might be her impressions of them! But, if one may apply to her the words she puts into the mouth of Helbeck, "She has set up her bogey, and she likes it."

Father Bowles is certainly a caricature, and rather a gross one. He is no type of a priest of our age; and Mr. Mivart's defence of the authoress for drawing such a character is a strange one. She can give us, he says, chapter and verse for the slightest details in her pictures. One of the priest's singularities is an abhorrence of flies: a similar trait is recorded of Bishop Milner. Hence, critics are cautioned "to beware of charging Mrs. Ward with exaggeration and injustice." But Milner is not the original of Father Bowles; he only contributes one of his idiosyncracies. There must be many originals to supply the other elements of his character. The value of pigments to the painter, it might have struck Mr. Mivart, depends entirely on their judicious use, and Mrs. Ward's readers may think that in painting from life she has not turned the stock of materials with the possession of which Mr. Mivart credits her, to the best advantage in her patchwork figure of Father Bowles.

In some other of her reproductions of this nature, Mrs. Ward has, I think, been similarly unhappy. She puts into the mouth of an orphan child one of those pious stories which the authoress has shown such industry in culling from the *Lives of the Saints* and other books of Catholic devotion, written probably for Religious and others

whose natures are fitted for practising the higher virtues, but not offered as a guide for the general body of the faithful—stories, which, taken from their context and placed in another setting, are sure to make an unfavourable impression—as Mrs. Ward meant they should—on those outside the church to whom the higher spiritual life is scarcely a name. The particular story here abstracted by her is one such as even a more ignorant and silly teacher than Sister Angela would scarcely relate for the edification of a child.

She is fond, too, of dealing in supernatural “impressions.” To Helbeck she gives two; one, a conviction as to the lot of Laura’s father in the next world, and another relating to the salvation of Marie. Williams has experienced his “impression” concerning the danger of Helbeck’s relations with Laura, in a meditation. Even the silly Mrs. Fountain has not been left without one. One fancies it would be possible to suggest one or two of the originals of these. Newman tells us in his *Apologia*, with a simple and modest wonder, of the strange presentiment he felt in Italy that he “had a work to do in England;” of his conviction, uttered as he lay apparently at the point of death, “I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light.” In Cardinal Wiseman’s life we read of the startling effect upon his mind produced by one of his meditations. However a Catholic may feel inclined to treat these experiences with respect as possible manifestations of God’s dealings with great souls, most readers, I fancy, will regard as indifferent art their transformation into the spiritual “impressions” of the unstable Williams and the weak-minded Augustina.

One other story of the kind referred to above, which has claimed the attention of Mrs. Ward’s critics, may, perhaps, admit of a word more. It is an anecdote relating to Saint Francis Borgia repeated by Laura to Helbeck. I give it, without Laura’s glosses, as related by Alban Butler, who, I fancy, may be Mrs. Ward’s source:—

“His Duchess, Eleanor, who concurred with him in all his pious views, fell sick of a lingering distemper, during which Francis continued to fast, pray, and give large alms for her recovery. One day as he was praying for her, prostrate in his closet, with great earnestness, he was on a sudden visited with an extraordinary interior light in his soul, and heard, as it were, a voice saying distinctly within him: ‘If thou wouldst have the life of the Duchess prolonged, it shall be granted; but it is not expedient for thee.’ This he heard so clearly and evidently that, as he assured others, he could not doubt either then or afterwards, but it was a divine admonition. He remained exceedingly confounded: and penetrated with a most sweet and tender love of God, and bursting into a flood

" of tears, he addressed himself to God as follows :—' O my Lord and
 " my God, leave not this, which is only in Thy power, to my will.
 " Who art Thou but my Creator and Sovereign Good? And who
 " am I but a miserable creature? I am bound in all things to con-
 " form my will to Thine. Thou alone knowest what is best, and what
 " is for my good. As I am not my own, but altogether Thine, so
 " neither do I desire that my will be done, but Thine. Do what Thou
 " pleasest with the life of my wife, that of my children, and my own,
 " and with all things Thou hast given me.' "

The Duchess died. Father Clarke speaks of this story (as related by Laura) "as perhaps the most successful 'hit' made by Mrs. Ward, and one that will at first sight make a very painful impression on all Protestant and some Catholic readers." With all modesty I must own I fail both to appreciate the "hit," and to see why any Catholic should be painfully impressed by the story. Laura's emphasis of the words "expedient for thee—*thee* mind, not her," appear to me a narrow and child-like criticism. The voice was an answer to the prayer of *the Saint*. Why should it deal with God's designs respecting his *wife*? And her picture of deserted infant children is simply untrue. Mr. Mivart tells us that he had known the circumstances of the story for many years, and that they had always been "in the highest degree revolting" to him. It was a manifestation, he thinks, of "callous selfishness." He actually describes it as "one of the most memorable, because most modern, cases of a human sacrifice offered to God!" and as "legally and morally an act of murder"!! The judgment on this criticism may be left to the common sense of all readers.

In support of what he deems his just disapproval of the saint's action on the occasion, Mr. Mivart suggests a parallel which affords, I think, a singular instance of confusion of reasoning: Mr. Brown, whose wife is dying, has a medicine which he knows would restore her to health. But he hears an interior voice, which he judges to be a divine one, declaring that his wife's recovery will not be "expedient for him." He withholds the medicine, and his wife dies. Mr. Brown, says Mr. Mivart, is guilty of murder. In thinking he heard a voice he might have been the victim of a delusion. How could St. Francis have known that the voice he heard was divine, and not an hallucination? "And what," Mr. Mivart asks, "is the difference between the supposed Mr. Brown's withholding of the medicine and Saint Francis Borgia's withholding the prayer, the utterance of which he was convinced would have sovereign efficacy in affecting his wife's recovery?" Simply this. In the case of Mr. Brown, the voice counselled him not to use a medicine which he knew from a natural source would effect a

cure in a natural way. In the case of the Saint, the voice offered a supernatural cure which it counselled him not to take. Had the voice in Mr. Brown's case been false, and had he obeyed it, he would have been responsible for his wife's death. Had the voice in the case of the Saint been false, the cure it offered would have been a delusion too, and there would have been none for the Saint to use. To make the cases analagous the efficacy of the cure in Mr. Brown's case should have depended on the truth of the voice. But the reasoning seems trivial as well as unsound. Saint Francis believed firmly that the admonition was a Divine one. His love for his wife and deep grief at the thought of losing her were evinced during her illness by his unceasing penances and alms-giving and prayers for her recovery. But God, as he believed, revealed to him that it was not His will that she should recover—"not for God's glory" is the equivalent Father Clarke uses; a familiar expression that Mr. Mivart as a Catholic ought to understand—and the Saint submitted. Most Catholics, I trust, will reject the narrow, human interpretation which Mr. Mivart puts on this story, as if it were in substance that of an appeal made by the Almighty to the self-love of the Saint, and will understand it in the broader and more spiritual sense indicated by Father Clarke, and shown by the words used by Saint Francis, to be the sense in which he received the admonition.

Once, when showing in himself a splendid example of loyal submission to the Church, Mr. Mivart used these words:—"I am indeed certain that every one who has not become acquainted with Catholic theology (whether he accepts it or not) is and must be so far in an intellectually inferior position. . . . Through [the Catholic Faith] I have obtained conceptions which have much broadened my mind and strengthened my intellect." One might have expected from him more evidence of that broadening of mind than is shown in his criticism of this story, and his designation of the virtue of detachment as an "utterly abhorrent mental state." A Catholic surely might respect it as a virtue, not proposed to the faithful generally as a pattern, but as one which souls of rare and exalted sanctity who have reached a degree of absolute self-renunciation may aim at without dread of the taint of religious selfishness. For the essence of the virtue is the complete renouncement of self by the subjugation of even the purest human affection for the love of God. "If any man come to me, and hate* not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea! and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

* It is scarcely necessary to say that "hate" here is only a Hebraism for loving less, for loving creatures with due subordination to the sovereign claims of Creator.

Space does not permit me to do more than add another protest to those already made against what all Catholics save Mr. Mivart, it is to be hoped, will regard as Mrs. Ward's gross misrepresentation of the tendency of the Catholic doctrine about sin, in a passage in which she lays it to the charge of Catholic discipline that it weakens a man's instinctive confidence in women. This, and similar views presented as the impressions of Laura, have been dealt with by an able reviewer in *The Month*. They are impressions, it may be inferred, that Mrs. Ward has derived, not from her observation of Catholic life as she might have beheld it around her, but from reading the class of books from which she has extracted the pious stories related in her pages.

The nature of her objections generally—insinuated rather than stated—indicates, I think, how far Mrs. Ward, with all her breadth of view, has failed to realise the universality of the Church's mission to mankind, the Catholicity of her attributes and functions. When one reflects on the vastness of her sphere of operation as teacher and guide of the mind of every age, and men of every race and every type of character, it is no matter for wonder that much of her philosophy should appear inscrutable to the precise phase of thought and temper of being depicted in Mrs. Ward's characters who are outside the Church. But samples of Catholic thought and sentiment of another age and other races than ours, selected for the adverse impression they make, scarcely constitute the fairest view to be presented of the Church as she exists among us. Such things are rather matters of fashion and taste which vary necessarily in different countries and different centuries, and do not affect the unchanging truths of Faith.

Notwithstanding this, however, and more that might be noticed, there is in "*Helbeck of Bannisdale*" much that a Catholic can read with unqualified satisfaction. For a writer outside the Church to show such a full appreciation of the spirit of Catholicism in its influence on a lofty nature, and to testify as forcibly as Mrs. Ward has done through the lips of her hero, to the logical strength of the Church's attitude as an emanation from her theology, is a proof of the possession of wide sympathies.

Perhaps what strikes one most in the book as a proof of Mrs. Ward's talent is her power in presenting two characters—both fine natures—whose principles are in deadly antagonism, drawn with such life-like truth and such fulness of sympathy for both, that they appear by turns almost to speak the writer's sentiments, while with a subtle art—a half suggested criticism of her own, or an obvious note of exaggeration in the feeling expressed—she always stops short of identifying herself with either. To *Helbeck* she gives the superiority

in the controversy, but she takes care to show us that Laura is not a well-equipped champion of the opposite view.

"Look," he says, "at the root of it. Is the world under sin—and has God died for it? But if a God died and must die cruelly, hideously, at the hands of his creatures—to satisfy eternal justice, what must that sin be that demands the crucifixion? Is any chastisement too heavy, and restraint too harsh, if it keep us from the sin for which our Lord must die? . . . All these mortifications, and penances, and self-denials that you hate so, that make the saints so odious in your eyes, spring from two great facts—Sin and the Crucifixion. But, Laura, are they *true*?" Could a Catholic put it more strongly? Are they true? Are they less true now than when God died for us? Have men ceased to sin? And are prayers, and penances, and self-renunciation no longer needful?

CHARLES T. WATERS.

A ROSE.

WITH dew's of grace besprent a rose-bud grew,
 And vowed herself to heaven; and days benign
 Wooed her with summer, winning line on line,
 Her secret beauty to her Spouse's view.
 Ah, Rose, my sister! that red hope was you—
 Your sun, the light and heat of Love Divine;
 And now to Him, to Whom you did assign
 The bursting bloom, the full-blown flower is due.

By any other name you were as sweet;
 But now, your maiden meaning to disclose,
 One word, meseems, is more than ever meet,
 For that, until its latest moment blows,
 Your life is rooted in that green retreat,
 The cloistered garden of the Mystic Rose.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

THE WASHERS OF THE NIGHT.

A Legend of Lower Brittany.

S WISHING, swishing in the stream,
 Washing linen black and white;
 Ever washing 'neath the gleam
 Of the pale moonlight.

Weird and wan the washers stand,
 Spectral washers of the night,
 Wringing on the river strand
 Ghostly shrouds of white.

Still the cheerful lights are gleaming
 In the tavern of the town,
 Where he sits— fool!—vainly dreaming
 His remorse to drown.

On the hill his young wife's feet
 Linger at the open door,
 As she waits with smile to greet
 Him she'll greet no more.

But the Washers also wait
 By the river cold and gray,
 Listening with avenging hate
 For the coming prey.

Where the willows darkest bend,
 Shone the last moon's livid light,
 Looking down where lay the friend
 Of the wretch who drinks to-night.

Prayerless fell he, and unshriven;
 Stabbed behind by dastard blow.
 To despair his mother driven
 Cursed in dying, cursed his foe.

Worms upon their bodies feed,
 O'er their grave young grasses grow;
 None can say who did the deed,
 But the Midnight Washers know.

Comes the murderer by the river ;
Strong with borrowed strength of wine,
And the weeping willows shiver,
And the moon doth paler shine.

But the drunkard hath forgot,
And his footsteps careless go,
Treading past the very spot
Where he dealt the dastard blow.

Then the Washers of the night
From their washing slowly rise,
And he sees their garments white,
And the burning of their eyes.

Fast he runs with feet of fear,
But the Washers are behind ;
Light of home is near—so near—
But they follow like the wind.

On his cheek their icy breath,
Clutching fingers at his throat,
As they drag him back to death,
Where his friend, last moon, he smote.

Round his neck a shroud they throw,
Twisting tight and tighter still,
Hark ! his death-cries faintly go
To the young wife on the hill.

“ Grant the dead eternal light,”
Murmurs she, with cross and sigh,
“ Some poor wandering soul to-night,
Soul in pain, is passing by.”

But she hears the mad despair
Of the murderer's last wild cry,
“ May God shield us 'neath His care !
Soul to hell is passing by.”

FRANK PENTRILL.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee.

TRENCH.

IT was a half-holiday, and a football match with a Dale school-team was coming off in the afternoon. The lads were taking a run in the park between morning school and dinner.

"What a gawk I am!" exclaimed Lance, stopping suddenly and facing Willie Murrington. "I promised Sweetie last week I'd spend this afternoon with him—never thinking of the match."

"That's all right," said Willie. "Don't you bother about that. You'll play much better than I could do; I'll stay with Sweetie."

Lance shook his head. "A bargain's a bargain, you know," he said.

"But, look here, Lanny—it's so awfully cold to-day, and you know how helpless I am when I'm cold."

Lance looked at his foster-brother, whose face was a pale purple, and whose teeth were chattering.

"With blue-cold nose and wrinkled brow, traveller, traveller, whence com'st thou?" quoted Lance, and then—"Billy, Billy, you *do* look chilly!"

"You know I never shirk the game, Lance."

"Of course not. You've got an imperfect circulation, old chap; that's what it is."

"But you wouldn't like to miss this match?"

Lance paused. "If Hilly can make up his team, it'll be all all right. At this time of the year we can always get a farm lad or two."

Willie did not shirk the game, but he had always to do violence to himself in order to remain to the end of the match.

"You'll let me stay with Sweetie—won't you?" he pleaded.

"All right, old chap. I'll see the little man after dinner. But I must talk to Hilly first."

It was a bitterly cold day following upon many mild weeks—the sort of day that an open winter sends now and then as a kind of practical joke, or just to remind the world what it could bring about if it were so inclined. All the younger children were in the big day nursery and after dinner, Willie and Sweetie made nests for themselves in the down-stairs play-room. A bonny red fire burnt in the big grate, and the room glowed with a true winter cheeriness. It was really the cold-weather Sniggery, and its gallery of coloured pictures might have occupied a chance spectator for an entire afternoon.

“I’ve got a secret, Willie,” announced Sweetie, raising his eyes and turning his head a little on one side. “Do guess what it is!”

Willie made many guesses, probable and possible ones alternating with the grotesque and outlandish, much to Sweetie’s delight.

“Wrong every time,” cried the little boy clapping his hands. “Do give it up!”

So Willie, who from the beginning had in his own mind guessed what it was, gave it up in apparent despair.

“Well,” said Sweetie slowly and mysteriously, “Dr. Byrse is coming directly to try the new organ, and if we have the door open we shall hear it perfectly. Father whispered it to me just after dinner.”

It was Willie’s turn to clap his hands now. And “we are in luck!” he exclaimed.

The new organ—new, that is, to Ridingle Hall, for it was an old instrument, mellow and powerful—was the Colonel’s very latest gift. Mr. Kittleshot had cut him out so completely in the matter of the orchestral instruments that the old soldier was determined to do something big on his own account. Finding this very desirable instrument in the market, he had secured it at once, and no greater surprise present had ever gladdened the souls of the Ridingle Dales. It had been tuned only the day before, and the Professor was coming this afternoon to give an informal recital preparatory to a regular performance a little later.

The first notes scarcely reached the two boys as they sat chatting in the play-room, for the Doctor was only extemporising on the softest of the stops, but as soon as he began to use the swell Sweetie pricked his ears, and “H’sh-h-h!” he whispered, “let us go straight to Heaven, Willie, hand in hand.”

The bigger boy gave his hand into the blind child's keeping, and as the low, melodious thunder began to rumble in the distance, stealing out from the entrance hall through the broad, silent corridors, and finding its way to every corner of the house. Sweetie's hand tightened upon the other's and the breathing of the little mystic became quick and short, and his whole body rigid with delighted listening.

There came a short spell of silence. The Doctor had been playing tentatively, trying the solo stops and testing the diapason, but he had not yet used the full power of the instrument.

Suddenly there pealed through the house the grand March from Tannhäuser.

"I am so sorry, Willie," the blind child moaned as he lay in his foster-brother's arms. "I tried so hard not to cry out." He was trembling still, though the crashing fortissimo had ceased.

"You had never heard it before, Sweetie?"

"Never! It is *too* grand—awful!"

"Listen, Sweetie!" The player had begun a tender little melody of Schubert. "That is better, dear, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," whispered the child; "that is one of the Holy Innocents singing."

The music of the organ had exercised an extraordinary influence upon Sweetie from the time he was three years old. His mother had described it to him in later years as a House of Harmony, a Palace of Sound, in which many sweet-voiced instruments answer to the touch of a single player.

"I think the whole world is like an organ," the child said when the music ceased. "I hear music always. It is very soft sometimes—I mean the wind, of course—and is like what god-father calls the swell of the organ. But sometimes it storms like the music Dr. Byrse plays at the end of Mass. Mother says there are flute stops in our organ, and so there are in the garden and the park. Lance has taught me the difference between the thrush's song and the blackbird's, and I hear them both in the organ."

"Music without words?" asked Willie.

"O, but I hear the words too—at least something that is the same as words. I know what the birds sing to one another. The thrush sings all sorts of funny things. Lance calls it 'that jolly old christy minstrel;' but he says the blackbird is a melancholy

old cove with only one tune."

"But then the tune is *such* a pretty one," Willie contended. "I think it is as sweet as anything the thrush sings. And then the blackbird carols all through the rain, you know, and I love him for that. 'Notes few, and strong, and fine,'" quoted Willie—

"Gilt with sweet day's decline
And sad with promise of a different sun."

"Please, Willie dear, say that just *once* again, then I can remember it for always."

"What a memory you have, Sweetie," said Willie, delighted with this opportunity of a quiet talk with the blind child, and longing to listen rather than to speak.

"Hilary was asking a riddle the other day," Sweetie went on, "but they all laughed so much I couldn't make out what it meant. You were in it, Willie, and I want you to explain it. It was 'Why is Willie Murrington like Mr. Norman Gale's cuckoo?' Somebody gave the answer, and then they all laughed, and I didn't hear."

"Oh, it was not one of Hilary's best, you know. The answer is—'Because he is *dropping lyrics in the lane*.'"

"But what does it mean, Willie?"

"Well, you see," began the embarrassed verse-writer, "the answer is a quotation from one of Norman Gale's poems. Now it so happened that, running up the lane, I dropped some papers out of my pocket, and Hilary, who came home later, picked them up. He couldn't help seeing there were verses on them, and so he said I had been '*dropping lyrics in the lane*.'"

"Won't you read them to me, Willie?"

"Father has them. But let me repeat something to you, Sweetie, that is really worth hearing. Did you ask Lance about the *Paradise* I told you of?"

"O, yes," and he said it was too hard for anybody but a grown-up to understand."

"It is hard," assented Willie. "I can only understand a bit here and there. But now, this passage is not too difficult."

Willie repeated very slowly a few stanzas from the opening of the thirty-third canto of Dante's *Paradiso*.

"It is about our Blessed Lady," said Sweetie when his companion had finished. "I don't understand it all, Willie, and it wants—it wants——"

"Yes, I know what you mean, Sweetie. It wants music, at any rate in English. You like something with a sweeter sound in it—don't you?"

It was so easy sometimes to forget that Sweetie was a child. Willie was not the only one who did not remember that the little man's mind had its severe limitations, and that however acute his ear might be, and however retentive his memory, his understanding was only very partially developed. Just at present he resembled Lance in this, that no poetry attracted him unless it had a lilt in it.

Willie was a little older than Lance, a better student, a much deeper thinker, and a most ardent lover of whatsoever could be called literature. He loved music, too, and his own voice, though a little thin, was very pleasing. But he could not rollick in song as Lance could. Perhaps he had never possessed the breezy temperament of the Ridingdales; if he had, constant fear and ill-treatment had robbed him of it.

Still his society was very grateful to Sweetie, for Willie had great store of all good things in prose and verse, and the child's repertoire of poems and stories was being constantly increased by his foster-brother.

This afternoon, Willie had brought two books to the play-room. One was Cary's Dante, the other a favourite story-book—one of Dr. George MacDonald's, and curiously enough the latter had suggested the former. For Willie had set himself the task of reading every line of the Divine Comedy, though he confessed that the greater part of it had very little meaning for him. He had marked certain passages that he thought he understood, and with the intention of reading them to Sweetie. For, said the writer of "*Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*:"—"Sometimes I would read to them out of Milton—I read the whole of 'Comus' to them, by degrees in this way; and although there was much that I could not at all understand, I am perfectly certain it had an ennobling effect upon every one of us. It is not necessary that the intellect should define and separate before the heart and soul derive nourishment. As well say that a bee can get nothing out of a flower because she does not understand botany. The very music of the stately words of such a poem is enough to generate a better mood, to make one feel the air of higher regions and wish to rise 'above the smoke and stir of this dim spot.' The best

influences which bear upon us are of this vague sort—powerful upon the heart and conscience, although undefined to the intellect.”

Now Willie thoroughly understood this passage and was very anxious to make experiment on Sweetie with Dante's *Paradiso*. The boy had read this before venturing to begin upon the *Inferno*, and had promised himself the pleasure of walking through Heaven again in Sweetie's company. But the music had interposed, and both of them had already climbed the golden stair and—returned to earth.

However, “the earth is His possession” just as the Heaven of Heavens, and as Willie often quoted :

“ The earth is so full of beautiful things,
I think we ought all to be happy as kings.”

Doubtless, he thought, Sweetie is right to prefer Paradise to anything else; meanwhile it is God's will that we remain for a while in the world He has Himself created. Earth often became a kind of heaven in his opinion. There was the Abiding Presence not very far away; there was the Holy Mass every morning; there was the most Blessed Eucharist every Sunday. And it was not true, most certainly it was not true, to say there are no angels and saints upon earth. Not so many as in heaven, of course; but what was the innocent child whose deepest thoughts were of God, and whose mind busied itself so constantly about all holy things—what was his foster-brother Sweetie but a little one who had been cherub-kissed at his birth and seraph-haunted ever since? And if father and mother were not holy, well—what is holiness?

Earth might be hell, or at least a purgatory—that Willie knew but too well. Even the Squire was not aware of the extent of his foster-son's sufferings in the past. It was enough for Mr. Ridingdale to know that the boy had been harshly treated, and that his faith was in danger. No one asked him questions—the Squire had forbidden it. “Here is a poor unfortunate child of good birth,” he had said to the boys, “who has lost his own father and mother, and who for years has been treated with the greatest cruelty. Be as kind to him as you possibly can, and make him feel that he has a true home here, and a brother in every one of you. And never say a word to him about the past.” Very nobly and generously had the Ridingdale lads done their

father's bidding. They had almost forgotten that Willie was not of their own flesh and blood.

Yes, earth might be almost an *inferno* if a wicked man liked to make it so; but the great Father above who permitted the evil also limited it and brought out of it the highest possible good. For, as Willie sometimes asked himself—What would have happened if his step-father had been kind and gentle, winning his affection as a child of tender years? Was it not almost certain that he would have lost the greatest of all God's gifts, that of the Faith? He had promised his dying mother that, whatever might happen, he would always remain a Catholic; but then he was almost too young at that time to realise the nature of so solemn a promise, and it is certain that if his Protestant step-father had been in the habit of going to the village church, Willie would have been compelled to go with him. The servants, indeed, had taken the child there when he was very young, but for several years before Mr. Ridingle had taken compassion upon him, Willie had persisted in going to Mass every Sunday, though the church was miles away, and the consequences—if his step-father had chanced to be awake when the boy returned—were painful in the extreme.

Something in the book Willie was reading aloud to Sweetie on this winter afternoon sent the reader's thoughts spinning back to the past. He had put Dante away for the present; but like his present hero, Ranald Bannerman, he "never liked to leave the loose end of a thing hanging about," and he resolved to finish the *Paradiso* in private. By-and-by he would read it aloud to his little friend—in a year's time, perhaps—for did not Ranald's father say that "every poem carries its own tune in its own heart, and to read it aloud is the only way to bring out its tune."

It was the thought of Ranald's father that made Willie's mind wander even as he read. The shouts of the football players in the Park had come to the two recluses again and again during the afternoon; but it was not until a hearty burst of cheering told that the match was over that Willie shut the story-book, and at the same time checked the thoughts that were too deep for tears.

"Fish, flesh, or fowl—and mind you, it wasn't a *foul*—it's three goals to two,"—they heard a voice say as the home team passed the window.

"That's dear old Lanny!" exclaimed Sweetie, as Willie began to laugh heartily.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS.

"They who joy would win must share it,
Happiness was born a twin."

Very early in December Mr. Kittleshot had done his best to persuade the Squire to bring his entire family to Timington Hall for the Christmas festivities. Ridingdale affected to treat the invitation as a joke.

"It is much too large an order," he laughed. "No, no! A thousand thanks for your kindness; Timington Hall would never recover such an invasion. But if you yourself are not going away for Christmas, why not come to us—for the whole season, if you like? We can give you a suite of rooms."

Mr. Kittleshot promptly and thankfully accepted the invitation. He had been dreading a lonely Christmas—though he might have known that Ridingdale would not have permitted such a catastrophe; but his son was going to the south of France for the sake of his wife's health, and even Hardlow, the last place in the world the old gentleman would have cared to spend Christmas at, would be practically shut up.

"We shall certainly be able to extend our hospitality a little this year," the Squire said to his wife. "Things are looking up amazingly. If we are not lavish in some small way, before very long we shall be getting wealthy, and that"—

"And that?" enquired Mrs. Ridingdale, laughingly, as her husband hesitated.

"Well, that would be the very crown of misfortune."

"Certainly, dear; but just at present there is no call for alarm on that score."

"But there are no Christmas bills coming in—are there?"

"Not one that will be more than a fortnight old; but then, dear, our ordinary expenses will be greater for a week or two, and Mr. Kittleshot's coming will make a difference."

"I had forgotten that, for the moment, my darling. I am afraid I was a little rash in asking him to come. It's no joke—undertaking to entertain a millionaire."

But ten days or so before Christmas, all anxiety was removed from the mind of husband and wife, and as the Feast itself drew near they began to consider what they could possibly do with all the hampers and cases and parcels that poured themselves into the kitchen yard and made Jane declare that "it was one body's work simply to go to the door and receive them."

"Of course, father," said Lance, as he and the Squire stood one morning after breakfast looking at the chaos of presents, "of course you'll suspect my motive; but really now"—slipping his arm into his father's—"the only thing is to let us off school a day or two earlier so that we can distribute some of this stuff in the village."

"Ha, ha! You scamp!" laughed the Squire, pinching his son's ear, "that's your solution of the difficulty—is it? All very well, you know, but we have Dr. Byrse to reckon with now."

"Oh, father! just as if he'd mind if *you* asked him."

"What about the exams.?"

"All over last night, father."

"And all of you plucked, I suppose."

"Not *all*, father," said Lance, shyly. He was very doubtful about his own fate; but the Doctor had not yet examined the papers.

"You see," the boy continued, clasping his father's arm with both hands, "there'll be such a *lot* to do and"—

"Such a lot of you to do it."

"Well, but, father—think of all the decorations, here and at church. Then there's the music, and Christmas letters, and the Yule log and the plays and—and all sorts of things. And I know you're going to give a heap of this to the poor—mother told me so, and it's only fair they should have it in good time—eh, father?"

The Squire laughed so much that Mrs. Ridingdale came out into the kitchen-yard.

"This young man will come to no good," he said. "He is a master of special pleading already. There, now—off to school with you. I'll look in directly and see the Doctor."

"Hurrah!" shouted Lance, making off as fast as a new pair—

of lace-up clogs would let him—a pair of great strength for winter use, and “specially built” for him, he said, as the “hardest wearer” of the family.

“He meant it all the time,” Lance shouted as he caught up on the others outside the school-room door, and explained the situation. “And of course the Doctor won’t mind. Father’ll be here in two two’s; you see if he isn’t!”

They had scarcely opened their books when the Squire came in, and in less than three minutes they had left Dr. Byrse half stunned with their ringing cheers.

“The first thing is to make an inventory,” the Squire announced. “Here, Hilary, take this note-book!”

It was a marvel where all the turkeys and geese and game pies and hampers of wine, and cases containing a thousand and one delicacies, had come from. A few of them bore complimentary inscriptions, but by far the greater number gave no clue as to the sender. Yet the Squire was not mystified.

“The bulk of the things have been sent by Mr Kittleshot, of course,” he said to his wife, “but for some reason or other the Ridingdale tradesmen are exceptionally generous this year.”

“Well, dear, if our custom is not great, Mr. Kittleshot’s is, and they know that they have received that through you.”

“Wonderful people, those shopkeepers,” chuckled the Squire; “but fancy Mr. Simkit making me a present! Do you think we have bought a dozen bottles of wine during the whole year?”

“No, but Mr. Kittleshot has. My dear, you seem incapable of putting two and two together.”

“Well, Hilary isn’t at any rate. Look at his row of figures!”

“I do believe we shall be able to send something substantial to every one of our own poor people,” Mrs. Ridingdale said with evident satisfaction. “How many turkeys are there, Hilary?”

“Sixteen, mother, and the same number of geese.”

“Hold on, Hilly! There’s Jack here with a hamper as big as a piano,”—called out Lance.

The Squire sat down on a packing case, the image of comical despair. “Kittleshot is a humourist,” he said.

“The cry is, ‘Still they come,’” shouted Harry, for one cart had hardly driven away before another one appeared.

“Oh, I know what this is!” exclaimed Gareth. “It’s the Colonel’s box with the Christmas tree things in it.”

A dozen ready hands bore it indoors and plumped it down in the entrance hall.

The boys were enjoying themselves hugely, and, as George remarked, "Lance was soaking up all the credit like a sponge on two legs."

"Well, you can't deny I got you all two days' extra holiday," cried the irrepressible one, scattering a handful of shavings on George's head, and then dropping Gareth bodily into an empty hamper.

"You fellows want organizing, I can see," said the Squire. "My dear"—turning to Mrs. Ridingle— "can't you give Lance something indoors—knives, or boots, or something?"

"Oh, *father!*" exclaimed Lance, as the laughter left his face.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle were talking together in a low tone. "We will take them just as they come," she was saying. "If one bird is bigger than another, so much the better for the recipient."

"Only we must have regard to *long* families."

"Oh yes. The Browns ought to have two, and the Bateses."

"Well, then, we can make a start. Here, Lance!"

The boy clattered up eagerly.

"You and Willie take these to the Browns. And don't forget to wish them a merry Christmas."

In a little while the lads were all bearing away the good things in different directions.

"What a glorious day it has been!" exclaimed Lance when they all met together in the play-room after supper. "It's just the jolliest thing in the world giving things away—*isn't, Hilly?*"

"Yes," said the big boy, "it's the greatest of all luxuries, I think. About the only thing that need make one long to be rich."

"What delightful things the people said—didn't they, Lanny?" Willie Murrington whispered. He had been Lance's companion all the day in the Squire's errands of mercy.

"Scrumptious, but I wish they wouldn't cry. Made me feel choky sometimes."

"I like their blessings awfully," said George.

"Well, we've had showers of 'em to-day," Harry remarked, "and they are not at all bad things to sleep on."

"Lance is sleeping on them already," somebody added.

"Then I'm just not!" exclaimed Lance, pulling himself together. "Can't a fellow shut his eyes without sleeping? But"—with an only partially suppressed yawn—"I am jolly well tired out, I can tell you. I'd no idea turkeys and geese were so heavy to carry."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Il est né le Divin Enfant,
Jouez hautbois ; résonnez musettes.
Il est né le Divin Enfant,
Chantons tous son avènement.

As Lance had said, during those holiday days before Christmas there was plenty to do ; but it was all done, and done very well to boot. The moment breakfast was over in the morning, the lads set to and worked steadily until night-fall. And beyond a trifling disposition to fall asleep in going upstairs to bed, not one of them was the worse for their exertion.

Ridingdale Hall had never been so full as on this particular Christmas Eve. Mr. Kittleshot arrived long before he was expected, quite early in the afternoon, and he was closely followed by several cousins and nieces of Mrs. Ridingdale. Then came the Colonel with a niece of his, and the entire family of Byrses—just in time to assist at the bringing in of the Yule Log.

Billy Lethers had almost lived at the Hall during the past week, giving valuable help of every kind ; but how the Yule log could have been so successfully manœuvred across the park and through the hall door without his direction, no one could have said. As it was, the procession advanced gaily, Sweetie being comfortably and securely seated in the place of honour. The organ pealed loudly as the huge log was dragged in, and as soon as the boys had recovered their breath they chanted to Dr. Byrse's accompaniment the old Yule carol :—

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.

Christmas had begun ; but the work of preparation was not ended.

“ What time is the choir practice ? ”

“ When shall we be able to go to confession ? ”

“ Who will light the lamp at the crib ? ”

“ Are the carols before or after supper ? ”

“ How late can we sit up ? ”

These and a score of similar questions were being asked of Hilary as the boys ran about the house putting the finishing touches to the decorations and helping mother to complete her household arrangements.

By nine o'clock, confessions and choir-practice were over, decorations both in church and at home were finished, and a tired but happy party sat down to supper.

Much as Father Horbury loved High Mass at the Christmas midnight, he doubted the prudence of attracting a big congregation to the church at such an hour, and shrank from bringing his boy choristers out of doors at midnight in such a climate. He had no leave to give Holy Communion at that time, and thought it much better that his people should receive at the Mass of the *Aurora*, and then assist at the usual High Mass. But he had permission to offer the Holy Sacrifice at midnight, and he knew the Squire would be present, and that Hilary would serve at the altar.

Ridingdale had never so much as hinted his own wishes in the matter, but he was very pleased with his friend's arrangement. The boys were dead tired, and they had already exerted their voices to the utmost.

So after supper, which was served in the hall, Dr. Byrse went to the organ, and all joined in singing “ Our Lady's Cradle-Song,” and “ Sleep, Holy Babe.”

The music had a soothing and tranquillizing effect upon the boys, and made a fitting prelude to night prayers.

“ Now, my darlings,” their father said as he wished them good night in a way more than ordinarily affectionate, “ you must have a long refreshing sleep, and then you will be able to go to Holy Communion recollectedly.”

Midnight brought more than one band of carol-singers to the Hall, but the happy lads, whose souls, freshly cleansed in the Sacrament of Penance, were all in the Land of Dreams—hearing sweeter music, perhaps, than that of the waits, and seeing visions

fairer than the star-crowned night or the moon-rays that bathed their faces as they slept. For as their mother moved softly about their beds with a shaded light, she found more than one of them smiling in deepest sleep, and as she stooped to kiss them she knew that the prayer she was breathing for her darlings to the Virgin's Babe would be heard, and that Mary with her Holy Child would bless them.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

NOTE TO "ALL ABOUT THE ROBIN," Page 393.

AN omission is best supplied in the volume in which it occurs. Therefore, as this is the end of Volume 26, I will take this somewhat unusual way of supplying certain omissions which two friends have pointed out to me in the paper in our August number, entitled "All About the Robin." J. W. A. writes:—"You ought to have quoted from Eliza Cooke's verses to the Robin, beginning--

'I wish I could welcome the Spring, bonnie bird,
With a carol as joyous as thine.'

I don't much care for Eliza Cooke's poetry, but this particular piece is very pretty."

G. N. P. reminds me that "James Grahame in 'The Birds of Scotland' (easy blank verse) gives a homely picture of the robin's place beside the mill, over the white-paved river; then, 'The North Wind doth Blow' is in every child's mouth, and 'Come into my Cabin, Red Robin' remains by virtue of its tenderness a ballad-treasure for old-fashioned people. The robin is the confidant or the adviser in our joys and sorrows—to the Fenian poet, Bryan Dillon, in his prison cell, dreaming of Ireland; to Mrs. Ellen Forrester, who forgot her eviction and exile when the little bird bade her 'take it easy.' What is more childlike than Bishop Hall's little homily 'upon occasion of a redbreast coming into his chamber?' "

MULIER FORTIS.*

PROVERBS XXXI., 10-28.

SHE lives within the Sunset Land,
 O heaven-inspired Sage!
 Whose faithful likeness by thy hand
 Is limned on Sacred Page.

Aye, *lives* : for, though her lowly grave
 In peaceful cloister's shade,
 Where smiles Pacific's golden wave,
 With reverent love is made,

The memory of her saintly name
 And teachings pure and high
 Hath twined for her a crown of fame
 Whose glory cannot die.

Her life began—O birthplace best !
 Where still the faith, of old
 Announced by heaven-sent herald blest,
 Brave Erin's children hold.

There to her God at dawn of youth
 She gave her virgin heart,
 And, bowed before the shrine of Truth,
 There chose the better part ;

And calmly, gladly spurning all,
 Earth holds most fair and good,
 Sought, guided by the heavenly call,
 Sweet Mercy's Sisterhood.

Soon o'er the wide and treacherous sea
 She led a chosen band,
 Their prudent guardian long to be
 In far-off Western land.

A tribute to the memory of Mother Baptist Russell, first Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in San Francisco, where she died August 6th, 1898, aged 69 years, 46 of which were spent in California.

There well she wrought—there, brave her toil
Till lo! the barren field
With harvest smiles; on desert soil
How rich the vintage-yield!

And now, O heaven-inspired Sage!
A picture fair and sweet
As that which glows on thy blest page
Her life's close makes complete.

This Valiant Woman's children rise
Throughout the golden West,
A countless throng—with streaming eyes
To call their Mother blest.

And ah! her Spouse—what praise is His,
That heavenly King of kings!
Where she, true handmaid, throned is,
How clear *His* paeon rings!

Anointed hands on earth below
Their worthy tribute bring,
Making for her, where altars glow,
The deathless Offering.

And I who knew and prized thee well,
O Valiant Woman! dare
With timid voice their praise to swell,
Their rapturous chorus share.

I kneel beside thy precious clay,
Shrined in our favoured clime,
And there with loving hand I lay
My simple wreath of rhyme.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE ("MARIE").

San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 40.

BUT first the solution of No. 39 must be given. J. C. has given the correct answer, though on one minor point he went astray. Clarence Mangan begins one of his ballads thus:

*Crom ! Crom aboo ! The Geraldine rebels from proud Maynooth,
And with him are leagued a hundred of the flower of Leinster's youth."*

This warcry, and the proverb "Let *well* enough alone," give us the personage adumbrated, Cromwell ; of whom J. C. says : "I could pick out a few monarchs nearly as 'great' as Oliver in either of his special lines, hypocrisy and bloodthirstiness, but hardly in both." The lights are *cow*, *rhyme*, *owl*, and *mull*. For, *pace* J. C., "the cow jumped over the moon" in a dear old nursery "rhyme," not "rattle." The final "light" links together the two phrases, "to make a mull of it," and "to brew a good mull."

No. 40.

I.

A bishop once my virtues loudly praised,
For which his brother bishops called him crazed,
But still my qualities are far from mean,
For though I'm dirty, I keep others clean.

II.

When through the fleet the magic signal ran
That England hoped for aid from every man,
I heard those words with inspiration fraught,
And with our glorious Nelson bravely fought.

III.

In deserts wild I lead a nomad life,
And to my neighbours am a source of strife
But if to bag your game you stretch your net,
In me a prey most troublesome you get.

1. I scattered o'er the raging main
2. The fleet that once sailed forth from Spain.
3. And I, the few that did remain,
4. Assisted to their homes again.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Nanno: A Daughter of the State.* By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), Author of "Hester's History," "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," "Marcella Grace," &c. London: Grant Richards, 9 Henrietta Street. (Price 3s. 6d.).

Lady Gilbert's newest Irish novel will rank very high in the long series of pure and exquisite fictions with which she has enriched our literature. Her style, which is raised so far above the level of the ordinary well-written novel, seems here to have more than its wonted charm; with a sense of restrained power it combines all that winsome simplicity and grace which appear so natural and easy, but which are the consummate flower of art. *Nanno* herself is a completely original character; and the story of her struggles to escape from the consequences of the wretched surroundings of her childhood is told with a directness that is wonderfully effective. The scene changes from Dublin to Youghal and Ardmore; and, with a very sparing amount of formal description, vivid little touches make us live quite familiarly amongst the places and persons of this beautiful idyllic drama. Will Cruise and Ellen O'Daly and the Cassidys interest us almost as much as the heroine. The tale ends very strikingly and very fittingly; yet it leaves a lurking suspicion that perhaps Will Cruise ought not to despair altogether. Though "*Nanno*" has only just appeared, there are already signs that it will receive a very cordial welcome. *The Academy* compares "this moving, pathetic story" to one of Millet's pictures (you remember "*The Angelus*"), and another critic says that "few writers know the heart of Irish life and the soul of Irish faith so well as Rosa Mulholland." Her publisher has produced "*Nanno*" in the pleasantest possible form; and the price mentioned above is just half of what we should have expected for so large a volume printed and bound so handsomely.

2. *The Triumph of Failure* By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 6s.).

In Italy, Spain, Germany, the United States, and, no doubt, in France (though we have no French names before our mind as we have in all the other instances), many priests have used the novel and romance as a means of influencing minds and hearts. In England two Cardinals tried their hand at fiction, each more than once, and with great success; and later, Dr. William Barry has used his brilliant pen for story-telling purposes. In Ireland, Dean O'Brien of Limerick published three full-length novels; and about the middle of this century a northern priest, who, we believe, emigrated to the

United States, published "The Spaewife," and other Irish tales of considerable power. In this peculiar category of novelists, on the score of literary merit, we venture to rank the Parish Priest of Doneraile with the authors of *Fabiola*, *Callista*, and *The New Antigone*—the last of whom we should prefer, however, to call the author of *The Two Standards*, for the name of this forthcoming work leads us to hope for a subject of more general utility and edification, just as *The Triumph of Failure* is of more general utility and edification than "Geoffrey Austin, Student," of which it is the splendid sequel. As it only makes its appearance simultaneously with our present Number, we must limit ourselves now to this general word of recommendation, venturing to secure the interest of many priestly readers by identifying its author with the writer of "My New Curate," which has attracted so much attention in the pages of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*.

3. *Historic Nuns*. By Bessie R. Belloc. London: Duckworth and Co., 3 Henrietta Street, W.O.

Madame Belloc, who began her literary life as Bessie Rayner Parkes, has joined in one handsome volume the lives of four Foundresses of Religious Orders—Mrs. Aikenhead, Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity; Mrs. M'Aulay, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy; Madame Duchesne, one of the chief helpers of Madame Barat in founding and propagating the Order of the Sacred Heart; and Mrs. Seaton, Foundress of an Order of Nuns, who, long after her death, were united with the French Sisters of Charity. Madame Belloc states that the first of these sketches is founded on what she calls "the admirable and exhaustive biography by Mrs. Atkinson"; and the second on several volumes, of which she does not seem to know the author, namely, the Irish-American Sister of Mercy, Mother Austin Carroll, now of Mobile and Selma. All these sketches are full of the most interesting and edifying facts, narrated very pleasingly, and very skilfully grouped. The book is "dedicated to Sarah (Gaynor) Atkinson, a thank-offering," and it ends with "An American Postscript" describing the introduction of the Sisters of Mercy into California under the "Mulier Fortis," who is commemorated in an earlier page of our present Number.

4. *Contributions towards a Cybele Hibernica, being Outlines of the Geographical Distribution of Plants in Ireland*. Second edition, founded on the Papers of the late Alexander Goodman More, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., M.R.I.A., by Nathaniel Colgan, M.R.I.A., and Reginald W. Scully, F.L.S. Dublin: Edward Ponsonby, 116 Grafton Street. (Price 12s. 6d.).

This fine volume is in many respects the most important that has

issued from the Dublin Press for many years. The first edition was published in 1866 by Mr. David Moore and Alexander G. More of Glasnevin. The latter survived till 1895, leaving a large mass of materials for a new edition of the work, and a private fund to meet the expenses of publication. He also expressed in writing that these materials should be utilised by the two editors whose names we have given. They have fulfilled their duty admirably with the assistance of many sympathizing workers in various parts of Ireland. One who is not a botanist can nevertheless perceive clearly the immense industry and patient enthusiasm to which we owe this splendid volume. Those who are able to compare this second edition with the original will, I have no doubt, tell us that this is practically a new work of a most arduous kind, and that the editors have effaced themselves with singular modesty while fulfilling so perfectly their inherited task. They have deserved well of Ireland.

5. *More Baby Lays.* By Ada Stow and Edith Calvert. Elkin Mathews: London, Vigo Street, W. (Price 1s. 6d. net).

This is a second series of "Baby Lays," of which very favourable notices are given at the end from the *Speaker*, *Daily News*, and other journals. We ourselves are quoted as expressing "our expectation and desire to meet Miss Calvert soon again." This seems to imply that we were more struck by Miss Edith Calvert's pictures than by Miss Ada Stow's verses. Here again also the little poems do not seem to be so uniformly successful as the illustrations, which are really very quaint, very comical, and very clever. The book is sure to be popular.

6. *Fantasies from Dreamland.* By Ernest Gilliat Smith. London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W. (Price 4s.).

This very artistically produced book consists of a few very large pages printed in Belgium, and illustrated there also very cleverly by Van Acker. The "Fantasies" are "St. Dunstan's Dream" and "A Legend for the Little Ones." The former is written in long unrhymed lines, which are neither the blank verse of Milton nor the hexameters of Longfellow; the "Legend" at first sight seems to be in ordinary lyrical measure, but it also turns out to be unrhymed, and very blank indeed. We consider Mr. Smith's metrical experiment a dismal failure. His songs from Prudentius were translated, we remember, in rhymes also of this too original kind, and we perceive at the end of the present volume that some respectable critics pronounced those quaint rhythms very effective. We cannot agree with them, and these "Fantasies from Dreamland" have the further disadvantage of not expressing the ideas of Prudentius. We should be surprised if the "little ones" relished the "Legend" served up in such a fashion.

7. *Chequy Sonnets, Original and Translated.* By John J. Hayden. Halifax : Ashworth and Birkenhead.

Although this volume is said to be "printed for private circulation," we cannot refrain from mentioning so note-worthy a contribution to sonnet literature. If it were printed in a style worthy of its merit, it would form quite a large volume ; for there are one hundred and sixty-two sonnets, with preface prefixed and notes appended. The first thirty sonnets are original, on a variety of classical personages and modern scenes. These are followed by one hundred and thirty others, translated from French and Italian, showing a great familiarity with the poetical literature of those countries down to the present day. The novelty of his selections, and his felicitous versions of many of these sonnets, prove Mr. Hayden's literary taste and skill.

8. *Brief History of California.* By Theodore H. Hittell. (The Stone Education Co. : San Francisco).

Mr. Hittell has written a full history of California in four volumes, distinguished by great charm of style and historical accuracy. A compendium for schools was urgently required, and Book First is here presented, giving an account of the discovery of California and the early voyages from Europe. It is admirably executed, and richly illustrated with maps and portraits carefully drawn from the most authentic sources. Californian children have no excuse for not knowing the history of their great country. Teachers will be greatly helped by the skilful and intelligent questions appended to each chapter.

9. *The Life of Cardinal Baronius of the Roman Oratory.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. (Art and Book Company : London and Leamington).

This excellent biography of the great ecclesiastical Historian has been compiled with very great skill and care. Lady Amabel Kerr has studied very fully and patiently the Cardinal's correspondence and all that relates to him, and has constructed from them an interesting and instructive book, which runs to four hundred well filled and well printed pages. A short but good index of places and persons completes a very satisfactory piece of work, the best that we have had yet from the pen of Lady Amabel Kerr.

10. *Monasticism : What is it ? A Forgotten Chapter in the History of Labour.* By Henry John Feasey. London : Sands and Co. (Price 6s.)

This fine readably-printed volume, which is cheap at the price we have named, is the first that we have noticed with the imprint of Sands and Co., late Bliss and Sands. Mr. Feasey, who is the author of works on Westminster Abbey, and on Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonial, dedicates his work to the Benedictine Fathers of Downside. He has compiled his materials with loving industry, and has arranged them very effectively. Every page is full of curious and

minute details. The third book in particular describes in a very interesting way all the places and persons that went to make up a great monastery in the olden times. Very properly the last six pages are devoted to an Index, which we suspect might readily have been extended over twice the space. Mr. Feasey's style is clear and unaffected, and he has done his task well.

11. *Who was the Author of "The Imitation of Christ?"* By Sir Francis Richard Cruise, D.L., M.D. London: Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. (Price 6d.)

Sir Francis Cruise is the acknowledged authority on all that concerns Thomas a Kempis and the Authorship of *The Imitation*. In less than a hundred pages, he has here given the pith of his large work on the subject, proving most convincingly that the claims of A Kempis are beyond dispute, and that there is not a shadow of proof in favour of any other. The summing up on the last page is overwhelming in its force.

12. *The Seraph of Assisi*. By the Rev. John A. Jackman, O.M. Dublin: James Duffy & Co. Ltd., 15 Wellington Quay. (Price 5s net).

O.M., the initials of *Ordinis Minorum*, are here substituted for the more familiar O.S.F. The Irish Franciscan Father has devoted to the life of his Founder a long poem of twelve books, of which the first six are given in the present volume. The Seraphic Saint is, perhaps, the most poetical of all the saints, and has inspired much true poetry in French and in many other languages, even English. Father Jackman has chosen for his metre the heroic couplet of Pope, in which we think he is more successful than in the few lyrical pieces at the end of the volume. He has woven together with pious industry the most striking incidents of the saint's pathetically beautiful life. One might desire more *naïveté*, more quaint simplicity, more of the inspiration of the Fioretti; but, as it stands, the edifying narrative will be read by many with pleasure and profit, couched as it is in smooth and fluent verse.

13. *Meditations on the Love of God*. Translated from the Spanish of Fray Diego De Estella by Henry W. Pereira, M.A., M.R.I.A. London: Burns and Oates.

The Spanish Franciscan, whose work is here presented to us in English, flourished more than three hundred years ago. His *Meditations on the Love of God* are all very edifying; but we confess that we do not see their special claim to be translated into the language in which Father Robert Southwell wrote on the same subject, and into which Père Grou had been already translated.

41. Mangalore and Boston are far apart, but we link them together for the purpose of expressing our admiration of their two College

Magazines—the “Boston College Stylus” and the “Mangalore Magazine, Organ and Record of St. Aloysius College.” The Boston publication has the advantage in form and get-up. The illustrations are excellent and the literary portion very good; but it is a distinctly College Magazine conducted by the Alumni themselves, whereas the Mangalore Magazine is a very varied literary miscellany, with contributions from very experienced pens. It is extremely interesting and well written, and deserves permanent success.

15. *Father Anthony. A Romance of To-Day.* By Robert Buchanan, Author of “God and the Man,” etc. London; John Long, 6 Chandos Street, Strand. (Price 6s.)

This story is different from what the author's previous writings—we know their character only by hearsay—might lead us to expect; and indeed we hoped for something still more different when we read the hearty dedication to a Mayo priest, Father John Melvin, which refers to “many happy years spent in Western Ireland,” and pays a genial tribute to the worth of her priests. Yet with all his goodwill Mr. Buchanan has failed to understand us, and English readers will take away wrong impressions of priests and people. He is an intelligent and somewhat sympathetic outsider, but he is an outsider still. His Father John is in many respects a caricature, though supposed to be quite complimentary; and some of the other details are offensively false. Some blunders can be mended in a new edition; but the whole point of view is wrong. As many caterers for convent lending libraries consult these notes, we deem it right to say that “Father Anthony” will not satisfy their requirements. This caution is the more necessary, as our tone has been softened by the kindly dedication and by a tribute lately paid to the Madonna by Mr. Buchanan in a newspaper article. “The worship of the Virgin is to my mind—the mind of an unbeliever—full of holiness and beauty. We owe to it a great deal that is ennobling in life, in art, in literature. I myself see in the Virgin the exquisite incarnation of Divine motherhood; well worthy of the reverence of any man, whatever his theological belief may be.”

16. *When Love is Kind.* By H. A. Hinkson, Author of “Up for the Green,” “O’Grady of Trinity,” “Golden Lads and Girls,” etc. London: John Long, 6 Chandos Street, Strand. (Price 6s.)

We should be disposed to apply to Mr. Hinkson's newest novel a good many of the praises quoted on the page opposite its title-page as having been bestowed on its immediate predecessor, “Up for the Green,” by *The Athenæum*, *Saturday Review*, *Idler*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other journals. Here, too, we have “crisp and vigorous narrative and clever characterisation,” “a capital romance full of incident.”

As its name implies, it is a downright love-story, but a great many things happen opportunely to delay sufficiently long the inevitable union of Rupert Standish and Edith Vandeleur. Many pages will interest anglers; and some very effective chapters introduce us to a "grinding" Academy. If Dr. Davidson, F.R.G.S., be painted from the life, we trust that the portrait will never fall under the eye of the original. There is a great variety of very well defined characters, two of the most interesting being Owen Hamilton and Captain Fisher. After many uncertainties all ends happily, and the last words are "Always, my Darling."

17. We may place together two theological works written in Latin, of which our only criticism must be to name the authors. Father Thomas Slater, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology in St. Beuno's College, North Wales, has published through Burns and Oates, a compendious treatise *De justitia et jure* intended chiefly for English students. He mentions in his preface that he had found it necessary to supplement from English law the text-book of his class by Father Bucceroni, S.J. The Rev. George Crolly's great work on this subject is, of course, frequently cited, and also a privately printed treatise by Dr. O'Dea, the present Vice-President of Maynooth College. The price of this useful book is half-a-crown. The other Latin work is the ninth edition, in two stately royal octavos, of Father Lehmkuhl's Moral Theology. It is published by Herder of Freiburg. The two volumes cost, when unbound, 16s., and, when bound, 20s. With these theological works we may name a vigorous and learned controversial brochure. 'A City of Confusion: the Case of Dr. Briggs,' by the Rev. Henry G. Ganss, author of the very effective tract "Mariolatry." Both of these excellent pieces of controversy are reprinted from *The Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

18. B. Herder, whose publishing houses are in Freiburg, Vienna, Munich, Strasburg and across the Atlantic in St. Louis, Missouri, has published translations of two useful little books by the Rev. F. X. Wetzell—"The Man, a Little Book for Christian Men," and "The Christian Housewife," costing respectively 1s. 4d. and 1s. 3d. They are very useful, pleasant little volumes, and do not read like translations. The same publisher sends us "A Victim to the Seal of Confession; a true Story." by the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J. It must of course be a translation, though this is not mentioned. It is a full-length, skilfully developed novel, involving a situation far more complicated and far more skilfully managed than that on which Mr. Buchanan's "Father Anthony" turns. And, unlike that romance, it will be a useful addition to a lending library. The price is 4s.

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